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ZBN

Seven sages of Rome.

THE SEVEN SAGES,

IN

SCOTISH METRE.

BY

JOHN ROLLAND OF DALKEITH.

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FROM THE EDITION OF M.D.LXXVIII.
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OF

Rolland's Seven Sages,

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

TO THE

PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS OF

The Bannatyne Club,

BY

JAMES IVORY.

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M.DCCC.XXXVIII.

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PREFACE.

The Collection of Tales, entitled "The Seven Sages," or "The Seven Wise Masters of Rome," may be regarded as one of the most popular works of fiction of the Middle Ages. "Few works," Mr Dunlop observes, "are more interesting and curious than "the Seven Wise Masters, in illustrating the genealogy of fiction, "or its rapid and almost unaccountable transition from one coun-"try to another."[1] In like manner, a French antiquary remarks, "On ne connoît point de livres qui aient été traduits en autant "de langues, et sous autant de formes différentes."[2] Another foreign critic, in treating of the Popular books of the Germans, adopts a more enthusiastic style, and speaks of "The Seven Wise Masters," "as a work that must be respected by us for its "venerable antiquity. It sprang originally from the Indian Moun-"tains, whence, from primeval times, it took its course as a little "rivulet, and poured into a westerly direction through Asia's wide

[1] History of Fiction, vol. ii. p. 166, 2d edit. 1816.
[2] Roquefort, De l'Etat de la Poésie Françoise dans les xiie et xiiie Siècles, p. 173.

"field, and while it proceeded for thousands of years through "space and time, always spreading more and more in reaching us. "Out of it whole generations and many nations have drunk; and "having passed to Europe with the great tide of population, it is "now also in our day and generation supplied to such a con-"siderable portion of the public, that in regard to its celebrity, "and the magnitude of its sphere of influence, it reaches the "holy books, and surpasses all classical works." [1]

Without assigning to the work either such very remote antiquity, or attributing to it such extraordinary influence, there can be no doubt of its great popularity. It has indeed been traced into almost every modern language, either in verse or prose, from its Oriental prototype, "The Book of the Seven Councillors, or the Parables of SANDABAR," an Indian philosopher; although it is probable that some portions of the work were originally supplied by the fertile invention of the Greeks. [2] Without attempting, however, to trace its origin, or to enumerate the several versions of this highly popular work, it may be sufficient to indicate some of the sources from whence further information may be derived.

The romance of "The Seven Wise Masters," in all its varied forms, consists of a number of stories connected into one continued dramatic narration; of which the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, the Decameron of Boccacio, and the Canterbury Tales of Chaucer, furnish the most unrivalled examples. The names of

[1] J. Görres, "Ueber die Teutschen Volksbücher," as quoted by Keller, in the Introduction to his edition of "Li Romans des Sept Sages," p. 1.

[2] A writer in the Gentleman's Magazine, August 1832 (p. 136), attempts to show that the work, in part at least, had a Grecian origin, from whence it was carried to the East.

the persons, the frame-work, and the stories introduced, differ considerably in the several versions; but the plan remains essentially the same, and may be thus briefly stated:—

Diocletian, Emperor of Rome, had a son named Florentine. After the death of the Empress, Diocletian convened the wisest and most learned men, from whom he selected seven, under whose charge he placed the child to be instructed in the seven liberal arts. This they undertook to accomplish in the space of seven years. In the mean while the Emperor was persuaded to marry again, and became so much enamoured with his new wife, as in a great measure to forget his son. When the time of tuition was nearly expired, the Empress, who had heard the young Prince very highly commended, felt the strongest desire to see him, and easily persuaded her husband to summon him to court. His Masters, the night before their intended journey, thought it advisable to consult the stars, when they discovered that the first moment the young Prince, after his arrival at court, should open his lips would prove fatal to him, and very possibly to each of themselves. On hearing such an alarming prediction, Florentine himself examined the heavens, and ascertained that, if he could preserve a strict silence during seven days, the threatened danger would be averted, and he might expect many years of security and happiness.

Florentine was received at court with every demonstration of joy, till the Emperor, surprised at his son's want of speech, threatened his Masters as the cause of it. The Empress, however, requested the Prince's attendance in her own apartment, in the view of discovering the cause of this impediment; and, when alone, she proposed and offered every encouragement to the

indulgence of a criminal passion. Florentine still preserved invincible silence; but shewed such aversion to her proposals, that, at length finding her solicitations ineffectual, her love passed into the extreme of rage, and tearing her hair, and rending her clothes, like another Potiphar's wife, she accused the Prince of an attempt to ravish her, and demanded of the Emperor his instant execution. To confirm the Emperor in this resolution she tells him the tale of the Pinote tree, and impressed with the example thus exhibited, he gave express commandment to put his son to death next day. While he is conveyed towards the place of execution, one of the Seven Wise Masters stops the procession, until he has remonstrated with the Emperor on his injustice and cruelty:—he assures him, should he sacrifice his son, he would be tortured by unavailing remorse, as was the Knight who slew his good greyhound. The Emperor, who is easily swayed by the words of the last speaker, and who has an inordinate fondness for stories, desires to hear this tale, which the First Master obstinately refuses, until he has obtained an order to suspend the execution till next day. In this manner, through six successive days, he is alternately prevailed on by the Empress at night, by telling some appropriate story, to order his son to be put to death on the following morning; while his purpose is delayed as each Master, in his turn, by exciting his curiosity, obtains a further respite, in order to relate some other example, illustrating the risk of inconsiderate punishment. At length, the fatal interval of seven days having elapsed, the young Prince, no longer under the dread of his threatened danger, to the unspeakable delight of the Emperor, breaks his silence, and relates the tale of the Ravens; and having con-

victed the Empress of her false accusations, she suffers merited disgrace and punishment.

It has been doubted whether any Indian original of the Parables of SANDABAR ever existed. We find, however, mention made of versions of it into different languages, Persian, Arabic, Hebrew, and Syriac. Manuscript copies of one or more versions of the Hebrew text exist in public libraries, and also in a printed form;[1] but, from the account given of the work, it possesses no more than a general resemblance in its plan to the Seven Wise Masters. A nearer approach is made in the Greek romance of SYNTIPAS, some copies of which profess to be translated from the Persian, others from the Syriac. An analysis of this work was given by M. Dacier,[2] and a short abstract in Ellis's Specimens.[3] The King is Cyrus of Persia, and Syntipas is the tutor of the young Prince; while there are Seven Philosophers, each of whom tells two tales in order to save the Prince's life. "This last cir-"cumstance is an argument, I think," says Mr Tyrwhitt, "for the "originality of Syntipas; and another may be drawn from the "insipidity of the greatest part of the tales.[4] An eminent Orien-

[1] The Romance, or Parables of Sandabar, in Hebrew, was printed under the title of MISCHLE SANDABAR, first at Constantinople, in 1516, and afterwards at Venice, in 1544, 1568, and 1605. Our countryman James Bonaventura Hepburn is said by Dempster (Hist. Eccles. p. 364) to have translated the work from Hebrew into Latin.

[2] See "Notice d'un Manuscrit Grec, de la Bibliothèque du Roi; Ecriture du xvie siècle, sur papier in 4°. coté 2912. Par M. Dacier." Memoires de l'Academie Royale des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, vol. xli. p. 546. This MS. of Syntipas professes to be translated from the Syriac.

[3] Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances, vol. iii. p. 9.

[4] Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, vol. ii. p. 490, 4to edit. The romance itself has been since published under this title, "Συντιπας. De Syntipa et Cyri filio Andreopuli Narratio, e Codd. Pariss. edita, a Jo. Fr. Boissonade." Parisiis, 1828, 8vo. It may be added, that there exists a collection of Fables in Greek also ascribed to Syntipas. These were first published by Professor C. F. Mat-

talist mentions the Hebrew romance as a work unworthy of much notice, and adds, "Le roman Grec de Syntipas tel que nous le "connoissons, est beaucoup plus étendu que le roman Hébreu de "Sendabar, et ne peut pas être la source de ce dernier."[1]

The earliest version of "The Seven Wise Masters," in any modern language, is probably that in French verse, entitled DOLOPATHOS. It was derived from a Latin copy, ascribed to Dan John, a monk of the Abbey of Haute-Selve. The translator was HEBERS, surnamed the Clerk, who flourished some time in the course of the thirteenth century.[2] This metrical version contains about 9000 lines, and is now in the course of publication, for the first time, at Paris, under the auspices of M. le Roux de Lincy, with a preface by M. Loiseleur de Long Champs, a distinguished Orientalist, who, we may confidently expect, will throw much new light on the Eastern versions of the work.

Another Latin romance, entitled "HISTORIA SEPTEM SAPIENTUM ROMAE," or "Historia Calumniae Novercalis, que Septem Sapientum inscribitur," was frequently printed towards the close of the fifteenth century. This work has been considered as the original of most of the subsequent imitations in French, both verse and prose, and also in various other languages. One of those in French verse was the work of an anonymous Trouvère, of the

thaei of Moscow. "Syntipae Philosophi Persae Fabulae LXII. Graece et Latine, ex duobus Codicibus Mosquensibus primum edidit," &c. Lipsiae, 1781, 8vo.

[1] See p. 417 of "Notice d'un Manuscrit Hébreu, &c. contenant un fragment de la version Hébraïque du livre de Calila et Dimna, ou Fables de Bidpai, le Roman intitulé Paraboles de Sandabad, et divers autres Traités. Par M. Silvestre de Sacy." Notices et Extraits des Manuscrits, &c., tom. ix. p. 397–450. Paris, 1813. 4to.

[2] The exact date of the work has been disputed among French writers. Some assign it to the reign of Lewis VIII., who died in 1226; others fix it as late as 1260. See Roquefort, p. 172. Keller (Enleitung), p. xxxix.

same age with Hebers, and contains 5061 lines. It remained unpublished till last year, when it was accompanied with a most curious and elaborate dissertation (in German), containing the most minute account that has yet appeared relating to the several versions and editions of the work in different languages, and also elucidating the history of the various tales which it contains. It has the following title: "LI ROMANS DES SEPT SAGES, nach der "Pariser Handschrift herausgegeben von Heinrich Adelbert "Keller, Doctor der Philosophie, &c." Tübingen, 1836, 8vo, pp. ccxlvj and 197.

The most ancient English copy of the SEVEN WISE MASTERS, in our own language, is contained in the Auchinleck MS., and has been assigned to the early part of the fourteenth century. It is a fragment of 2630 lines; but corresponds very closely with a more perfect copy, written in the Scotish dialect, and entitled "THE PROCESS OF THE SEVYNE SAGES." The latter is preserved among the Cotton MSS. (Galba, E. 9.) in the British Museum. The Emperor is named Diocletian, and his son Florentine. The Seven Masters are Bancillas, Ancilles, Lentilion, Malquedras, Caton, Jesse, and Maxentius. The "Process," Tyrwhitt says, "is not later than Chaucer's time, and agrees exactly with *Les* "*Sept Sages de Rome*, in French prose, in MS. Harl. 3860."[1] From these two copies Mr Ellis[2] gave a minute analysis of the work, preceded with a copious and learned account of its origin and the various translations, partly derived from information communicated to him by the late intelligent antiquary, Francis

[1] Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, vol. ii. p. 490.
[2] Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances, vol. iii. p. 23–101.

For thay wald gar ane pound of meltit leid
Bring thame againe the wecht of golde as reid;
And gar[1] the hippis of ane deid ȝow,[2] or skin,
Assolȝe ȝow of all ȝour deidly sin,
Incontinent in hevin up to be brocht
Contrair God's will, quhidder he wald or nocht.

It is somewhat uncertain from what copy Rolland translated his Seven Sages. The names of the Emperor, Pontianus, of his son Diocletian, and of the Wise Masters, Pantyllas, Lentalus, Craton, Malquydrak, Josephus, Cleophas, and [Joachim,] as well as the tales, correspond with the Latin "Historia Septem Sapientum Romae;"[3] and also with the French and other modern prose translations. The probability, however, is, that the translation made use of by Rolland was the one in English prose, which was printed at London by W. Copland about the year 1550. But this point must still remain as matter of conjecture, as the copy of Copland's edition, without date,[4] that belonged successively to Baynes and Ritson, cannot be traced to its present possessor; and no other copy has been discovered. It is likewise no improbable conjecture that Copland's English version, like many similar works of fiction which came from his press, was derived from one of the early printed copies of the Romance in French prose. "Les Sept Sages de Rome," in prose, was printed at Geneva, as early as 1492, and again in 1494, both in small folio.[5] There is also an edition, printed at Lyons, without date, but not later than 1530, entitled "Les Sept Saiges de Romme, Histoire de Poncianus

[1] *Gar*, cause. [2] *Ȝow*, a Ewe.

[3] The edition referred to is in 4to, without date, but seems to have been printed about the year 1490, probably at Antwerp.

[4] Ames's Typographical Antiquities, by Dibdin, vol. iii. p. 170.

[5] Brunet, Manuel du Libraire, vol. iii. p. 325.

"lempereur, qui n'avait qu'ung fils qui avait a nom Dyoclecian, "lequel il bailla aulx Sept Saiges de Rome pour le gouverner "en sciences," etc., 4to. From what Rolland states, he at least was not aware of any former metrical translation. His words are,

> Thairfoir myself, as now I am constrane
> It to translait, in our toung naturall;
> Quhair I it fand into plane prois at all
> Without cullour or feit, now I againe
> In rurall ryme, to set it furth I sall.

But, besides the request of his Aunt, to avoid "high and curious terms," he hints in his address "To the Reidar," another and a most efficient cause for the neglect of poetical diction:—

> Ane uther caus siclike, I wait ye ken
> For to bring *but* it's ill that's not thair *ben*;[1]
> Nor thair is nane I wait, in all this toun,
> Except he have it that can put on ane goun;
> Of ane tume tun[2] nane can draw out licour;
> Nor of ane Fule to mak a wise Doctour.

Rolland's Seven Sages, as already stated, was first published at Edinburgh in 1578. It was printed by John Ross, at the expense of Henry Charteris, a well-known bookseller, to whom we are indebted for the publication of many similar works of our early vernacular poetry. Ross the printer died in July 1580, and in his stock there remained "Twa hundreth Sevin Seiges unbound, "price of the peice, iij s. iiij d. (3s. 4d.)—Summa threttie-fyve "pundis" (Scotish).[3] This edition, however, is of such extreme rarity, that only one copy is known to exist. Its history is worth mentioning. In 1803, at the sale of Ritson's books (who proba-

[1] *But*, the outer, and *Ben*, the inner apartment of a house.
[2] *Tume tun*, an empty cask.
[3] The Bannatyne Miscellany, vol. ii. p. 205.

bly picked it up for a trifle during one of his visits to Edinburgh,) it was purchased for the Duke of Roxburghe at L.30, 10s. At the sale of the Duke's library in 1813, it was bought by Mr Constable for L.37, 5s. 6d. It afterwards came into Mr Heber's possession, at whose sale, in 1834, it was bought by Mr Thorpe for L.27; and is now the property of William Henry Miller, Esq. of Craigentinny, M.P., who very readily gave the use of the volume to be reprinted for the Club. The present edition is, in every respect, an exact fac-simile of the original, page for page; and the orthography, which is considerably altered in the subsequent editions, has been carefully retained.

A subsequent edition appeared in 1592, with the following title, "Heir beginnis The Sevin Seages, Translatit out of Prois "in Scottis Meiter, be JHON ROLLAND in Dalkeith. With ane "Moralitie, &c. EDINBVRGH, Prentit be Robert Smyth, dwelland "at the nether Bow. M.D.XCII. Cum Priuilegio Regali." 8vo, black letter. A copy of this edition was in the Harleian Library,[1] and is probably the same that was afterwards in the collection of George III., now transferred to the British Museum. No other copy is known.[2] Whether Smyth printed more than one edition is uncertain; but, singularly enough, the copy in the Museum, while it has the date of 1592 on the title-page, at the end it bears to have been "Imprented at Edinburgh be Robert Smyth. And ar to be sauld in his buith at the Nether Bow.

[1] Catalogus Bibl. Harl. vol. iv. No. 13,877, and vol. v. No. 12,354.

[2] Ames's Typographical Antiquities, p. 590. Herbert's edition of Ames, vol. iii. p. 1512. In the printed Catalogue of the Advocates Library, vol. ii. p. 458, Smyth's edition of 1592 is very minutely entered; but from the MS. Catalogues it does not appear that any such book was ever in the Library, which can only boast of an imperfect copy, without title or date, made up with sheets of two later editions. The presumption is, that the Compiler of the Catalogue, in 1776, not aware of any other edition, copied the title and imprint from Ames.

M.D.XC.V."[1] The printer died in May 1602, and, from the inventory of his stock, we learn that 45 copies of the volume then remained unsold.[2]

Of another edition of the Seven Sages, apparently coeval with Smyth's, only one or two stray leaves (Signatures M iij and iiij, marked fol. 87 and 88) have been discovered. It is in 8vo, black letter, averaging 28 lines on a page, exclusive of the running title, "¶THE SEVIN SEAGES."

That Rolland's work was popular may be inferred from the circumstance, that "ane buik callit The Seavin Sages" is specially mentioned, among others, for which licence to publish was successively given, by a grant under the Privy Seal, to John Gibson, 13th May 1590, to Robert Smyth, 3d December 1599, and to Thomas Finlayson, 17th June 1606. The same general licence was renewed and confirmed to Walter Finlayson, 17th January 1628.[3]

The next edition of Rolland's Seven Sages, of which any mention can be found, was printed in the year 1620, as noticed by the German bibliographer, Ebert.[4] Copies of such an edition, appa-

[1] While this sheet is in the printer's hands, the Editor has been favoured by SIR FREDERICK MADDEN with a more minute description of Smyth's edition. He says, "It is a short 8vo, in indifferent condition, wanting the leaves between p. 6 and p. 11, which contain the commencement of the Poem. The whole volume consists of 275 pp. (numbering the title-page and colophon), but is only actually paged as far as p. 271. The sheets are folded in eights, which are numbered from i to v, under each letter of the alphabet, and the Signatures run from A ij to S [i]."—"The volume appears evidently to have been printed with the same types throughout, and the date at the end is certainly the true one of publication. Either, therefore, the date in the title-page is an error, or, what I am inclined to believe, the work was three years passing through the press, and the title-page printed when the work was begun in 1592. In a full page there are 42 lines, exclusive of the running title."

[2] The Bannatyne Miscellany, vol. ii. p. 234.

[3] See pages 19, 23, 24, and 40 of the Appendix to Dr Lee's Memorial for the Bible Societies of Scotland. 8vo. Edinb. 1824.

[4] Allgemeines Bibliographisches Lexicon, vol. ii. No. 13,592.—Ebert, however, mistakes the date of the first edition, which he makes 1575, instead of 1578.

rently from the press of Andrew Hart, bookseller and printer in Edinburgh,[1] are preserved in a mutilated state, (wanting the title, and one or more leaves,) in the University Library at Glasgow, in the Advocates Library, and also in the possession of Mr Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe. It is in small 8vo, black letter, containing 30 lines on a page; and when complete should have Sign. A 4 and B to A a, in eights. The running title is "The feven Sages."

A reprint of this edition, page for page, and uniform in size and appearance, bears on the title, "EDINBVRGH, Printed by the Heires of Andro Hart. 1631." The running title is "The feuen Sages." A description of the work from this edition was given, probably by Dr Leyden, in the Scots Magazine, January 1802, p. 43. A continuation of the article was promised, but never appeared. The copy then made use of belonged to George Paton, which at his sale, in 1809, was bought by Mr Blackwood, and afterwards sold to Sir Walter Scott, who lent it for the purpose of having the work reprinted. These later editions, however, are inferior in every respect, as the language was considerably altered, and rude phrases modernized, as the work passed through the press. A second copy of the edition 1631 is in the possession of the present Editor; but no third copy has been discovered.

Rolland, who describes himself as a native, or at least a resident in the town of Dalkeith, was the author of another poetical work,

[1] The Will of Andrew Hart, who died in December 1621, is printed in the Bannatyne Miscellany, vol. ii. p. 243; but, in the inventory of his stock, the books are not specially enumerated. We should have been glad to know what were the "42,300 unbound Ingleish buikis of the said umquhile Andrew his awin printing."

entitled THE COURT OF VENUS. As he makes particular allusion to it in his Prologue to the Seven Sages, the date of its composition must thus have been previous to the year 1560, although it was not printed until 1575. It is divided into four books, and is written in stanzas of nine lines. The poem itself is a prolix and uninteresting allegory; and is an evident imitation, both in the subject and his manner of treating it, no less than in the measure, of "The Palace of Honour," by Bishop Douglas, whom he commemorates (at fol. 37 b) in the following stanza:—

> Alsua quha list to tak pane, or laubour
> Out throw to reid the PALICE OF HONOUR
> Maid be GAWINE DOWGLAS of Dunkell
> Bischop, and als ane honest Oratour,
> Profound Poet, and perfite Philosophour,
> Into his dayis abone all buir the bell:
> In sic practikis all vtheris did precell.
> Weill put in vers in gude still and ordour
> Thir Nimphis names thair he dois trewly tell.

Rolland, in his Prologue to the Seven Sages, mentions that there flourished four poets at the Scotish court—Sir David Lyndsay, John Bellenden, Archdeacon of Moray, William Stewart, and Durie, Bishop of Galloway; and that, with hat in hand, he approached reverently, and entreated to learn a lesson from them. Having obtained their leave to show his skill, he informs us that he was at a loss what subject to choose. They advised him to attempt something in the form of a dialogue; but this he conceived was too common-place. At length falling asleep, Lady Venus appeared to him in a dream, and this suggested the subject of his work. Having accordingly completed "ane lytill quair," he delivered it to his Four Masters for their judgment, and they greatly commended his performance, "as

those who heard it said." The mention of these four Poets seems to point at the reign of James V., (1527–1542); but this is evidently too early a period for Rolland. Bellenden is said to have died at Rome in 1550; Sir David Lyndsay's latest work, his Dialog, was written in 1552; but Stewart's history and works are alike unknown; and Andrew Durie,[1] who was Bishop of Galloway from 1541 to 1558, is only known as a poet from the satirical notice of the Scotish Reformer. In describing the tumults in Edinburgh, in February 1558, when the new image of the Patron Saint, St Giles, was forcibly destroyed (the old "grit Idoll" having been previously seized and first drowned in the North Loch, and then burned,) Knox says, "This Tragedie of Sanct Geill was sa "terribill to sum Papistis, that Durie, sumtymes callit for his "filthines Abbote Stottikin, and then entitled Bischope of Gallo-"way, *left his Ryming, quhairwith he was accustomed*, and departit "this lyif even as that he levit."[2] According to Keith, however, it was not till the month of September that Durie died. But this allusion to Lyndsay and his brethren may signify not that Rolland was personally acquainted with them, but, merely from studying their works, that he looked on himself as their scholar.

As Rolland's "Court of Venus" presents so little in the way of recommendation for a new edition, excepting its scarcity, the following notice and abstract may not be unacceptable. It is, in fact, a volume of such extraordinary rarity, that the copy in the British Museum is the only one known to be extant. A facsimile of the title-page is given on the opposite page. It is in 4to, black letter, and contains A to I in eights, or 72 leaves.

[1] Catalogue of Scottish Bishops, 4to edit. p. 165; 8vo edit. p. 278.
[2] Historie of the Reformation in Scotland, p. 96, Edinb. 1732, folio.

Ane Treatise callit the Court of VENVS, deuidit into four Buikes; Newlie Compylit be IOHNE ROLLAND in Dalkeith.

I.

R.

[Impre]ntit at Edinburgh be [IO]HNE ROS, MD.LXXV.
Cum Priuilegio Regali.

On the last leaf is the same device as on the Title, with the following colophon:—

Imprentit at Edinburgh be

Iohne Ros, 1575.

Cum Priuilegio Regali.

"The Prologue to the Court of Venus is in verse, and fills eleven pages. The author describes the different temperaments of mankind, comparing them to the complexion of the planets, &c. Hence he intimates the various dispositions and pursuits of mankind, and declaims against vice, idleness, and bad company. In order to avoid idleness and bad company, he says,

I tuik ane pen and drew this *Comedie.*

He then bespeaks the reader's favour for his work, and requests him to give it a careful perusal and right interpretation. Lastly, he addresses his book:—

AUCTOR ALLOQUITUR LIBRUM.

Now pas thy wayis, thou barrant buik new brevit,
With beggit termes, and barbar toung mischevit
And cast thy hude and hat outovir thy face:
At ilk gentill upon thy kneis ask grace.
Excuse thyself of thy greit ignorance,
And in thair will put all thy ordinance.
For Gentilmen can richt weill thee considder.
For commoun folk will call the lawit and lidder.
Thyself present to Nobillmen and gude,
And fle the sect of Rurall folke and rude, &c.

"The first Buik of the Poem commences with the following stanza:—

Quhen Eolus out ouir thir rokkis rang
Be donk and daill, baith herb and tre he dang:
With passand pith, fra Poleartike come doun,
Thringand with thrist out throw thir woddis thrang,
And ceissit swyith the small foulis of thair sang:
Caussit thame throw cauld mak lamentatioun:
Quhilk cauld become be nature of sessoun:
For than Pisees with potent power sprang,
Into his Spheir and tuik dominatioun.

"In this Buik, the author describes the season, and the particular day (Valentine Day):—

This samin day (gif I remember richt)
Is consuetude to all kin foule of flicht,
  Quha is vakand to cheis thame than ane maik.
Siclike it is to King, Keyser and Knicht:
Gif thay sa be, cheis thame ane bird sa bricht,
  To pas the time, and ather solace mak,
  Bot I alone of sic curage did laik,
Pansing far mair how sone wald cum the nicht
  Me to repois, in my couche rest to tak.

Nevertheles ȝit to rejoyce my spreit
Howbeit the day was sum part set with weit;
  I walkit furth on be ane valay syde,
With hat on heid, and mittanis that was meit
Maid to my handis, and heich shone on my feit;
  Under ane bus I sat me down to byde,
  Me to preserve fra tempest of that tyde,
And maist part was my prayers to compleit
  Knokit on breist, and *Cor Mundum* I [cryde].[1]

"While saying his prayers he saw appear,

——— in ane Gairth preclair,
  Twa ȝoung ȝounkeirs, perfite at all pointment,
  In richt array, and honest ornament,
But companie, bot thameself solitaire,
  Nothing knawand that I was thair present.

"He then describes minutely the dress and appearance of these two younkers, one of whom was named Esperance, and the other Disperance; the first a gay young votary of Venus, and the other a grave lover of Virtue. The author listens to and relates what passed between them; the one speaking highly in praise of Venus, the other against her. The champion of Venus was so

[1] A word at the end of this line is wanting. The copy of the original in the Museum is, in some parts, slightly mutilated.

hard pressed by his opponent, that he was obliged to call the Goddess to his assistance. She appears, and learning what had passed, and how her true knight had been treated, she blew a silver horn, and her nymphs come to her assistance. She relates to them the heinous offence of Disperance in blaspheming her mighty crown, and abusing her champion. After some consultation they advise her to set a Court for the trial of the culprit; which was done, and he summoned to appear. Upon his applying to the Seven Seages of Sapience to be his advocates and defend him, they advise him to seek help from the Nine Muses, which he did humbly, but they declined to interfere in any thing against Venus; and they referred him to 'the Nobillis nyne'—Hector, Josue, David, Julius Cesar, Alexander, Judas Machabeus, Godefridus, Arthur, and Charles le Mayne. They received him sternly, and treated him with sharpness for abusing Venus. They sent him to the 'ten Sibillais,' who received him as ungraciously, and referred him to the 'three Fatales,' and they to others. At length Vesta, to whom he applied, took compassion upon him, and undertook to defend his cause.

"The third Buik, which begins with a description of 'Venus Court,' the Judge, Members, Assise, &c., gives a very tedious account of the proceedings; the defence of Disperance by Vesta; the difficulty of the Assise, who, after an assurance of mercy, put the culprit in the will of Venus, by whom he is ordained to be severely punished and imprisoned. This excited the lamentation of Esperance,[1] who had brought his friend Disperance into this

[1] In Beloe's Anecdotes of Literature will be found, as an extract from Rolland, this "Lamentatio Esperantiae," vol. ii. p. 107.

state; and also the lamentation of the Assyse, who, with Esperance, apply to Venus for a remission, which she agrees to give on Disperance quitting Vesta, and engaging to serve her. This he promises, and she changes his name from Disperance to Dalliance, dubs him a knight, and introduces him to her other knights; after which follows dancing, music, and tournaments, &c., and an account of these festivities concludes the fourth Buik and the work.

"The whole work is prolix and tiresome, greatly inferior to the allegorical and descriptive poetry of Dunbar, Douglas, and Lyndsay; and Rolland must rank much below any of these poets, from whom he has 'beggit' or borrowed his ornate terms."[1]

In neither of his productions has ROLLAND shown much poetical genius. His great defect is his uncommon diffuseness; and, as he tells us he wrote his "Seven Sages" in as many weeks, it might have been well for his reputation had he devoted at least as much time to revise and condense his work. The story of the Two Friends,[2] near the end of the book, which is not found in the other metrical versions of the Seven Wise Masters, is perhaps the best told. In his Moralities, he has given very unnecessary recapitulations of the different tales; but in these, and in his varied Exclamations against the Empress and the wickedness of the female sex, there is something original and amusing, and they exhibit a variety of measures, which occa-

[1] For the preceding Analysis of Rolland's Poem, the Editor is indebted to his friend JAMES CHALMERS, Esq., London.

[2] The same story forms the subject of the early Metrical Romance of Chivalry, "Amys and Amylioun."—See Ellis's Specimens, vol. iii. p. 396; and Weber's Collection, vol. ii. p. 369.

sionally bear a resemblance to the satirical poems of Burns. At the time when Rolland flourished, the state of the country, so long agitated by political and religious contentions, was not favourable for the encouragement of poetical genius; and the literary remains of that period present a striking contrast to those of the earlier part of the century. From the style of his writings, Rolland, however inferior he may be to the more distinguished Poets who preceded him, may be considered as the last of their school. But it is not, as already stated, on the ground of poetical merit, that the present Romance was deemed worthy of republication; although it is only by an extensive and careful examination of such remains—(and the difficulty of obtaining access to works of extreme rarity, might serve as an excuse for reprinting almost any thing of that age in verse which has been preserved)—that we can form some adequate conception of the actual state of literature in this country at the period of the Reformation.

D. LAING.

EDINBURGH, DECEMBER,
MD.CCC.XXXVII.

¶ The seuin Seages

Translatit out of prois in Scottis meter be IOHNE ROLLAND in Dalkeith, with ane Moralitie efter euerie Doctouris Tale, and sicklike efter the Emprice Tale, togidder with ane louing and laude to euerie Doctour efter his awin Tale, & ane Exclamation and outcrying vpon the Empreouris wife efter hir fals contrusit Tale.

I.

R.

Imprentit at Edinburgh be Iohne ROS, for Henrie Charteris. M. D. LXXVIII.
CVM PRIVILEGIO REGALI.

THE PROLOGVE.

EN into Courts is Curiofitie,
Manheid, maners, nurtour and courtafie,
Gif in the heid greit vertew dois auance
Sa in members I think ficlyke fuld be.
Curage, kyndnes, gentrice and honeftie
To do the heid feruice and obferuance,
To God alone alfo for his plefance
And failzeing that, all is bot fantafie,
For warldlie myrth wald haue fum temperance.

Sum cummis to court to ferue thair King and Quene
To conqueis lands fum fettis thair courage clene,
Greit Lordis and Lairdis the court wald hald in hand
Sum thair kynnifmen to Court caufis conuene.
Sum for to fe, and vthers to be fene.
With braid Buklars brawling with birneift brand
Sum thair gat fais, vthers fum freindfchip fand
Sum gettis plefure, vthers gettis tray and tene
Ze ken the Court can nocht ay ftabill ftand.

In Court that time was gude Dauid Lyndfay,
In vulgar toung he bure the bell that day
To mak meter, richt cunning and expart,
And Maifter Iohne Ballentyne fuith to fay
Mak him marrow to Dauid weill we may.
And for the thrid, Maifter Williame Stewart,
To mak in Scottis, richt weill he knew that Art.
Bifchop Durie, fum tyme of Galloway,
For his plefure fum tyme wald tak thair part.

And I my felf with fmall Intelligence
Thocht in that cafe to fchaw my diligence
To manifeft my waik wit and Ingyne,
At thir fourfum afking leif and licence,
With hat and hand keiling with reuerence
Me for to leir ane leffoun or a lyne
Of thair prettick to me ane point propyne.

The Prologue.

They ſaid go to, ſchaw ſum Experience
And I thairfoir to thame promeift the wyne.

Sa at thir four, quhen I had leif purcheſt,
To thame (ſaid I) quhat mater is meteſt?
For to begin (quod thay) we wald ze drew
Sum Dialog, or argument that is beſt,
And that will mak zour mater manifeſt.
Sa folk may knaw the fals Tale be the trew,
For Dialogs (quod I) weis get anew.
And ſa fra thame Incontinent me dreſt,
And tuke gude nicht, and ſaid gude ſchirs adew.

Bot zit knew not quhat my mater ſuld be
Quhidder of myrth or zit of grauitie.
Efter Supper to bed I maid me boun,
Sa in my ſleip me thocht I ſaw ſwythlie
Lady Venus cumming and ſpak to me,
And ſaid I am cum with the for to reſſoun,
Thairfoir my wordis, ſe that thow not cheſſoun,
Tuitching my ſtait, honour and dignitie
Forzet me nocht quhen thou makis thy Sermoun.

Sa on the morne quhen time was for to ryſe
I thocht I wald begin my Interpryſe,
And rememberit on Venus Lady Queme
Keſt in my mynd ofter nor anis or twyſe
That ſhe bad me with hir mater auyſe,
And I knew ſmall quhat hir mater did mene
Confiddering at me hir ſelf had bene.
I wiſt nocht weill quhat mater to deuyſe,
Hir for to pleis, and to eſhaip hir teme.

And ſa at ſchort my pen I tuke in hand
Began to wryte at Quene Venus command
Ane lytill Quair, I ken nocht gif ze knaw it,
Embrowd about with barbarus termes bland
And with trym termes maiſt vſit vp on land
As to the Name Dame Venus Court thay caw it
I wait nocht weill gif euer Schiris ze ſaw it,
Delyuerit it vnto my Maiſters four
Quha it reſſauit, and reddelie red ouir.

This lytill

The Prologue.

This lytill Quair, quhen thay had red and endit
Sum ſaid that hard, thay greitlie it commendit,
And ſa beliue delyuerit it againe
To euerie verſe thairin thay condiſcendit,
And ſaid thay wiſt, thairwith nane was offendit
Except it war ane prydfull pure Putane,
At quhais wordis men wald tak ſmall diſdane,
Quha that fand faltis, all four thay wald defend it
Be word and deid, with micht and all thair mane.

Ane proper wenche come to me on ane day
Ane of my Ants, bot thairto I ſay nay
My buke to borrow, greitlie ſcho did Inquyre
Ane wed thairfoir ſcho ſaid ſcho wald doun lay
Quhill ſcho it red, within ane Oulk or tway.
Sa I grantit that thing ſcho did deſyre,
Bot in few dayis my Ant begouth to tyre
Her Pyat toung, hir poet toung I ſuld ſay
Micht ſuffice weill to preiche in barne or byre.

My buke againe ſcho brocht and callit it gude
And ſaid ſum termes was ſcho not vnderſtude,
Becauſe thay war ſa heich and curious
Meruellit at me how I durſt euer dude,
Aganis wemen to ſpeik ſa ruch and rude,
And ſaid I trow zour mynde was furious
Quod I Lady the mater ſtandis thus
Quhen twa arguis, in ane or thay conclude
On force thair talk mon bo contrarious.

Thairfoir Maiſtres I mon bald zow excuſit,
I traiſt ſic termes befoir few tymes ze vſit,
Or at the leiſt, ze come nocht quhair thay grew
I hard ſum ſay that ze war greitlie ruſit,
And ze zour thocht and mynde on ſic termes muſit
Baith into Greik, in Latine and Hebrew,
Now I perſaue that thay Tales ar not trew.
Thairfoir trewlie my ſelf ſuld haue the pyne,
I was to bald to caſt Peirlis to the Swyne.

Than ſcho me prayit with wordis ſweit and fair
To be ſa gude to tak ane vther Quair

The Prologue.

In planer termes, and it in Meter mak
Anents wemen, not tuitching thame ſa ſair,
For zour requeiſt (ſaid I) I will do mair.
Ane vther Roll I chancit in hand to take,
It to performe for that fair Ladyis ſake.
Maid and compylit be the wyſe Sages ſeuin,
Quha was that tyme maiſt ſapient vnder heuin.

For naturall wit, thay ar all haldin plane
The ſpringing well, and onlie freſche Fontane
The perfyte ground, and rute Originall
Of this ſtorie, now following but lane,
Thairfoir my ſelf, as now I am conſtrane
It to tranſlait, in our toung naturall.
Quhair I it fand into plane prois at all
Without cullour or feit, now I againe
In rurall ryme, to ſet it furth I ſall.

The fault I ſaid, for hir ſaik I ſuld mend it
Quhair ſcho befoir with ſtrange termis was offendit.
I promeiſt hir of honeſtie to quyte thame,
And with toun termes my bow it ſuld be bendit
Fra Clerklie termes my pen ſuld be ſuſpendit
And in my verſe be na way I ſuld wryte thame,
Ze ſall all knaw doutles that I deſpyte thame.
On this debait than we war condiſcendit,
At hir deſyre I ſall eſchew to dyte thame.

Sa we aggreit (quod ſcho) gude Schir adew
Quod I Lady, forſuith richt ſair I rew,
With ſa dry mouths, that we twa ſuld depart
Quod ſcho but dout, as I am traiſt and trew
Sum vther tyme my ſelf ſall zow perſew,
Bot not as now, thair is tyme eſterwart,
Quhen euer ze pleis (quod I) welcum my hart,
For verray ſhame me thocht ſcho changeit hew,
Than turnit hir bak, and ſa we did depart.

Incontinent but ony mair delay
I thocht it beſt my pen for till aſſay
This lytill buke in verſe for to compyle
Quhair it befoir into plane prois was ay,

Gif I

The Prologue.

Gif I culd fynd ony gude wyle or way
To fteir it vp into ane better ftyle,
That I fuld not this fair Lady begyle,
Confiddering the fame on hand I tuke
As ze fall heir, thus I begin my buke.

Finit Prologus.

To the Reidar.

BECAVS I was reprouit of befoir,
That I ſuld not in Clerklie termes gloir:
Bot in plaine ſpeiche my buik for to addres
With commoun talk, bot zit neuer the les
This Tale of auld I hard quhilk is richt trew,
And richt weill knawin, that neid oft makis vertew
Thairfoir on force, becaus ſtrange termes I want
I haue na dout, bot heir thay ſall be ſkant.
Thairfoir in tyme I think beſt to deny thame,
Zone fair Lady me think ſcho ſettis nocht by yame
Ane vther caus ſiclike I wait ze ken
For to bring but its Ill thats not thair ben.
Nor thair is nane, I wait in all this toun
Except he haue it, that can put on ane goun.
Of ane twme Twn, nane can draw out licour,
Nor of ane fule to mak a wiſe Doctour.
For quhy wit wants, quhair wiſdome ſuld cum fra
Into this caſe, the mater ſtands ſa.
Force me compellis, ſtrange termes to forbeir,
Within my box thairs few to get or leir.
Quhair Gold is ſkant, ſiluer mon vs content,
Euen ſa it ſtands but dout at this preſent.
Praying hartlie this Tale in patience tak,
A man can ſell nathing out of his pak
Bot as he hes, than preſent for the tyme,
Ze may perſaue that be this rouſtie ryme.
Beſeiking zow gude Reidars to excuſe it,
Not to detract, nor zit ouir hie to ruſe it.
This I wald wis my freinds ze wald do ſo,
Than in Goddis name to purpois lat vs go.

Their

Heir beginnis the

seuin Seages, tranſlatit furth of prois in Scottis meter be Iohne Rolland in Dalkeith.

IN Eldaris dayis oft times it hes bene tauld
That Rome has bene ane Cietie of the auld
Of cunning Clerks, & wonder vailzeand men,
As ancient Acts makis vs for to ken.
Duir all the warld it had Preeminence,
All pepill maid to it Obedience.
With greit Captanes, Kings Knichts & Empreours
Kene men of weir, & cruell Conquerours,
Of townis and towris, greit villages & cieteis,
Triumphand far abone thair Enemeis:
Subdewand thame to lestand seruitude,
Not regarding thair lynage, kyn nor blude.
Cõquest grit realmes, lordschips & rowms braid
Thair commoun weill sa meruellous riche thay maid
That all coũtreis & kĩgdomes thẽ about
Of thair fell feir greit dreddour had and dout.
That thay on force behuid to mak homage
Or ellis haue loist baith life and heritage.
For thay war sa repleit of all riches
Win into weiris be martiall belynes.
Thay tuke na cure of na mãnis fauour nor feid
Sa thay become of all the warld the heid:
And had thairof the haill Authoritie,
Bot this was not in time of Papistrie,
For fra that time yt Papis was maid in Rome,
Of all vertew that Cietie was maid tome.

And day be day fra all vertew decrest
Continuallie the self it ay oppyrest.
For thyre strangers rais vp in that Cietie.
Quhilkis of befoir na way wald sufferit be,
The commoun weill caus thay war ay agane
Thairin thairfoir thay wald not thole remane
Bot fra Papis come that Nobill towne within
It did abound sa fair in deidly sin,
And that na stait to Clergie was compairs,
Sa weill thay treit thir thyre vncouth strangairs
Quhilk thyre thir was, the first lurkand haitrent
The secund was, zoung counsall and consent,
Singular profite it was the thyrid I wis,
Quhilk thyre was caus to gar Rome go amis.
And causit it tine the greit triumphand Name,
And to be callit the hous of warldlie schame.
Tint the greit rowmes and warldlie possessiōus
That thay conquest fra diuers vther Crowns.
All sic become thyrow wickitnes and vice,
Of the Papists, and thair foule Merchandice.
For thay wald gar ane pound of meltit leid
Bring thame againe the wecht of golde sa reid.
And gar the hippis of ane deid Zow or skin
Assolze zow of all zour deidly sin,
Incontinent in heuin vp to be brocht,
Contrair Gods will, quhidder he wald or nocht.
¶Bot not the les, lang tyme befoir thir dayis
Ane Empreour was as the Storie sayis,
Quhilk hecht to Name Pontianus at richt,
Ane Nobill man of wisdome and of micht.
Gydit his Realme be wisdome and vertew,
To his pepill exempilis daylie schew,
Of wisdome wit and Liberalitie,

Quhairthyrow

Quhairthrow the hartis of all his folk wan he
That nane cairit to wair with him thair life,
Ane Kings Douchter he had vnto his wife,
Callit Clara, ane woman verteous,
Fair and gudelyke, and wonder gracious.
Quhilk ane knaif chyld of him scho did cõsaue
Bot him alone, na ma God to thame gaue,
Quhilk was callit Diocleſiane to Name,
Fair and weil fauourit, baith of fassoun & fame
Quha daylie grew in vertew and gudnes,
Ilk man him luſit for his greit gentilnes.
For he was courtes, cumlie and richt kynd,
Fra all fulische alluterlie declynd.
Sa quhen he was seuin zeir auld or neir by
This Emprice tuke ane meruellous malady,
That scho behuid for to tak bed on force,
With sair seiknes sa troublit was hir Corce.
Persauing weill be hir Intelligence
For to eschew fra deid was na defence
Bot of hir life schortlie to haue ane end,
Sa for hir spous the Emprcour sone scho send.
With humbill hart and Inwartlie praying,
That he wald cum to hir but tarying.
Gif euer he wald se hir vpon lyue
Sa was fra hand direct sone ane Messyue.
Poist efter Poist, quhair he lay in weilfair,
Sone till him come, and euld the caus declair,
But mair abaid, with wonder sorie hart,
With few hors men fra his Camp did depart.
And quhen he come to the Emprice presence
Scho said till him with humbill reuerence.
O My gude Lord, howbeit that I be seik,
Ze licent me my erand to zow speik.

Sa that it be onlie to zour plesour,
And als sicklike vnto zour greit honour,
He said Lady I se zow in diseis
Notwithstanding say on quhat euer ze pleis :
And it sall be to me na vilanie,
Sa it eik not zour greit Infirmitie.
My Lord scho said, this seiknes I persaue
Or it depart will driue me to my graue.
He said Madame be ze of gude comfort,
Ze will recouer zour helth I traist at schort,
For I sall send for all my ding Doctouris,
Phisitianes, and my Philosophouris,
My cunning men, and my Medicinars,
My Cirugians and als my Potingars,
My Practicianes quhilkis ar suttell and slie.
That daylie deilis with Flewbothomie.
Thay will consult, and Ilkane als persaue
All zour seiknes, and sa helth sall ze haue.
For seiknes is als naturall as heill,
Thairfoir dout not y' deith sall with zow deill,
At this present, bot ze sall sone recure.
Quod scho my Lord of a thing I am sure,
This maladie sa haldis me at the hart
Quhill I be deid, na way it will depart.
Quhairfoir my Lord, richt humblie I require,
Ze wald Incline zour hart to my desyre.
He said desire at me quhat euer ze will,
I will it grant, thocht it be contrair skill
To comfort zow, and help zow fra diseis
Thairfoir say on, it sall me not displeis.
Scho said my Lord I thank zow gretumlie.
Quod he Madame say on quhat euer it be.
Scho said my Lord, plesit zour Nobill grace

Of

Of my desyre, this is the verray cace,
Quhen I depart out of this present lyfe.
It will zow pleis to haue ane vther wyfe,
And as ze knaw we haue na barne bot ane,
Nor neuer had, bot onlie him allane:
Quhilk ouir all thing anirt zour awin persoun
I wald war weill to this Ilk prouisioun.
Efter zour deith with all wit and wisdome,
Reule his pepill, and gyde this greit Kingdome
And ouir all thing my Lord maist I requyre
Into this point, ze will grant my desyre,
That zour Empryce perchãce quhat euer scho be
Upon my Sone haue na Authoritie,
Na Gouernance, power nor zit gyding
Bot ze him put to vther nurisching.
Far fra hir sicht, and fra hir companie,
To that effect, that he may viceles be,
Of all vices, and sic thing as gais wrang
And ay to be, greit cunning men amang.
My Lord hartly this humblie I requyre
Into this point to fulfill my desyre.
For weill I knaw, displesours ar to cum
That he sall do, or ellis he salbe dum,
Quhairthrow onlie his lyfe he will recure,
My Lord I knaw but dout this salbe sure.
He said Lady zour will ze sall not want,
Thocht it war mair, richt hartly I it grant,
For that is my desyre asweill as zouris
It salbe done, Madame at zour plesouris.
Scho said my Lord I thank zow with my hart
God saue zour grace, for now I moste depart.
This being said, scho tuke ane fell passioun
And ane lang space scho lay in deidly swoun.

Sa in schort tyme withouttin mair remeid,
Hir naturall det scho completit of deid.
With all triumph hir funerall seruice
Was dewlie done, as that time was the gyse
Lang time efter the Emprecour maid murning,
And all his Court, for hir sair departing
Na menstrell myrth nor zit na merines
Into his hall was sene nor na blythnes,
Bot heuines, greit dule and grauitie
Into the Court, and all the companie
For that gude Quene, all solace was away,
Woir the dule weid Ilk ane for zeir and day.

¶MORALITAS.

OF this mater sum thing we may collect
Of this Emprice hauand sa greit respect
And Inwart luke vnto hir Sone alone
Of hir awin helth scho tuke bot lyttill rek,
Bot thocht scho wald his wellfair nocht neglect
Befoir to deith hir self scho wald dispone
Quhilk caulit hir sic maters to propone
To hir husband, for the samin effect
Hir Sone to ring efter that scho was gone.

Sicklyke ze may considder the greit cair
The thocht and mynde scho tuke baith lait and air,
Anent hir Sone scho suffering sair seikness
Prouyding als for his welth and wellfair,
Desyring him of cummers to be clair
With the new Quene, he suld haue na entres,
Nor scho with him in ony besynes,
For sum caulis that micht occur perchance
That scho suld haue of him na Gouernance.

Allswa appeiris sum part of Prophecie,
And greit foirsicht hes bene in this Ladie,
Perrellis to cum, sa perfytelie to knaw
Scho being tuichit with sair Infirmitie.
Praying to put, hir Sone fra companie
Of all the Court, and als of Ladyis aw,

And

And in speciall, fra his Mother in Law.
Inconuenients to eschew that micht be
Sa scho desprit, hir Sone him for to draw.

The hartlie luke siclyke ze may persait,
That this Lady to hir husband did hait,
Randring to him, honour and reuerence,
And he to hir, siclyke all things gaue,
That scho desprit, or at him scho wald craue:
Not regarding, thocht it had bene offence,
And for hir sake, quhen scho was deid and bence
He commandit that na blythnes suld be
For zeir and day into his companie.

Thairfoir I say to zow in Mariage
Baith into auld, and into tender age,
Quhat euer chance, ze suld haue Cheritie
Giue All wordis cum, than lat zour malice swage,
Giue place to Ire, and harbrie not outrage,
Crabit at anis, na way baith ze suld be
Ane meik answer sloking Melancolie,
Ze ar conionit ane flesche and Saulis twa,
Than keip gude luke, the Scripture biddis sa.

¶ How the Empreour committit and delyuerit his Sone to the seuin Doctouris of Rome to leir.

THIS Empreour vpon a tyme he lay
Intill his bed, and to him self culd say
I haue na barnis bot ane Sone to my air,
I think it best that he war put to lair,
Sen he is zoung, and into tender age
To leir wisdome he wil tak mair curage
Efter my deith, this Realme that he may gyde
This I think best in tyme foz to prouyde.
Sa on the mozne he cryit efter his claiis,
And in dew tyme but mair abaid vpzais.
Gart call his Lozds, and counsall till him sone,
In this mater quhat thay thocht to be done.

Schawing to thame at lenth the haill mater
To his Lady quhat he had promeist air.
Thay answerit all, my Lord thair is in Rome
Seuin wyseſt men that is in Cristindome,
Quhilkis in learning all vther thay prenaill
In all wisdome, and Science Liberaill.
Thay ar but dout the seid of Salomon,
For to discus Problewm or zit Questioun.
Lat ane Message to thame be send but mair
Delyuer thame zour Sone vnto the lair
Of thair counsall the Emprcour was content,
For thir Doctours ane Message sone was sent,
Under his Seill, and als his awin hand writ
To the Doctouris he had deliuer it.
Sa sone as thay the letters all had red
To thair veyage but tary sone thame sped.
Quhen thay come to the Emprcours presence
Thay salust him with laude and reuerence,
On thair best wise, as to thame culd effeir
He said to thame ze ar all welcum heir.
I speir at zow haue ze ony knawlege
Quhairfoir I send to zow seuin my Message.
Thay answerit him, the caus na way we knaw
Quhill y' zour grace will witchaif for to schaw
Zour graces will quhen ze haue schawin vs to
That to fulfill, our power we sall do.
To quhome he said, I thank zow Maisters all
Now vnto zow my erand schaw I sall.
Ane Sone alone, na ma barnis I haue,
Nor all my time na ma God to me gaue:
Appeirandlie he is to be mine air,
Thairfoir I wald he war put to the lair:
To cunning men for to haue thair doctrine,
And

And in zouth heid be vnder Discipline,
To that effect, efter my fatall det
Into my place with honour he be set,
To reule his Realme with wisdome and Justice
Quhilk in ane Prince suld euer ring alwayis.
Thairfoir I wald ze seuin suld him ressaue,
And him to leirne, and into gyding haue,
And ze sall be rewardit weill thairfoir,
Sa haill and feir agane ze him restoir.
Thay thankit him all seuin with reuerence,
That he to thame of his Sone gaue credence.
¶Bot the first Maister callit Pantyllas
Began and said, beraus he eldest was,
My Lord I sall, and pleis zour Nobill grace
Taus zour ane Sone within seuin zeiris space,
Be als cunning in all the seuin Science,
Of wit, wisdome, and all Intelligence
As I, and all my marrowis that heir standis
Or ony man, within zour boundis and landis
Sa that ze will deliuer him to me,
This sall I do in pane of honestie.
¶The secund Maister namit Lentalus,
Thir wordis said vnto the Empreour thus.
And pleis zour grace deliuer him to me
Within sex yeiris he sall haue mair Clergie,
Mair cunning craft in all the seuin Science
Nor I and all that now is in presence.
And as ze knaw I haue seruit zour grace
Sen I was man, in all my lykis space.
And for rewaird I seik na vther thing
Bot zour ane Sone to haue in gouerning.
¶Than spak the thrid y^t namit was Craton
With zour gude grace I saillit the sey vpon,

In greit perrellis, and dangerous weilfair
And of zour grace rewaird I seik na mair,
To be sa gude, to me deliuer wald
Zour onlie Sone in gouernance to hald,
And I promeis that within zeiris fiue
He sall be mair cunning and Scientiue,
Nor I, and all my marrowis heir about
Unto zour grace this I sall do but dout.
¶ Than spak the fourt to name hecht Malquy=
And pleis zour grace my seruice for to tak (drak
In gude sessoun, in thankis and plesouris
For I my self, and my Progenitouris
Hes seruit zow, and zours our lykis space
And na rewaird desire I of zour grace
Bot to witchaif on me sa greit credence,
As for to leir zour Sone perfite Science:
And for to be of cunning mair perfite
Nor I, and all my marrowis can Indite.
This sall he do within nirt zeiris four.
Or I Science and cunning sall gif ouir.
¶ Thã spak the fyft, Josephus hecht his name
Lord I am auld, and neuer vndefame
On zour counsall, and hes bene mony zeir,
Wald ze leif me zour ane Sone for to leir
I sall him teiche but dout in zeiris thre
Als greit cunning, and als perfite Clergie
As I my self, and all my marrowis can,
Or ellis ze sall call me na honest man.
Na mair rewaird of zour grace I desire
Thocht all my life I haue seruit zour Impire.
¶ Than spak the sext was namit Cleophas
Ane Nobill man, and cunning Clerk he was,
And said sicklike as the laif said befoir,

Of zour

Of zour gude grace rewaird I seik no moir
Bot zour ane Sone to haue in gouerning
Informe and teiche, and into Science bring
In cunning he salbe within twa zeir
That he sall haue na peregall nor peir.
Na mair rewaird at zow now ask will I
Quhilk zour gude grace I traist will not deny
¶ Than said the seuint greit Maister & doctour,
Unto zour grace I will do sic plesour,
Giue me zour Sone in credence and gyding
Within ane zeir I sall him giue leirning,
Sa profoundlie in all the Science seuin,
And of all Science vnderneth the heuin:
That in wisdome he sall haue na compair
Unto zour grace this schortlie I declair,
For giftis of golde, nor geir I not regaird
Nor for labouris I couet na rewaird
Bot zour gude will, quhē the zeir is furth gane
The Emprenour hard, and thākit thame Ilkane
And said I am Indettit to zow all
Unrecompansit nane of zow thair be sall.
Bot not the les sen I find zow sa kynd
And w̄ gude willis hes schawin me zour mynd
Gif I suld him commit til ane of zow
Than all the rest micht weill beleue and trow
That to that ane I had mair affectioun
Than to the rest, quhilk suld caus discentioun:
Discord, Inuy, and also variance,
Quhilk in na sort amang sic men suld chance.
Thairfoir to zow coniunctlie all in ane
Heir I commit my Sone Diocleciane.
My afald barne, and eik my onlie Air,
With zow to be Instructit weill in lair.

And him to gyde in alkin honest sort,
Quhylis to wisdome, and quhylis to game &
As ze will answer Ilk ane vnto me, (sport:
In pane of credence and of zour honestie.
For be he weill, euin sa I think my sell
Do as ze pleis, as now na mair I tell.
¶Thir dyng Doctours the sweit langage heir=
Of thair gude Lord, and alswa persauing (ing
The greit credence, and sielyke the kyndnes
That he had schawin vnto thair sempilnes.
Thay thankit him Ilk ane vpon thair kneis,
Man efter man, all seuin in thair degreis.
Sayand to him, that his grace suld be sure
Of thair laubours greit diligence and cure.
The Empreour tuke his Sone be the hand,
And bad that he, at thair bidding suld stand.
And in na sort that he suld thame offend
Unto the time agane he for him send.
And sa at schort the barne delyuerit he,
Quhome thay ressauit with all humilitie.
This being done, Ilk ane thay tuke gude nicht
To Romes Court the way thay held on richt.
Thir seuin Maisters thair veyage passing on,
Ane of thame said, quhilk namit was Craton
To his fellowis, sayand my brether deir
Sen we this Chylde in Gouerning hes heir,
I think not best to Romes toun that we ryde
Gif we list weill this barne gouerne and gyde:
For diuers causis and Impediments,
That may occur be Inconuenients.
Tysting the Chylde to mony sport and play
And to neglect his studie day be day.
For fra greit men get knawledge quhat he be,
Thay

Thay will couet daylie his companie.
Sa fra studie he salbe ay abstractit,
And we all seuin with greit displesure lackit.
The vther sex said all with ane consent
His counsall was gude and conuenient,
And was said to the purpois by and by,
And with gude will to the same wald apply.
This to eschew, I wald remeid war found
For weill I knaw within ane lytill ground
To buylde vpon, thair is ane proper place,
Quhilk to vs all war plesure and solace.
Fra Romes toun bot thre myles distant,
Quhat thing we neid, we myster not to want.
Lat vs yair mak ane hous baith rowme & squair
Quhair at quyet the child may leirne his lair
We sall gar paynt vpon the wallis about
The seuin Science, with greit Storyis all out,
Sa that this Childe may se vesie and luke,
And tak doctrine, asweill as in his buke.
This Counsall than applesit thame euer ilkane
The hous was biggit sone of lyme and stane,
And weill compleit, as it best culd effeir,
Quhairin thay all, studyit the seuin zeir.
Quhilk bene outrun, and all compleit togidder
The seuin Maisters amang thame did cõsidder
That thay wald all exame Diocleßiane,
Fra that thair terme of the seuin zeir was gane,
Gif that he was expert into Science,
Considdering thay had done Diligence.
Pantillas said, I can not tell trewlie
How our Scoller examit weill salbe.
Than said Craton I sall that weill deuise,
Into his bed on sleiping quhen he lyis.

Under Ilk nuik of his bed we sall lay
Ane Oliue leif, than quhen approches day,
Gif he persauis sone efter his walking
That his bed is remouit ony thing,
Than we may knaw be our Intelligence
He is repleit of all the seuin Science.
This being done, airlie in the morning
The Childe walknit befoir the Sone rysing,
And lyftit vp his Ene vnto the sky
And to the ruf of the hous feruently,
Baith to and fra, schairplie casting his Ene
On sic fassoun befoir thay had not sene.
The seuin Maisteris persauing persitelie
How his Ingyne was raisit sa quicklie.:
Thay said quhairfoir luk ze sa fast about?
Quhat mouis zow, or quhat haue ze in dout?
Schaw vs in plaine we sall caus to amend it
Gif ony thing hes zow in hart offendit.
Na maruell haue my gude Maisters (said he)
For I am brocht in ane greit fantasie,
Quhilk hes me maid richt sleit and als afferird,
For in my sleip to me I thocht appeird:
That the ruif tre of all this haill Maissoun,
Unto the eird was quyte declynit doun.
And sine againe in twinkling of our Eyis,
It was vplistit ane hundreth thousand greis,
Quhilk put me in ane felloun fray but dout,
Than his Maisters Ilk ane him round about,
Persauit weill be gude Experience
He was fulfillit of all the seuin Science.
Gif he haue dayis and in gude companie
Ane man of wit, and wisdome he salbe,
That in the warld sall nane be till him peir,

Sa

Sa at this tyme we leik this zoung Childe heir,

¶MORALITAS.

WE may persaue na Empreour
Nor Ring suld wirk at thair plesour.
Without ane gude counsall,
Gude counsall is the procurour
For to set fordwart gude laubour
And perrellis dois expell.

This Empreour he wald do nocht
Quhill his Lordis was beforr him brocht
And sa thay war richt sone,
At thame his counsall than he socht,
And thay him schew thair myndie and thocht
Quhat best was to be done.

In ane voce thay concludit thair
That he suld put his Sone to lair
With cunning men of wit,
Becaus the Counsall did it declair
Incontinent but ony mair
Fra hand fulfillit it.

For as the Mother did prouyde,
The Father on that vther syde
For the Sone did coirse,
Fra purpois wald na langer byde
Bot to the Doctouris in that tyde
His Sone delyuerit he.

Thocht all thir Seuin had Science sene,
Ze may persaue that thay haue bene
Of thair awin Fantasie,
All rallin into curage clene
Ilk ane vther to prouene
And purches Dignitie.

Ilk ane thay tuke ane diuers dait,
And promeist be thair awin conait
Mair large nor thay wald do,
Quhilk was far by thair awin Estait
For to pretend to gang the gait
That thay culd not cum to.

Bot the Empreour tuke weill in hedis.
He thocht he wald not tak the fedis
Of all, and pleis bot ane.
For that he fand ane gude remedis
For the haill feuin without mair pledis
The Childe hes with thame tane.

¶How the Empreour be counfall of his Princes, and Lordis of his Impyre weddit ane vther wyfe.

IN this meane time the Princes of honour,
And the greit Lordis come to the Empreour,
And faid my Lord and pleis zour nobill grace
Heir we ar cum to fchaw how fandis the cace.
Bot ane zoung Childe, we knaw no moir ze ha
And pleſit God, we wald that ze had ma
And it may fand be fatale deſtanie,
That zour ane Sone may Inlaik faill and die
As God forbid, that fic ane thing fuld chance,
Zit not the les we wald mak purvyance.
Than war we all of ane new natiue King
Maid deſtitute abone vs for to ring,
Quhairthzow ſtrange folke & vncouth natiouis
Micht conqueis vs, and all our generatiounis.
Quhilk neuer was fen this Impire began
Conqueiſt, ouirthzawin with ony mortall man
Sen Romulus, quhilk buyldit Romes toun,
Was neuer man that had dominioun
Of this Impire, bot Nobill natiue Kingis,
And to auoide fa greit and perrellous thingis:
This is the caus we ar cum to zour grace
To fchaw zow all the mater and the cace,
That fic ane thing is richt abill to be
To put the Realme furth of fic Jeopardie,
Me wald ze tuke fum honeſt gay Ladie

Zour

Zour Nobill Quene and bedfellow to be,
To that effect successoun for to haue,
And zour Impire fra thir dangeris to saue.
The Empreour than heirand all thair sawis,
Quhat sic thing ment of the mater and caus.
He thankit thame ane hundreth thousand syse,
And said he wald do as thay did deuyse.
Of thair counsall richt weill content he was,
And thame requyrit to purpois for to pas.
Ane Lady get that was of tender age,
Baith gude and fair, and cum of hie lynage.
Ane clene Virgin and lustie to behald,
Than sall I do the same thing that ye wald.
Wed hir to wife, and Crowne hir to my Quene
Into this case lat zour wisdomes be sene.
Sa thay depart tham fra the Empreour
Deuisit thair Lordis of wisdome and valour,
To seik this Quene throw mony lands yai past
Quhill thay come to ane countrie at the last
Callit Cecyll, quhilk had ane Nobill King,
Quhilk Royallie into his Realme did Ring,
Wiith greit puissance, riches and honour,
Quha had ane Mayd of all fairnes the flour
To his douchter of fourtene zeir of age
Nobill, courtes, and pleisand of visage.
Wiith all vertew that in wemen micht be,
And wise at will sicklike appeirandlie.
Quhome thay desirit at this gude Nobill King
In Mariage to the Empreour bring,
And mak hir Quene of all the haill Impire
This Nobill King grantit to thair desire.
The Lordis of Counsall and Ambassadouris
War than depeschit with plesure & honouris,

And brocht with thame this Nobill gay Ladie
Quhilk yair zoūg Quene & als Empryce suld be
Thay heisit vp sails with all thair clene curage
With manlie micht come forthwart yair veyage
Upon the sey thay sufferit great perrell
In hame cumming, be sair storme and trauell
Walterād with wind out throw ŷ mudy wawis
The boriall blastis sa bauldlie on thame blawis
That thay war fane and Joyfull at the last
To saue thair lyfis, for to cut thair mane Mast.
Cut thair Cabillis, and ouir burd cast thair geir
All of thair lyfis thay stude into sic feir.
Sum of thame said, it was ane schrewit Sing
Of ane gude luck sic ane Quene hame to bring,
Quhairthrow thay war all in point for to tine,
And wist not quhat wald be the latter fine.
Sum said agane all was cum for the best,
Scho was wyteles, howbeit storme thame op=
Sa ilk ane said as yai yat time bethocht (prest.
Sa at dew time to thair awin coist was brocht
Als sone thay come vnto thair kyndlie coist,
Doun drew thair saills, and thair gude schippis
Than word beliue come to the Empreour (loist.
That all his Lordis was landit with plesour,
And with them brocht ane Nobill zoung Ladie
Quhilk to the King his weddit wyfe suld be.
The empreour cauſit proclame throw Romes toū
That euerie Lord, Knichte Marques & Barroū
In best array to mak thame all reddy
With fair fassoun to meit that zoung Lady,
Quhilk but delay was done with diligence,
And sa thay gaue this Lady all presence:
In riche array, as thay culd best deuise,

With

With all triumph, and into thair best wise
To the Cietie thay did hir all conuoy,
With all glaidnes, mirth, melodie and Joy.
And quhen scho come vnto this Nobill toun,
The Bellis rang with honour and Renoun.
The claithis of gold was spred throw all ye streit
Quhen scho lichtit, to gang vpon hir feit.
The riche Badkins, the coistlie veluot wobbis
The browdin warkis, & the riche Ryall robbis
Quhilk on the stairis war spred sa heich on hie
It was plesure for ony man to se.
With all vther warldis vane fantasise,
That mannis braine and Ingyne culd deuise.
And sa at last come in the Empreour
With his greit Lordis of riches and honour.
Gaue this Lady his persoun in presence,
With all triumph, Renoun and reuerence:
And hir Imbraist as culd him best effeir,
And said Lady ze ar richt welcum heir
Than the greit Joy that in that Cietie was
Wy waik Ingyne can na way weill compas.
Sa on the morne quhen that the day was licht
Unto the Kirk thay led this Lady bricht,
With all triumphe, greit mirth and melodie
With mennis wit that culd deuisit be.
Conuoyit with Kingis nobill Princes & Lords
As at sic time aggreis weill and accords.
Sine followit hir the Nobill Empreour
With all his Lords, that was of greit valour.
Stout men of Armes into thair waillit weidis
Rydand at richt vpon thair stalwart steidis.
Als with him come diuers grit kings & knichts
Duiks, Barrōus, erls, & mony worthie wichts

Wlith trūpet, schalme, drum, squalche & clarioū,
Harp, Lut, Organe, Symbal and Symphioū
Makand thair mirth all into gude ordour,
Heraldis of Armes into thair cort Armour:
Past on befoir as it was maist semelis
In thair awin flait, conform to thair degrs.
Quhill thay come to the Royall Kirk of Rome
Quhilk was the heid of Kirkis in cheistindome
Thair lichtit thay with mirth and merynes
For to compleit the band of halynes:
That GOD deuysit betuix woman and man
Quhen he this warld first creat and began.
Of that Cietie the greit Bischop was thair,
Wlith all his Clerkis of greit wisdome and lair
This band being compleit in Goddis Name
Wlith mirth and Joy to the Palice past hame,
Quhair thair was maid banket with melodie,
Wlith alkin mirth and plesant menstralie.
Quhill that nicht come, than Ilk man thocht
To quyet pas, and tak the nichtis rest. (it best
Sa this Lady but ony tarying
Scho past to bed with hir houlband the King
And sa obtenit the greit fauour and luse
Of hir gude Lord, that it culd not remuse.
And of hir luse he tuke sa greit delite,
That vther Quene he had forzet hir quite:
And all his luse was cast on this new Quene
As he befoir had neuer Maryit bene.
Zit not the les all the dayis of thair lyue
God thocht he wald all barnis fra them dryue
Sa thame betuix thay na successioun had
Quhilk maid this quene baith sorrowful & sad
Sayand husband, ane thing I zow require
Gif ze

Gif ze wald grant richt hartlie I desire.
Becaus lang time this Empyrice did persaue
Na kynd of Childe scho was able to haue.
Scho turnit hir Saillis vnto ane vther wind
Quhair that scho micht sum suttelness gar find.
Into hir bed quhair that scho was lyand
In ane morning with hir spous and husband.
Scho sayis my Lord, & pleis zour Nobil grace
Betuix vs twa is chancit ane heuie race,
That be na way can get vs successioun
Quhilk sadis my hart, & dois me greit passioū
Bot wald zour grace ane thing vnto me grant,
Betuix vs twa ane Childe we suld not want.
Quod he that thing deuyse how that ze can,
For that exceidis the wit of ony man
For to get barnis, sen God will not thame grant
Than force it is baith ze and I thame want.
Scho said my Lord it is unto me schawin,
Ze haue ane Sone quhilk is not to me knawin
With seuin Maisters, maist wyest on the groūd
And he him self, nane wyser can be found.
Wald ze bring him to Court in my presence
I suld do all deuoir and diligence,
Him to Intreit into sa gude fassoun,
That all suld say out throw greit Romes toun
Not onlie said, bot also suld be sworne,
That he war of my awin twa sydis borne.
And sen sa is, that I can nocht consaue,
Onlie zour Sone, as my awin I wald haue
My Lord this is the asking I require,
Beseikin zow to fulfill my desire.
Zit not the les hir minde was and hir thocht
In suttelte, and all with malice wrocht.

Imagining daylie the Chyldis deid
Thocht his Father tuke not sic thing in heid,
He said Lady that will I not deny
Quhat euer ze ask, enamozit sa am I
Into zour luse, that fozce compellis me
Quhat ze will ask, denyit it sall not be.
Thairfoir sen I the secretis of my hart
Schawis to zow plaine, to me keip ze zour part
As for my Sone it is lang time by past
And diuers zeiris sen that I saw him last.
Zit not the les to accomplische zour will,
I sall belyue ane Message send him till,
And caus him cum, and als his Maisters all
Quhat he can do baith heir and se ze sall.
For I beleue he hes bene diligent
In his studie, and in science frequent.
And foz to leir, wit, knawledge and wisdome
That efter me foz to gyde this kingdome.
Scho said my Lozd, that it be sa God grant,
Foz that same caus I wald na way him want.
Bot gif scho said thir wozdis with hir hart
Ze will persaue be pzoces efterwart.
The Empzeour sone gart mak ane missiue,
The Messinger he was direct beliue:
Into greit haist with expeditioun,
Unto the seuin greit Maisteris of Renoun.
Incontinent vnder the pane of deid,
And na les pane noz wanting of thair heid:
Suld bzing his Sone to him at Witsonday,
All excuses being clene put away.
The Messinger beliue depeschit was
To the Doctouris the hie gait can he pas
And the wzytingis delyuerit sone hes he,

Unto

Unto the ſeuin Doctouris of Dignitie. Quha it reſſauit with all Obedience, Humilitie, honour and reuerence.

¶MORALITAS.

IT is ane plaigue perrelous and ane greit diſpair,
Ane Realme to be deſtitute of ane Natiue Air
Quhair kynd captans haldis court, na caus is of cair
The commoun welth Increſſis ay, daylie mair and mair
Be the contrair agane.
Vnkyndlie Captanes ouirthrawis
And commoun welth doun drawis
And leidis not the auld Lawis
Bot contrair wirks plane.

This was the maiſt motiue, the caus and the querrell,
That cauſit thir Princes compeir, to ſchaw all the perrell
The greit danger and dout, and the caus haill
Baith for commoun welth and Croune, gif airs chancit faill
Thair was bot onlie ane
Thairfoir this mater thay mene
To caus him tak ane new Quene
That new Airs micht be ſene,
Gif this Air war gane.

And ſa belyue but pley to counſall be applyit
Caus it was the commoun weill he durſt not deny it
Bot zit his firſt Quenes deſyre, in ſum part paſt by it
That to the court the chyld brocht, quhair he was ſair inuyit
The Empreour not knew
Ze ken of auld this trew Tale
Nyce is the Nychtingale
The Empreour gaue hir credence hale
And neuer word trew.

Quhen wemen ſpeikis faireſt thay ar maiſt fals found,
Thay gar ſweit licour ſwym aboue, and gall is at the ground
Thay ſhaw thame lyke ane turtill dow, and bytis as ane hound
The Empreour was deſſauit ſair, as ſone was efter found
Thay war ay and ſalbe
Sa queſitiue baith nicht and day
The Empreour culd na gait ſay nay

Bot men suld not trow that they say
Sa oft becaus thay lie.

¶How the seuin Maisteris efter the sicht of the Empreouris Letteris wald first se the cours of the Firmament and Planetis, quhidder it was gude to obey his cōmandement or not.

ALS sone as yir seuin maisters had ouirsene
The empreours writ, & vnderstude it clene
On the nixt nicht, all seuin with ane consent
Past to espy the sternis and Firmament.
To tak Jornay gif it was prosperous
Or contrair way, gif it was dangerous.
For to fulfill the Empreouris command,
Or gif thay durst the sanrin to ganestand.
Anone thay spy into the Firmament
Ane storme sterne that troublit thair Intent.
Persauing weill be the sterne gif that thay
Thair Jornay tuke, and raid that sanrin day
To thame affirt, be the Empreouris command
The Childe but dout in greit perrell suld stand,
For the first word that he spak in presence
Of his Father in oppin audience,
Suld be the caus of his greit schamefull deid
This to eschew thay culd find na remeid.
Quhairof thay war all sad and wounder sore
And wist not weill to trauell or to tarie,
Ane vther sterne than thay beheld also,
Schawing to thame to the King wald not go
And keip the day, quhilk was affirt thame to,
To wāt thair heids, thair was norht ellis ado
Ane of them said quhair twa Illis dois appeir
Lat vs that tak quhairin lyis leist dangeir.

It is

It is better surelie I say for me
For this Impire that we all seuin suld die,
And vther seuin siclike as we ar all
Or this zoung man suld suffer ony thrall.
Thairfoir lat vs all seuin with ane Intent,
Our awin personis to the Emprour present,
And let the Chylde at hame alone remane
To se giue we tary or cummis agane.
And sa thay war all seuin richt sorrowfow,
Pansing alwayis, quhat meane fassoun or how
Thay micht eschew this Incomuenient.
Sa this zoung man coure doun Incontinent,
Fra his Chalmer, quhair he was studiand,
His seuin Maisteris all sittand thair he fand.
Richt sorrowfull, and sad in countenance,
He them Inquyrit, quhat was the caus & chäce
Of thair sadnes, thay said this standis the case,
We all beleuit till had of zow solace,
Blythnes and Joy, and also gude rewaird,
Bot now Fortoun hes bene to zow sa hard,
That all sic thing to greit wauhap will turne,
Quhairfoir we all hes greit caus for to murne,
For all our Joy, and our Felicitie
Is like to turne to greit aduersitie.
He said Maisters I pray zow to me schaw
How the case standis, zit ze will lat me knaw.
Thay said the case that we can schaw to zow
Into the self is wonder sorrowfow,
For zour Father the Emprour and King
Unto vs seuin hes send ane schairp wryting,
Commanding vs withouttin tarying
On pane of lyfis that we zow till him bring,
Incontinent at the nirt Pentheroist,

Thir his wrytingis he hes send at the poist,
To quhat effect, we knaw not his Intent,
Bot we all seuin hes spyit the Firmament,
The Planetis eik and als the sternis cleir,
And we can se na vther thing appeir
Bot haistelie without ony remeid,
And ze speak anis ze sall thoill suddand deid.
Gif we delay, and bring zow not him till,
Our deid is dicht, and in zour Fatheris will.
The Childe answerit agane richt humblie
I sair repent that sic ane thing suld be.
Can ze not find in that case na remeid
Bot outher I, or ze to suffer deid?
Zit I mon pas and all the sternes spy
Gif I can find ony remeid thairby,
That may put of that deidlie dolent hour,
And satisfie my Father the Empreour.
Incontinent he veleis ouir his buikis,
Sine efter that vnto the sternes he luikis.
Amang the rest ane proper sterne he saw,
That was richt cleir persite and wonder smaw
Quhairby richt weill considderit he the race,
Giue that he culd abstene seuin dayis space
Fra all speiking and hald him self as dum
Quir sic perrell he clenlie suld ouircum.
And all thair lifis in na perrell to be,
Quhilk sterne he leit all his seuin Maisters se.
And said Maisters behald and weill persaue,
Giue I my self as dum man moste me haue.
Seuin dayis but speiche, sine on the auchtand (day
All the perrell I sall auoyde away.
And ze ar seuin of all the warld maist wise,
I think it is bot ane small Interprise,

Ilk

Ilk ane of zow to saue my life ane day,
Quhen that is done, than sum thing I sall say,
That ze and I fra all perrell salbe
The Maisteris seuin concludit perfitelie.
All that he said was wonder Just and trew,
Foz be the sterne the samin weill thay knew,
And randerit thankis to Potestatis diuine,
That thair Scoller had sa perfite Ingine,
Of cleir cunning, fic ane sterne to considder
Quhairby that thay suld all be saif togidder:
And out of dout, and all danger of deid,
Seuin dayis put by, him self to find remeid.
¶The first Maister, Pantillas was his Name
Said that he suld vnder the pane of schame,
Foz the first day beforr the King to stand,
To saue his life partlie he tuke on hand.
Quod Lentulus, quhilk was the nirt Doctour,
I tak on hand zour life foz to succour,
The secund day, and sa said all the rest,
Thair day about, sa lang as seuin did lest.
This being said, all seuin with ane consent,
Thay clad this Childe in ane new abilzement,
In goldin clais, as effeirit his estait,
Sine lap on hozs, and fozdwart maid the gait,
To Romes toun, with all the speid thay had
Fozto obey as the Empzeour thame bad.

¶MORALITAS.

IT war weill done or we our bepage tuke
Or zit Jornay outher be sey or land
Upon the sternis and Firmament to luke,
Sit that bepage with godlynes dois stand,
And in na sort that it brek not command
Of God alone, nor do him na offence,
The sternis I mene, to be mannis conscience,

As thir Doctouris, or thay to Jornay went
The Firmament thay wald frist pas and spy,
Quhair thay persauit ane greit Impediment
Be diuers sternis appeirand in the sky
For to remane, schew thame gude caus and quhy
The Kingis Precept alluterlie to ganestand,
Zit sum remeid the Chyld him self he fand.

God him gruntit, and sic grace to him gaue
To fynd ane way that thay all saif micht be,
By his Maisters, ane proper sterne persaue
Quhilk all the seuin culd not persaue nor se
Quhairby thay micht thair Jornay pas saillie.
Conditionally, sa that he culd be dum
Unto the space, seuin dayis war gane and cum.

Quhairfoir we all may be richt wonder sure
The grace of God to na man is obstant
As to the riche, euin sicklyke to the pure,
As to the auld euin sa to the Infant
His treasure is to all sa aboundant,
Sa ample geuin, sa Liberall and fre,
To thame it seikis with all humilitie.

As the Grifoun, and als the greit Goshalk
Is at all tyme of wyng maist wonder wicht,
Unto thair pray na kynd of bird will balk.
Zit than the Sparhalk is als swift of sicht
As the Grifoun, and als schairp of hir sicht
Mill catche aswell sic birdis as schu hes vse
As the Grifoun will catche to him ane Guse.

Euin sa ane Page or zit ane zoung Prentyse
Quhen thay ar hot laitlie put to the werk
Be quick Inggyne studie, and gude seruice
Ye may preuaill his Maister at the merk.
Euin sa did this zoung man and cunning Clerk
Persaue ane sterne, quhilk his Maisters quirsaw
Howbeit thay war lunger leirit in the Law.

It is oft seue ane saber simpill man
To ane greit man ane counsallour may be
Be Goddis grace, perchance aswell he can
Giue gude counsall, as thay of greiter gre

Quhilkis

Quhilkis ar wylytit into Authoritie,
For quhy the Bie that is richt wark of wing
Name to hir Hiue sweit hony scho will bring.

¶Breuis in volatilibus est apis, & initium dulcoris
hunc fructus illius. Ecclesiast. xj.

¶How the Empreour raid to meit his Sone comming fra the studie, with greit Pomp and Pryde.

AND sa as thay had enterit to veyage
The Poistis ran with all haistie Message
To Romes toun, and tauld the Empreour
That his ane Sone, with all haist and laubour
Was cumming hame, on hors the reddy way,
His Fatheris will and Precept to obey.
Than his Father Incontinent gart call
His greit Princes, and vther Lordis all,
And bad thame be in reddynes Ilkane,
He wald ga meit his Sone Diocleslane.
The seuin Maisters perfytelie sa knawand
The Empreour, with his Court was cūmand.
Unto the Childe all in ane voce thay said,
We think it best sum danger to auoid,
That we all seuin pas into the Citie,
And ze fordward pas with zour companie.
In the meane time, that we may all prouyde
Sum help, that may put by this towter tide,
And we sall do all that we can or may
For zour supplie, Ilk ane to keip ane day.
The Childe answerit as ze will plesis me,
Remember zit on my necessitie.
In greit danger I wait that I will stand.
Thairfoir think on quhat ze haue tane on hād.
Thay tuke thair leif at him sorrowfullie.

Sine all thay raid toward Romes Citie.
Sa forthwart come Diocleſiane rydand,
And lukis on far ſaw his Father cumand,
And as thay met, of his hors lichtit doun,
To his Father he maid him reddy boun,
Kneland on kne with all obedience,
Sine his Father with luke and reuerence,
About his neck oft times he tuke and kiſt,
That he was dum his Father zit not wiſt.
Wy awin deir Sone ze ar welcum he ſaid
Of zour weilfair I am richt wonder glaid.
How is it with zow I pray zow lat me knaw,
For it is lang afoir ſen I zow ſaw.
Thã this zoung man ful richt manlike & meik
Bowit doun his heid, & nathing wald he ſpeik
Quhairof his Father meruellit gretumlie
That he agane anſwerit not Inſtantlie.
Zit he compaſt into his mynde agane
Be his Maiſters, that he was ſa conſtrane
And commandit, that he ſuld ſpeik nathing
He on horſbak, be ony way rydding.
Sa hame thay come, out throw the greit Cietie
Of Romes toun, with greit Solemnitie.
Quhill thay come to the Empreours Palice
Quhair that thair was mony antick deuiſe.
And of thair hors beliue thay lichtit doun
With greit triumph honour and als Renoun,
The Father led his Sone in be the hand
Into the hall, quhair mony was bydand,
And ſet him doun beſyde him at the deis,
The Heralds bad ſone ſilence all and ceis.
Than Sone he ſaid, now ze will ſpeik to me
Zour ſeuin Maiſters, how do thay tell lat ſe?

How

How dois zour selk, for it is lang ago
Sen I zow saw, the suith it is euin so.
Ze ar welcome to me with hart and minde
Sa than the Childe his heid he did Inclinde,
As he wald say, I thank zow Father deir,
Quhat euer he thocht thair was na man micht
Quhairat his Father meruellit gretumlie (heir.
And in ane part he lukit ernestlie,
And said tell me, withoutin mony sawis
That ze speak not, the maner and the caus.
He answerit not, bot bowit doun his heid,
The Empreour saw that than was na remeid,
He panüt in minde, of his Sone not content,
Sa the Empryce gat word Incontinent,
Quhairof scho was wonder Joyous and glaid
To hir Ladyis with merie minde scho said,
Now will I go Diocleßiane to se,
Quhairfoir that ze my best clething bring me.
And sa anone scho went doun to the haw
Quhair that beliue Diocleßiane scho saw
Upon the deis besyde the Childe sat doun
Is this zour sone my Lord suld bruik zour croū?
And hes bene teichit with all y^t seuin Doctouris
He is to me welcome with all fauouris.
He is my Sone the Empreour said agane,
Bot he speikis not, quhairof I am not fane.
I knaw na thing how it is fallin be chance,
Be Deuilrie, or Goddis Ordinance.
Bot all the time to me sen he is cum
I heir nathing, bot alwayis he is dum.
Scho said my Lord delyuer him to me
Gif euer he spak, that ze sall heir and se
I sall him caus with wordis fair and meik,

That I dout not bot he will to me speik.
The King said go away with hir and rise
The Childe he rais on his maist humbill wise,
Inclining law with all Obedience,
To his Father randzing gude Reuerence.
To the Chalmer with the Empzice he went,
Bot I beleue it plesit not his Intent.

¶MORALITAS.

THAT it is writtin weill we knaw
Into the Buke of Exodie,
Quhen God to Moyses gaue the Law
In Mont Sinay that hill so hie
Into that Buke thair sind may we
Amang the ten Commandements
That we obedient suld be
And hald in honour our Parents.

Sa did this Chyldie quhen that he saw
His Father be the way cummand
Doun of his hors he lichtit law
On his kneis tuke him be the hand,
Als quhen his Father gaue command
Him for to speik, he bowit his heid
With humbill hart to him menand
I dar not speik for feir of deid.

Sic thing his Father na way kend
Bot quhen the Quene cume in presence
Incontinent he bad him wend
With hir to Chalmer, and go hence
The Chyld with all Obedience
Past at command howbeit he knew
That it wald caus ane greit Offence,
Wend weill that race that he wald rew.

Euin sa we suld be all and ane
To our Parents Obedient,
And giue our awin be deid and gane
The Principall ay, is remanent,
That is our Father all Patent

Be keidis vs with his haly hand
Than lat vs set our hall Intent
On our best way keip his command.

¶How the Emprice led Diocleſiane to hir Chalmer for to mak merines, quhilk appeirandlie he withſtude.

THE Empyrice than ſū Ladyis callit hir till
Sayand this is my vtter minde and will,
That ze prepair my Chalmer and my bed
With Silk badkins, that it be weill ouirſpred
And all the hous weill houng with Tapeſtrie,
Thay ſaid Madame, as ze bid ſa ſall be.
Than the Empyrice tuke Diocleſiane
Be the richt hand, and to Chalmer is gane,
And cauſit auoide all the Chalmers anone,
Nane baid thairin bot thay twa thame alone.
Scho thocht not beſt nane vther thair ſuld byde
And set him doun beſoir hir awin bed ſyde:
And ſaid to him thir wordis in ane part
O beſt belouit Diocleſiane my hart:
Oft times I haue hard ſpek of zour bewtie,
Zour wit, wisdome, and zour greit courtaſie,
Zour greit vertew or euer I zow ſaw,
I couet zow muche baith to ſe and knaw,
I am richt blyith my ſweit Diocleſiane,
That we twa now ar ſa ſecreit alane.
I wald haue giuen within this zeir ago
Ten thouſand pound for to haue had it ſo.
And I am glaid that now I may behald
The ſamin thing that my hart alwayis wald.
And I haue cauſit zour Father for zow ſend
To that Intent, and for that fynall end,

That I may haue of zour bodie solace,
And now sen we ar heir in secreit place,
Foz without fault I say to zow planelie
I haue keipit my clene virginitie
To zow trewlie, vnto this pzesent hour
Notwithstanding zour Father the Empzeour
Hes marzit me, zit I wald not consent
In that behalf to fulfill his Intent:
Bot at all times hes waitit vpon zow,
Quhairfoir of me ze tak zour plesure now:
And speik to me, and lat vs go to bed,
Sen I my self now thairto hes zow led.
Quhat euer scho said, quhat euer scho did oz wzo=
Foz al hir talk ane wozd he answerit nocht (cht
Scho seing that, to him scho said agane,
O my sweit hart, and gude Diocleſiane,
I sweir zow heir, be Peter and be Paull,
In zour keping ze haue my lyfe and Saull.
Quhat is the caus to me ze will not speik?
Schaw me of lufe sum takin I beseik.
Foz as ye knaw I am ane zoung Lady,
And to perfozme zour will am heir reddy.
Sa in hir armes diuers times scho hynt,
Him to haue kist, to his mouth maid ane mynt,
He turnit his heid, and wald not thole hir kis
In hir awin minde (quod scho) quhat thing is
That to this man pzofferis my bodie, (this
And be na way he will consent to me,
Diocleſiane my onlie lufe scho said
Sen that my lufe sa firme is on zow laid:
Quhy do ze this, to be to me vnkynde,
Knawing richt weill ze haue my hart & mynde
And thair is nane that may persaue oz se,

Quhat

Quhat that is done into this hous bot we.
Thairfoir grant me the thing that I zow craif,
And ze thairfoir my Maidinheid to haif,
He wrypit his face away and his visage.
For he na way he lykit hir langage.
Persauing than that scho culd not obtene
His luke nor fauour, bot it denyit clene.
Scho said my luke, and sweit Diocleciane
Behald my Papis, behald my quhyte breist
Quhilk heir I put in zour will & plesour (bane
And clene forsaikis zour Father the Emprezour.
For quhy he is baith febill waik and auld,
Lene of body, and als of nature cauld.
In his zouth heid sa vailzeant hes bene
That now in eild he is consumit clene.
That he skarslie may stand vpon his feit,
Quhairfoir to me, nor sic he is not meit.
At zour plesure thairfoir my body tak,
He seing this, his heid he turnit bak,
That be na signe, nor vther countenance
Into na sort he wald do hir plesance.
Bot in sa far as he culd him remuke,
Scho micht persaue that scho wantit his luke.
Quod scho agane, gif it plesis zow nocht
To speik to me, nor zit schaw me zour thocht.
As may perchance be done for sum gude quhy,
Into that case, excuse zow weill will I.
Zit not the les, I wald ze did Indyte
Upon paper, and zour minde to me wryte,
Ze pleis not speik, tak thair paper and Ink,
Beseikand zow to write me quhat ze think.
Gif efterward zour luke I may obtene,
In secreit wise, that nane wait quhat we mene.

Sa the paper and Ink he did ressaue
And wrait as heir efter ze may persaue.
¶O Lady fair I pray God me defend
Fra sic mischance that I se zow Intend,
Gif I defoull my Fatheris awin Orchaird,
Wy Fatheris Ire I get for my rewaird:
Nor I wait not quhat frute thairof sall spring,
And als I knaw richt weill ane vther thing
That Goddis wraith but faill sall fall on me,
Thairfoir at schort lat all sic folie be.
Prouoke me not na farther hidderto,
For I will schaw the mater gif ze do.
Als sone as scho the Chedull had out red,
Under hir feit Incontinent it tred.
And syne agane with hir teith scho it raif,
Thairof the Text, that na man suld persaif,
All hir heid geir scho kest it on the flure
Raif doun hir claiis, and all hir riche vesture.
Raif doun hir hair, and skartit hir visage,
Quhil blude ran doun ouir all hir personage.
That all micht heir scho cryit with ane loud vo-
Fy help for schame, or I my life will lois. (ce
This rude Ribald wald reueis me with schame
Persaue this Childe now giue he seruis blame.
Alas neuer woman sen first the warld began
Sa cruellie drest, with ane vnfaithfull man.
That I lippinnit na harme suld to me done,
O ze my Lordis, cum heir and help me sone.

¶MORALITAS.

NOW be this Tale ze may persaue
How mony wayis that women haue
At all times for to vissaue, ane Innocent
Into hir net, quhill scho him get, to hir Intent

With

With flattering wordis baith fals and fair
Sic to reheirs wald fyle the Air
For schame nor sin that will not spair, thair mynd to schaw
Schame is past the sched of thair hair, as weill we knaw.

To tempt this man was all hir mynde
And caus him to foull sin Inclynde
He wald not speik, bot with ane synd, he wald forsaik hir,
Scho was the Deuillis wonder kynd, the foull Ill tak hir.

Scho lichtlyit hir awin Lord and King
With greit dessait and fals talking
Incontinent this Childe to bring, to ane mischeif,
Fy tratour that thocht sic a thing, fy commoun theif.

Paper and Ink scho till him gaue
Thocht he was dum that scho micht haue
His bitter mynde, and to persaue, quhat he wald do,
Quhen scho it red, with feit it tred, now fy (quod scho).

Quhen that scho saw scho culd not speid
Scho rais hir clais all into scered
With sharting caulit hir face to bleid, in great dispyte,
Fy Crumpour that did sic ane deid, God will the quyte.

Quhen scho had all reuin doun hir face
Scho cryit oft tymes full lowde allace,
Is thair na help in all this place, nor na remeid?
This Tratour strang, gar sone ga hang, quhill he be deid.

He wald heir in greit belanie
Contrair my will deforcit me
As ze may all persaue and se, my bludie face
Beiris witnes weill gif sic thing he, into this case,

Ze may persaue scho had na schame
To caus hir self get sic defame
Sielyke ane Innocent bure blame, that was sa clene
That tuke na cure, to be ane bure, and scho ane Queene.

Syne into euill sa done expert
Sa fallsie culd the Tale peruert,
Quhilk was weill knawin sone efterwart, as ze sall heir,
Quhat was baith Queene and Chyldis part, sathe maid cleir.

O Doly Dragoun and doutsum Den
O gloworand gredie and gaipen Glen
O filthy fleshe fosterit in Fen, with greit offence,
O Cocatrice that will not ken, thy awin conscience.

O dyle Viper maist bennemus,
O suttell Serpent Sulphurius
O hiddous pit pestiferus, now this I say the,
O dowbill Deuill maist dangerus, God saue me fra the.

In malice thow art sa frequent,
Sa mony euillis thow can Inuent
Sa vicious and sa behement, ay prone to euill,
Thow wald rin to get thy Intent, quick to the Deuill.

Fy on the foull flame fyre sa fell
Fy on the hiddeous hound of hell
Fy on the herray springand well, that ay was brokin,
That cairis not to condempne thy sell, thy lust to slokin.

Fy on the lust Insaciabill,
Fy on thy myrth maist Miserabill
Fy on the luke maist lamentabill, full of dispyte,
Zour chance is ay sa changeabill, clene I zow quyte.

Sen I zow se sa Inconstant
All vertewis me think ze want
Bot into vice richt aboundant, ze are prafest,
And ay to rin, to schame and sin, ze think it best.

Sen ze are geuin to zour plesour,
Not regarding zour awin honour
How sall men haue to zow fauour, thairfoir I quyte zow,
Ze are not worthe, to be set forthe, the Deill bedryte zow.

To gude wemen not this I say
It is thair pairt baith nicht and day
As ze haue hard befoir me say, with thame to chyde,
To this gude wemen will not nay, na tyme nor tyde.

Thairfoir I pray zow me excuse,
For euill wemen I can not ruse
Thair awin honour sa thay abuse, in alkin sort
Weirfoir thair companie I refuse, I say at schort.

¶How

¶How the Emprice complenit to the Empreour of the schame done to hir be his Sone Dioclesiane.

THE Empreour with his Lords in the hall
Hard the loud schout, and sorie pieteous call
Of the Emprice, all haistelie thay furth ran.
Mony greit Lord, Knichts and gentilman,
The Empreour come first quhair y^t was ye quene
And said Madame, quhat haue ze hard or sene
To do zow noy, anguische or displesour
O fy scho said, heir is ane greit Tratour
Ze call zour Sone, bot zour Sone is he nocht.
Had he bene zouris sic thing he had not wrocht
I wait it was neuer hard of beforne
In all this warld sen ony man was borne
That sic ane knaif sa hie thing to presume
As to defoull the greit Emprice of Rome
Thairfoir my Lord sen ze ar Empreour
This mater maist rynds to zour greit honour.
Correct ze not sic thing and mak remeid
I reck nathing how sone that I be deid.
For gude causis to Chalmer I him led,
Sine like ane knaif he wald defoulit my bed
I chereist him with wordis of greit comfort,
To speik to me, I did him oft exhort.
On foull badzie his minde was onlie set,
Fra time he saw his willis he culd not get
At his plesure, he maid him me deforce
Contrair my will, and sa hes rent my Corce,
With effusioun of blude all aboundant,
And beleuing na vther thing Instant
Bot haistie deid, war not I gaue ane schout.
Considder weill gif I stude than in dout.

Ze may persaue be my abilzement
The treuth heirof, how that he hes it rent.
The sin and schame of this harlot to fle
Ilk man may knaw haw he hes done to me.
Thairfoir my Lord, as I haue said befoir,
I zow desire ze wald caus to restoir
My greit honour, and my worschip agane
That this Rebald fals Diocleciane
Wald fra me rent forzelie aganis my will,
Or ellis zour bed I sall neuer cum till.
Quhen that the King this mater hard and saw
He was Inflambit with cruell Ire and gaw,
Malice, wodnes, and greit Melancholie,
Was na remeid, bot that his Sone suld die.
Callit Sergandis & gaue thame strait cōmand
On ane Gallous thay suld him hang fra hand
Thā said the Lords y' stude the Empreour neir,
And pleis zour grace sum of our wordis to heir.
Lord as ze knaw, ze haus na Sonnis bot ane,
Quhairfoir we all hes greit caus to mak mane,
And gif ze had we think all verralie
Zour present Sone war abill for to die.
Bot not the les with sa haistie Intent,
We think not best we say with ane consent
Zour onlie Sone that ze sa sone put doun
Without ordour of Law or prouisioun
The Law is maid to punische trespassouris
All geuin to euill and mischant transgressouris
And gif sa be that he be found the same
Than be ordour lat the Law him condame:
That na man say that the greit Empreour
His onlie Sone in wodnes and furour
Without the Law hes put his Sone to deid,
Pleis

Pleis zour greit grace to this mater tak heid.
The Empreour to sic wordis gaue audience,
And said my Lordis, of me ze haue credence
Within this Realme to leid Justice and Law,
Thairfoir I will consent weill to zour saw.
And als I think it richt expedient
He be condampnit in ane plane Judgement.
Than command was to put him in preson,
Thair to remane without ony ransoun,
Unto the time that Justice Court suld stand
Than four Jewellours ressauit him fra hand,
In deip preson richt schairplie him Inclusit,
Quhairin befoir the Childe was neuer vsit.
Now lat him sit, God couer him of cair,
Of the Empryce lat vs speik farthermair.
Quha perseueirit in malice and greit Ire
Aganis this Childe, as ony bynand fyre.
As sone as scho had gottin trew knawledge,
That this zoung man was put in presonage
Not put to deid, sa suddanlie as scho wald,
Scho cryit, schoutit, and murnit monyfald,
That the Palice scho causit be all on steir
It was greit pane hir foz to se and heir
Than hir Ladyis to hir Chalmer thocht best,
Hir to conuoy, thairin foz to tak rest.
Quhē nicht was cum, ye King to Chalmer past
And fand his Quene weiping & murning fast
Wringing hir hands, sobbing and siching sair,
The King was noyit to se hir mak sic cair.
To quhome he said, O my deir Lady gent,
Quhat is the caus that ze sa sair lament?
Scho said my Lozd, knaw ze not all the race,
How zour curst Sone hes maid bludie my face.

And wald me put to vtter displesour
Mar not zour self, and vthers maid succour.
Ze commandit, him for to hang fra hand,
Zit not the les, on life he is leifand.
Nor your command is not obeyit at all,
Nor zit my schame na way is maid to fall.
Quhairfoir my Lord, I think that ze stand aw
Upon zour Sone, to leid Justice and law.
Than to the Quene the Empreour can say,
Madame sa sone, the morne as it is day
All zour desire to fulfill and Intent,
He sall but dout thole Justice in Judgement.
Quod scho my Lord, sall he zit leif sa lang.
Quod he Madame, lat this ane nicht outrgang.
Than micht sic chance on zow cum haistelie
As on ane Burges come of this Cietie.
As it was schawin the treuth vnto my sell.
Quod he Madame, I pray zow that to tell.
At zour plesure (quod scho) it salbe done,
Sa hir Sermone on this wise began sone.

¶MORALITAS.

ZE se this Quene he wayis wrang
Willing put doun this proper Chyle
Be curst consait and lesing strang,
To deid him to conuict and fyle
And als hir King persuaid, to trow all that scho said
With mony wrink, fals way and wyle
Bot zit scho was set by hir style, he gude counsall he had.

Quhilk caulit him to prolong the tyme
Be gude counsall vnto the morne
Quhair thay best culd try out the cryme
And clenge the cause out fra the corne
It is gude to put by, an euill hour sa say I
Or ane Innocent be forlorne
And he of sa greit lynnage borne, this is my caus and quhy.

For

For giue this Quene had guttin hir will
The King had it repentit sair
Withouttin counsail or gude skill
For to diffroy his Sone and Air
Quhilk greit pietie had bene, quhil the treuth had bene sene
Auengeance in hir euer mair
This Chyld that carpit in sic cair, and curlt be sic a Quene.

Quhen thow zoung man cummis to gude age
Giue ony time it chancis the
Be gift of God wit and knawledge
Ane cholin Judge than for to be
Giue ony fault be done, caus to correct it sone
Bot first that thow hath heir and se
The talking of the nirt partie, than thow thy wit aduione.

Giue thair occurris caus or querrell
Be not to swift to giue sentence
For thairin standis richt greit perrell
Dout and danger with negligence
Be the mater obscure, than thow suld be richt sure
Be witnes and Experience
Lat Ilk ane hie thair dew defence, ebin to riche as to pure.

Se thow hie ay ane gude Counsall
Of that be sicker at thy syde.
And sa lichtlie thow sall not faill
Quhat euer chance for to betyde
Gude counsall is the ground, quhair faithfulnes is found,
It can persaue and als prouyde
And fra all perrell for to gyde, within ane lytill stound.

For giue thow hastilie pronounce
Sentence ouir sone to riche or pure,
The same na way thow may renounce
Nor in na sort again recure
Withouttin lak and shame, dishonour and defame
Thairfoir thow suld be wonder sure
That thow to na man do Iniure, or els thow seruis blame.

Now to zow Judges I will say
Eschew fra wraith and greit furour
Lat mercy meis zour myndie alway
Lat reisoun reule zour greit Rankcour.

In na point be partiall, zour Ballance beir equall
Than do ze God ane greit pleisour
And to zour self purches honour, and wpunis gude wordis of (all.

¶To knaw quhat the Empreour, the Emprice, the zoung Chylde, and the seuin Doctouris signifyis.

OR we proceid zit farthermair,
Of this mater sum thing will schaw
Quhat ilk thing menis for to declair
The mater better ze will knaw.
This Empreour that leidis the Law
He signifyis a mannis persoun
That walteris betuix wynde and maw
Into this warld ay vp and doun.

His sone betakins the Saull of man
Quhilk in the corps is ay Inclusit,
The Emprice Signifyis Sathan,
Quhilk euer oppin malice musit.
The seuin Doctouris a seuin dertewis
Fechtand contrair seuin deidlie sinnis,
Quhilk that the sillie Saull persewis
Fra to distructioun it beginnis.

The seuin dayis this Chylde is dum
Of mannis lyfe thay ar the space,
For in this warld fra he first cum
He neuer hes perfyte solace,
Quhill that God tak him in his grace,
And forzet all this warldlie lust,
Than speikis he to God face to face
Quhen that the Deuill he hes vincust.

Euin sa of this Emprice Tale,
Tauld for to tempt the Empreour
Trowand perfytelie to preuaill
And of this Childe to be victour
Tellis on hir Tale for his pleisour
Of quhilk the Empreour was content
As ze sall heir gude Auditour
Thairfoir to purpois lat vs went.

¶The

¶The first Tale of the Emprice is of the gude tre that grew in the Burges Gardine, and for the Imp that grew besyde it he gart cut the greit tre.

IN Romes Toun remanit ane riche Burges
Quhilk had at welth all mirth and merines
With fair biggings, quhilk was baith braid & (hie
With gay gardings, yat was plesand to se
Of alkin flouris he had thairin ane part
That was to get about in euerie art.
To tell thair names I neid not now tak tome
Few was sielyke, sa plesand in all Rome.
In this Gardine thair grew ane Nobill trie
Quhilk euerie zeir brocht furth frute gude plẽtie
Sine by all this the frute that on it grew
Was sa done sweit, and of sa greit vertew.
Quhat man that had ony fair Maladie,
As is Liper, Exces or Popplecie.
Sa sone as he of this frute gat ane taist,
Of all seiknes he wald be haill in haist.
And sa it chancit vpon ane haly day,
This Burges went in his Garding to say
His Orisouns, and behalding this trie
Ane gay zoung Imp behynd it quyetlie
He saw growand, quhilk was proper and fair,
Incontinent he callit the Gairdnair.
He said gude freind se ze be wonder sure,
And of this Imp daylie that ze tak cure,
For I beleue to haue ane better tre
Of that zoung plant, and better be fic thre
Nor is the auld, quhilk I can not auance
That pith Inlaikis, sap, sapour and substance.
Howbeit this tre be far growin it abone,

The Gairdnar said, Maister it sall be done.
Within this few dayis to schaw the for certane
To se this plant the Burges come agane,
Quhilk as he thocht, was not half sa plesand
As it was quhen, the first day he it fand.
To the Gairdnar he said how can this be
My tender plant, appeiris not to me
Half sa plesand, as it was the last day.
He said Maister, now tak tent quhat I say
Na wonder is, this auld tre is far mair
And fra the zoung takis all substance and air.
Be the ressoun the branches ar so braid,
Sa the zoung plant is sa vnliklie maid.
For gif this plant gat the substance and air
That this tre gettis, belyue it wald grow mair,
Nor is the auld, for eild almaist is deid.
The Burges said thairof I wait remeid,
Cut doun the hewis and branches of the auld.
Quod he Maister, I sall do as ze haue tauld.
And sa he did, syne efter in schort space
To se the plant, agane come the Burges,
And saw richt weill, that the same tender plant
Sum neidfull thing it did Inlaik and want.
To the Gairdnar he said how chancis this
My tender plant it dois misthriue I wis.
Schaw me the caus thairof without leising,
He said Maister, I suppois of ane thing,
That is the hicht of this greit growand tre
Haldis away the Sone as thinkis me.
Quhilk geuis life, and nurisching but dout
To alkin thing that euer grew thairout.
And als the rane it may not cum it neir
Quhilk nurischis also sum time of zeir.

Thir

Thir twa wanting, thair is na tre can thriue
The Burges said, that sall we mend beliue.
Cut the auld clene, and quite doun be the rute,
For I suppone we sall get better frute,
Of this zoung tre, nor of the auld was had.
The Gairdnar did as his Maister him bad,
Cuttit the auld, and leit the zoung stand still,
Sa he obeyit his Maisters minde and will.
Efter schort time as this was done and wrocht,
Baith auld and zoūg perischt and come to nocht
Quhairof greit harme and dule come to the pure
For quha was seik, of thair helth thay war sure
Hauand recours vnto that Nobill trie
Quhilk to cut doun, it was ane greit pietie.
And quhen the pure persauit it was cut doun,
Thay curst waryit, with mony malesoun,
That ony way thairto gaue thair counsell,
Or helpit thairto, thay quite condampnit to hell
For quhy the pure of all Infirmiteis
War ay weill curit of all thair Maladeis.
Quod scho my Lord now haue ze vnderstand
Quhat I haue said, quod he that I warrand.
Quod scho the Mairch heirof I sall declair
The quhilk pertenis to zour vnlonsie Air.

¶The declaratioun of this Tale tauld be the Emprice.

THIS auld tre is zour awin Nobill persoun.
That with counsall of zour Lordis of renoū
The pure and seik dois ay help and supplie
Be zour Justice and greit Nobilitie.
This zoung plant is, zour awin vnthriftie Air,
Now to distroy, he castis him euer mair

Be his cunning growand vp gre be gre.
As did the Imp behind the mekle tre.
And for to caus to cut the Branches doun
Quhilkis ar zour Lordis nirt zour awin persoū
That he may ring and sit into zour chyre,
This is his mynd that he dois maist desyre,
Of this mater than quhat sall efter fall
All the folk sall murne, weip, schout and als call
And wary thame that cuttit doun the tre,
Quhair that thay wont to get help and supplie
Or gaue coūsall this zoung Imp for to nurische
Bot it distroy, or it bure frute or flurische.
My counsall is thairfoir the Imp cut doun,
Sen zit zour self ringis in zour hie Renoun.
And suffer not the zoung Imp for to grow,
For he sall do daylie that euer he dow
Zow to distroy, and zour body put doun,
And purches not the Maledictioun
Of the pure folk, quhome to ze war saifgaird,
Thairfoir in haist tak zour sone furth of waird
And but delay, on Gallous gar him hing,
Ze doing this, ze do lyke ane wyse King.
The Empreour said, Madame now be the rude
Zour counsall is, baith haillsum, wise and gude
The morne he sall go to the deid maist vylde,
Howbeit he be my onlie gottin Chylde.
The morne become, he callit his Lordis all
Togidder past vnto the Justice hall.
The Empreour him self sat in Judgement.
On pannall put his Sone Incontinent.
And sa at schort he was condampnit to deid,
To be hangit, on Gallous but remeid.
With mortall sound than passand him beforne
Of

Of trumpet, schawme, & als of blawing horne.
As the vse was quhen ony man suld die,
Suld be conuoyit with siclyke menstralie.
And as he past doun throw the greit Cietie,
The pepill murnit, sayand it was pietie,
The onlie Sone of the Emprcour to hang
Mony murnit, mony thair hands wrang.
In meane sesoun as he past doun the streit,
His first Maister Pantillas culd him meit.
The Maister saw he was to Gallous led,
With speid of Spurris, to the Palice him sped.
To quhome the Childe sa sone as he him saw,
Doun with his heid than he Inclynit law.
As he wald said, Maister gif ze be kinde,
Now in my neid, I pray haue of me minde.
For I am now, without ze get mercie
Condampnit heir, on Gallous for to die.
Ze may weill wit than he na tary maid,
Bot in all haist vnto the Palice raid,
Zit not the les vnto the Ministeris,
Prouestis, Sergands, Iewillours and Officers
He maid requeist, that thay suld haist nathing,
For he beleuit to get grace fra the King.
To saue his lyfe, he sall not die this day,
Than war thay glaid, to zow the suith I say.
All in ane voce the pepill bad him haist,
Sa without baid he raid as he war chaist.
At the Palice he lichtit of his hors,
Quha suld him dicht, he tuke bot lytill force.
Of the Emprcour belyue he gat presence,
To quhome he gaue on kneis greit reuerence,
As him effeirit, to quhome the Emprcour said
War not I will zour reuerence not degraid,

Ze and the reſt richt ſair ſuld puneiſt be,
For zour rewaird, ze ſerue na mair of me.
He ſaid my Lord and pleis zour Nobill grace
Thā I haue ſpent richt Ill my ſeuin zeiris ſpace
Taking laubouris on zour ſone day and nicht,
In gude doctrine him teichand as I micht.
Zit our laubouris at all we nocht regaird,
Bot beleuit weill to get better rewaird.
The empreour ſaid, thow leis Doctour but dout
First vnto the, ſine to the reſt about,
My onlie Sone weill ſpeikand haill and feir
I delyuerit, now ze haue brocht him heir
With na maners, bot doytit, daft and dum,
And mair attour to ſchaw the all and ſum
Thocht he be dum, ſic thing mon cum on chance
Be Goddis will or his gude Ordinance.
Bot by all this, he purpoſit quhilk was wors
My awin Lady, on maiſtres to deſors.
And all hir face with hir riche Ornament,
In greit malice he hes all reuin and rent.
Thairfoir this day he ſall not faill to die,
And efter him thow and thy companie.
The Maiſter ſaid, with wordis mylde and meik
As for zour Sone ze ſay that can not ſpeik.
The Lord of all that mater weill he knawis,
As ze ſall knaw he is not dum but cauſ.
I traiſt in God the ſuith zow for to ſay,
Ane thouſand him ſall heir ſpeik on ane day.
As for zour wyfe, my Lord quhair ze allege
Quhair that he wald, haue done to hir outrage
On treuth my Lord I ſall ſchaw zow but weir
In companie with vs this mony zeir,
As is weill kend, continuallie hes bene

Sic

Sic thing of him was neuer hard nor sene.
Thairfoir gude Lord for zour greit reuerence
To sic voyde sawis gif not ouir sone credence,
For giue ze caus zour onlie Sone to die
For the fals wordis of zour wyfis vanitie.
On chance it sall far wors to happin zow,
Nor to ane Knicht, quhairof I sall tell now,
That for the wordis of his vane wantoun wife,
Gart him hereif his gay Grewhound the life,
Quhilk sauit his sone fra slauchter of the serpēt.
Than said the King tell me furth that Legent.
Pantillas said than to his Souerane
Gif I sa did, than war my Tale in vane.
For or my Tale war all compleit but dout,
Of zour ane Sone the life may be put out.
And than my Tale for nathing it war tald,
Bot gif zour grace of zour greit mercie wald
Reteir zour Sone fra the Gallous agane,
Than I wald think my Tale war not in vane.
Thairfoir gif that zour Grace plesis to heir,
Ze caus zour Sone quhill the morne reteir.
That being done, than on the morne ze may
Do zour Intent quhen it is fair licht day.
The Empreour than schortlie to conclude,
With heuie minde this talk weill vnderstude,
And causit the Childe for to be callit agane
Unto the morne in presoun to remane.
Than this Doctour richt plesandlie began
To tell his Tale but aw of ony man.

¶MORALITAS.

I CAN not say, bot may, of this Burges
For till assay, alway, for gredynes
To cut his tre, wald he, of sic riches,

I say for me, that he preuit sulischnes
And als was not wittles, haith tre and frute he wantit
The gardner not sickles, to cut sa sone that grantit.

It was euill done, sa sone, to cut it doun
Thocht it abone, contone, wald not weill soun
With the zoung tre, to be, at diuisioun
I say for me, surelie, was na resoun
I hard sic a lessoun, better to haue in hand
A bird in possessioun, nor twa in wod fleand.

Ane Dog I redd, in dedd, ane Collap staw
Passand throw Tweed, with speed, the schadow saw
That it was mair, larger, the fleische leit saw
Of it was clair, euin thair, of fleische and aw
Thay die in hous and haw, quhat euer denner coist
Lat beif not fra zow draw, quhill that ze get zour roist.

Gif this Burges, sic case, had weill foirsene
Sic gredynes, doutles, than had not bene
That nobill tre, sa fre, sa freische and grene
Sa sone to be, schortlie, doun cuttit clene
Greit couatice I mene, of this was all the caus.
As hes bene red and sene, into auld doctouris sawis.
¶Cupiditas est radix omnium malorum. Timot. vj.

¶Ane reproche or reprufe to the Emprice.

NOW thow thy tale hes tauld, with thy fals fyrie lippis
Bot not gottin thow wald, licht skirt for all thy skippis
Had I the in my grippis, on the I suld be wrokin
The heit into thy hippis, the salt sey will not slokin.
Thow art ane baird full brokin, ane hiddeous helles hyrd,
Better thow had not spokin, condampnit Deuillis byrd.

¶The Tale of Pantillas the first Doctour.

INTO ane Realme thair wynnit ane vailzeat
Of nobill fame, of greit riches & micht (knicht
That had ane sone, my Lord now as ze haue
To thre Nureis to foster he him gaue,
The first Nureis to giue him suck and feid,

The

The nirt him welche, & keip him clene at neid.
The thrid to bring him vnto sleip and rest,
The Nobill Knicht for his barne thocht it best.
This Knicht also he had ane gay Grewhound
That nane mair swyft, did rin upon the groūd
Also he had ane Falcon fair of flicht,
Richt swyft of wing quhen scho likit to licht.
Thir twa the Knicht lusit abone measure,
Becaus oft times thay did him greit pleasure.
This Grewhound was sa swift and of sic speid
Quhen he was lousit, his pray he gart ay bleid
And the same pray brocht to his Lord anone,
This was ane caus he lusit him allone.
Also quhen that this Knicht past to battell,
Gif that his chance that time wald not preuaill
Into his mouth his hors taill wald he tak,
About his luggis, oft times he wald it schaik.
Syne zoull and cry, as he wald quyte rin wode
Sa be that Signe, the Knicht weill vnderstude
Gif at that time he wald furder or no,
And sa oft times leit him to battell go.
His Halk also was sa feirce in hir flicht,
Sa swyft of wing, and als sa wonder wicht
That scho was neuer cast of till assay,
Bot without fault scho brukit ay hir pray.
Thir war causis this Hound and Halk he lusit,
Becaus to myrth thay rasit him oft and musit.
Also this Knicht kest all his haill Intent
In hors rinning, Justing and Tornament.
Sa on ane day he causit to proclame
At his Castell, to set forthwart his Name
Quha wald cum thair to Tornay or Justing,
Breiking of speiris, and als of hors rynning,

At the set day, to be matchit suld not faill,
This was the cry, and sa to schort my Taill,
The Knicht him self first enterit in the feild
To the tornay, with harnes hors and scheild.
Sine efter him past his fair Lady gent
With hir Ladyis, to se the Tornament.
Sine efter that, past all the Nuresis thre
The Tornament for to behald and se.
Lokking the dures, leuing the barne alone,
Traisting Ischie nor entrie suld be none:
Quhill the Tornay, and Justing suld be done
Than in all haist, thay suld returne richt sone,
Beleuand weill the barne not to awalk,
Nane being thair, bot the Hound and the Halk,
And the zoung Chylde, that in the Creddill lay
Except thir thre, the rest all past away.
That na man knew, lay lurking in the haw
Ane greit Serpent, befoir na man did knaw.
Quhen scho persauit the hous sa desolait,
And nane thairin that durst with hir debait.
Out of hir hole sone scho put furth hir heid
At this Infant hauand ane cruell feid.
Quha lay sleiping in the Creddill alone,
Him to deuoir, at schort sa is scho gone.
The Falcon this behalding quhair scho sat,
Upon hir Perk, to do scho wist not quhat,
Bot with hir wingis, scho rufflilit & rang hir bel
Almaist scho had al schakin yame in schellis (lis
Sa with the noyis & beir quhilk maid the Halk
This gud hound rais, and of his sleip did walk
And quhen he saw that the Serpent did creip
Towart the Creddill, quhair that the barne did
With ane fell faird on the Serpent he ran (sleip
And

And sa at schort thir twa to fecht began,
Sa cruellie, that it was greit meruaill
Quhilk of the twa at that time suld preuaill.
Ane to deuoir, the vther to defend
Thir twa at lenth togidder did contend.
Sa lang at lenth thir twa togidder faucht,
Amaist the hoūd al quyte had loist his maucht,
Sa cruellie he was woundit in blude,
That all about quhair that the Creddill stude,
Was blude berun, that meruell was to se,
Betuix sic twa sa bauld bargane to be.
The Grewhound than persuing his awin blude
Into his hart wor sa cruell and wode,
With ane fell faird vpon the Serpent ran.
Sa thame betuix ane new bargane began.
With sic malice, melancolie and Ire,
Quhil ane was deid, yat name of yame wald tire
Nor leif the feild, quhill it chancit at the last,
Betuix thame twa, the Creddill ouir thay cast.
With boddum vp, and on the Tozis it stude,
Quhair it was all about berun with blude.
Sa it become, and fell be Goddis grace
That the four Tozis sauit the Childis face.
And sleipit still with visage toward the ground
Thir twa fechtand, the Serpent and the hound
Quhill at the last the hound into certane,
This fell Serpent he hes suircum and slane.
And sauit the Childe fra perrell in that tide,
Quhen all was done, doun be the Creddill side,
Licking his woundis lay doun this nobil hoūd
Foz fechting sair, and sa on sleip fell sound.
Besyde this Bab, quhilk in the Creddill lay,
Nane in the hous, bot onlie thir same tway.

The Bab sleiping, and wist na kind of Ill,
The hound werie, and fochin furth his fill.
The Serpent slane, as I said zow befoir,
The Babie saif, and the hound woundit soir.
And so anone efter this tornament
Ilk man woman vnto thair ludgeing went.
To tell that day quha wan the Interprysie,
That erand now to my mater not lyis.
Thairfoir as now that thing I wil lat be,
And lat vs speik of the Nurefis thre.
Quha first come hame and enterit in the haw,
Sa sone as thay the blude and creddill saw.
Wringing thair handis and rysing doun thair
Crying allace wo on vs euer mair. (hair
Dur onlie Childe our Bab and fosterbarne
Is quyte deuoirit, with ane Dog and forfarne.
Allace for wo, allace quhat sall we do,
We ken na place for succour to rin to.
Giue our Maister perchance vs apprehend,
Thair is nane may fra his handis vs defend.
Bot alway sall on vs cum suddand deid,
We knaw na way quhair we may find remeid,
Sen sa is cum lat vs in haist all thre
To saue our life, but baid away to fle.
Euin say thay did, and left the hous alone,
But mair counsall all thre away is gone.
And had na wit nor wisdome in thair heid
To se quhidder the barne was quick or deid,
Nor lift the Creddill, and to persaue the cace,
Bot ran away all thre crying allace.
And as thay war sa passand furth the streit,
Thair awin Maistres thay chancit for to meit
With hir Ladyis cumming fra the Tornay,
Scho

Scho persauing hir Nuresis in the way,
Richt sair murning, and rysing doun thair hair
All wo begane, repleit of sturt and cair.
Sone scho Inquirit at yame how stude the cace
Thay answerit hir a thousand times allace.
Quhat sall we say for wordis to multiplie
Thair is na bute all man the case may se.
Ane Deuill Madame into ane Doggis skin
Hes slane zour Sone, alone zour hall within.
To the quhilk Dog my Lord gaue maist delite,
Bot now he hes of zour Sone maid zow quite.
In takin zit quhair that the Creddill stude,
The Dog sleipis still new bathit in his blude.
He was the Dog that my Lord lusit best,
He was na Dog, bot with ane Deuill possest,
Thairfoir Lady, for vs is na remeid,
Bot outher fle, or ells to bide the deid.
Thairfoir Madame of vs ze haue mercie,
This is the caus that causis vs to fle.
This scho heiring, anone fell to the ground,
Without mair space into ane deidlie sound.
And zit at last Ladyis gart hir awalk,
Held vp hir heid, quhill scho began to talk,
And said allace, my deir Sone art thow slane.
Sall thow neuer play on my kne agane?
Sall I neuer with my Pap se the play?
Allace how sone art thow sa went away.
Sall I neuer the lauchand on me se?
Allace how is the dolour chancit me?
Quhairin I had my onlie maist plesour,
Saikand my Lord, baith be tide time and hour
Is now but dout, with ane Dog clene deuorit,
And neuer agane to the life be restorit.

Quhat sall I say, this is ane cairfull cace.
My onlie Sone is deid and gane allace,
Sa scho murning in greit dolour and wo,
The pepill about, that seing did richt so.
Murnit richt sair, and of hir had pietie,
In sic dolour, that Lady for to se.
In the meane time the Knicht fra his Tornay,
Reteirit hame, and sa saw be the way
His awin Lady, lamenting in dolour,
Requirit the caus of all hir displesour.
Scho sayis my Lord, allace and euer mair
I can not speik for greit dolour and cair,
Is happinnit vs ane wonder cruell cace,
Our Sone is slane, for euer mair allace
With your Grewhoūd, quhome y' sa weil ye lusit
Now all that luke on your Sone he hes pruſit.
He hes him slane, in Creddill quhair he lay,
Your Nuresis all thre ar fled away.
And zit the place quhair that the Creddill stude
Your hound lyis sleiping in your Sonnis blude
This your Grewhound withouttin helpis ma
Our onlie Childe all quite hes tane vs fra.
Quhairfoir my self vnto the hour I die
Sall neuer eit, quhill I reuengit be
Upon your hound, quhilk hes my ane sone slane
Nor in your bed sall neuer come agane,
Quhill he be deid that gart my ane Sone die,
Bot wo allace, this is na mendis to me.
Howbeit it be ane sythyment to my hart,
Zit my greit wo it slokins in sum part.
Thairfoir my Lord, gif ye think it be done,
Without delay, gar sla your Grewhound sone.
The Knicht heiring thir sorrowfull tidance

How

How to this Sone had fallin sic mischance.
Hamewart in haist but baid he maid him boun
And in the clois quhen he was lichtit doun
The Grewhound hard horsinen into the clois,
Amang the laif he knew his Maisteris voce,
And vp he rais in the blude quhair he lay
To his Maister the hie gait come his way,
Faynt and foirfocht, come fawnand to his feit
As he had wont, his Maister for to meit.
Into greit Ire, quhat is thair mair to say,
With his scharp sword he claif his heid in tway
And that onlie for ane word of his wife
Gat his rewaird, that sauit his Sonnis life.
Than past the knicht but baid vnto the haw,
Persauit the blude, and als the Creddill saw.
He liftit vp the Creddill as it stude,
Fand the barne haill, and als mekill spilt blude
Persauand fine of the Serpent the heid,
The skin and taill, that had fochin to deid.
And fand his Sone withouttin wan or wound
Allace he said for my gude gay grew hound,
That I haue slane withouttin ony caus,
Bot onlie for the voide vane wordis and sawis
Of ane woman, that hes talkit in vane
Quhairthrow I haue, but caus my Grewhoūd
Quhilk I persaue hes sauit my sonnis life (slane
Fra the Serpent, throw his debait and strife.
Wo to the hour that now I drew my sword,
Wo to the hour that hard my wifis word.
Wo to the hand that suddand straik that gaue,
To my best hound, that my sonnis life did saue
Quhilk I lude best, without ony compair,
Saifing my wife, my onlie Sone and Air.

Quhilk at this time hes sauit fra the deid,
And for rewaird, now he hes loist his heid.
But dout I wald haue geuin a thousand pound
Of gude money, or I had slane my hound.
Bot sen sa is I se is na remeid,
My Sone is saik, and my gude hound is deid,
That faught for him, and onlie sauit his life,
And I him slew throw ane word of my wife,
Bot fra thine furth heir I solempne ane vow,
That Ilk man sall gif credence to and trow.
Heir I forsaik all Tornay and Justing,
Heir I forsaik all Halking and Hunting.
Heir I forsaik rynning with scheild and speir,
Heir I forsaik all faitis of men of weir,
In Cristindome, bot zit not manlynes,
Heir I forsaik all armour and harnes.
For I will pas now to the Halie land,
And fecht with Jowis, quhill I may strike or (stand
Contrair Gods fais, & thairto end my life
This vowit yis Knicht for ane word of his wife
That vnto hir gaue sic haistie credence,
Withouttin caus or zit Experience.
Thairfoir my Lord zour gude Grace I require,
Gif not sa sone credence to the desire
Of zour Empryce, thocht scho be diligent,
Aganis zour Sone greit lesingis to Inuent.
For ze may weill be this same Tale persaue
Quhat the Knicht gat that sa sone credence gaue
Unto his wife, and to hir wordis vane,
That sauit his Sone y^t same hound hes he slane
Thairfoir gude Schir, & pleis zour nobill grace
I wald ze gaue na credence in this cace
Unto zour Quene, to put zour Sone to deid,
For

Foꝛ ze will rew quhen thair is na remeid.
As did this Knicht, his Nobill hound that slew
Remeid bypast, than he began to rew.
My Loꝛd he said, haue ye betane this Taill,
The Empꝛeour said, that I haue done but faill
Foꝛ that gude Taill that ze haue tauld to me,
As foꝛ this day, my Sone he sall not die.
The Doctour said gif that ze do sic thing
Ze do wiselie, and like ane Nobill King.
Thankand zour Gꝛace, that onlie for my saik
Zour Sonnis deid, onlie ze haue done slaik.
And sa tuke leif at the gude Empꝛeour
To his marrowis past hame with all plesour.

¶MORALITAS.

THIS Tale vs tellis, quha list thairto tak tent
That Nurellis suld not be negligent
To keip thair Babis quha can not keip thair sell
Fra fyre, watter, and all siclyke perrell.
That may happin to ony Innocent.

For in to treuth my self this mater saw.
In Edinburgh toun west vnderneth the waw
Thairfoir mair sure the mater ze sall trow,
That ane Infant was swellyit with ane sow,
The guttis rais furth, baith lung leuer and gaw.

The Mother left the zoung ane on the flure
In blankets fit, quhilk barne hir awin self bure,
Past hir way furth, and or scho come agane
The gredie sow had this zoung Babie slane.
This my self saw, I may say it mair sure.

Thocht I not saw this vther I hard tell
How ane woman past furth hot to the well.
And left hir Bab, in the Creddill sleipand
Or scho returnit, the hous was all bynnand.
And the zoung Bab, deuorit with fyre sa fell.

Mony mischeffis and allo greit offence
Pes oft occurrit be Nureis negligence,
That thair Babeis leiffis in the hous alane
Quhilk is the caus of mony harnis bane,
As is oft sene be gude Experience.

Thairfoir Mothers and Nureis I protest
Quhen that ze put zour zoung Babeis to rest
Leif not the hous alane all desolait
Quhat may berhance oft times richt small ze wait
To eschew danger do ze the liklyest.

Als in this Tale I fynd ane vther thing,
How the Serpent lay in the hoill lurking
Waitand quhill that the hous was at quyet
Mony seruandis now preuelie playis the Pyet
Muche taking out, and small gude will inbring.

Thir to Serpentis richt weill I may compair
Fra thair Maisteris ay takand lait and air
As Beif, Bacon, malt, meill baith claith and coillis,
Takand ay out, and hydand into hoils,
Thir ar Serpents I say to zow but mair.

As to this Knicht, quhilk his gude hound hes slane
That sauit his Sone fra all perrell and pane
Ze may perlaue be gude Experience
It is not gude to gif haiftie credence
To wyfis wordis, that ar baith fals and vane.

Unto the tyme thay had perfytelie sene
How the hoill caus and mater it had bene.
Quhen thay had knawin the vtter veritie
Than had bene tyme the Dog to haue gart die,
Allo the Nureis na way I can mak clene.

Sine throw the word of ane vane wickit wyfe,
Quhilk oft is caus of mekill sturt and stryfe,
Caussit him to do the thing he did sair rew
Becaus the treuth that tyme clene he misknew,
And gart him reif fra his gude hound the lyfe.

Quhilk Instantlie forsuik rynning of speir,
All merynes, and honest faitis of weir,

All hail-

All hailzeant acts of Iusting and Tornay
Hunting, Halking, and all sic game and play
His awin Realme als, for euer mair forheir.

Ze Maryit men tak heir Experience,
And siclyke als perfyte Intelligence
Fra haistie wordis of zour wykis to eschow
For thay will sayand gar zow trai stlie trow
Quhilk is not worth ane schelfull of credence.

O wickit wicht, thow dois all that thow can
With fals Ingyne, euer to tempt the man
Quhen maist he makis him self for to distroy
Than art thow blyth, than makis thow mirth and ioy
Ma worth thy wit, thy hanis he may fair han.

Maryit woman that ay castis thy Ingyne
Thy awin marrow euer to put to pyne.
Sa thow obtene thy foull lust and plesour
Not regarding na way thy awin honour,
Quhilk thow not cairis for ane auld trump to tyne.

Curst creature, and also shameles sed
Ane honest turne I can not of the red,
Excepting ane that bure the blyssfull byrth
Quhilk with his blude brocht vs all to greit myrth,
To pray to him doutles thow hav greit ned.

¶ Ane laude and praise to the Doctour that put of the perrell of the first day be his Tale telling to the Empreour.

O PANTILLAS with thy sweit suggurit toung,
Quhilk in greit Realmes and Kinrikis hes bene roung,
And now at lait to this gude Empreour
Quhilk sweit sentence thow hes baith said and soung
And fra all dout and danger doun hes doung
The Empreouris greit and ringand feirce furour
Quhairthrow thow hes procurit sum succour
Vnto the Chylde, on gallous suld bene houng
Had not thow bene, God thank the gude doctour.

¶The secund Tale of the Emprice.

TO the Empzice wozd past Incontinent,
That the Kingis sone had not tholit Juge-
Quhē scho that hard but tary scho fell doū (ment
Foz sturt and noy, into ane deidlie swoun.
Quhairof wozd come vnto the Empzeour,
That his Lady had tane sic displesour.
And sa anone fast hidder he him sped,
Fand hir richt sair murning into hir bed.
Sa he Inquirit, at hir quhat was the caus
Scho said my Lozd, thair is anew that knawis
Quhat eirdlie schame, dispite and displesour
Done be zour Sone, and to my dishonour,
Quhairof I can be na way get remeid,
And ze promeist this day he suld be deid.
Bot wo allace I dout richt wounder sair,
It sall zow chance as did ane Hird and Bair,
The Empzeour said Madame I zow Inquire
That Tale to tell, foz it is my desire.
To heir it tauld be zow the suith I say,
Quod scho my Lozd I tauld ane zisterday.
Of it followit richt small effect oz nane
Quhairto suld I ane vther tell agane.
Howbeit thairto that ze gif greit credence,
To set it furth ze mak richt small defence.
Zit not the lez this time I will tell
How with ane Bair and Scheiphird it befell.

VPON a time thair was ane Empzeour
Of greit wisdome, greit puissance & honour
Ane fair Fozest he had plesand to se
Baith gay and trim, with mony semelie tre.
Quhairin thair was rinning ane grit wild bair
Baith day and nicht he maid thairin repair.

All

All kind of folk that this Bair micht ouirta.
Without mercie he did deuoir and sla.
Sa that nane durst out throw the Forest pas,
For dout of deid, the way sa perrellous was.
Quhairof the King was heuie in his minde,
That his pepill was slane on sicklike kinde.
With ane dum beist deuorit to the deid,
And be na way thairof culd get remeid.
In his Impyre, ane cry he gart proclame,
On his behalf, Authoritie and Name.
Quha wald debait or bauldlie tak on hand
With that brym bair in battell for to stand,
And him vincus be strenth of stalwart straik,
His ane douchter he suld haue to his maik,
Efter his deid, his Realme as he war Air,
This he suld haue, quha euer slew the Bair.
This was proclamit throw his Kinrik and lād
Bot nane was found, the deid wald tak on hād
Except ane Hird, that in him self tuke heid
Micht I this Bair (quod he) bring to the deid.
Not onlie I, bot all my kyn also
Suld throw that deid bruik euer warldlie Jo.
And euer mair in estimatioun be.
Sa I had hap to gar that dum beist die.
Quhilk I sall do, or ells to lois my life,
Se I that Bair, we salbe at the strife.
And sa he tuke his Scheiphirdis staf in hand.
Past to the wod, quhair he the Bair sone fand.
Ze may persaue how sone the Bair him saw,
Without delay toward the Hird did draw,
With sic ane faird, and als ane felloun feir.
The sillie Hird durst neuer cum him neir
To saue his life, to se gif he had hap,

Bot mair debait vp in ane tre he lay.
Incontinent quhen that the Bair sa saw
The tre to bite began and als to gnaw,
Sa that the hird was sair feirit in ane part
That the tre crop he suld gar turne dounwart,
Bot zit the hird bethocht him on ane wile,
How that he suld this bzim bauld bair begile,
It chances sa, this tre was laidin low
Of Nobill feute, quhilk ay the hird did pow
Quhilk he kest doun ay to the Bair to eit,
Quhairof the Bair was blyith that he gat meit
And fillit him so, that he list weill to sleip,
The hird that saw, and doun the tre did creip.
Be that ane arme he hang into the tre,
With that vther the Bair richt quyetlie
Upon the wombe richt softlie can he claw,
The Bair sleiping persauit weill he saw.
At the tre rute, the Bair quhair that he lay
With his Bzaig knife his thzot cuttit in tway.
Sine bzocht his heid vnto the Empzeour
With all blyithnes, triumph and greit honour,
Saying gude Schir, and pleis zour nobil grace
Zour greit wyld bair I haue him killit thzow
Not douting bot, zour cry ze will fulfill, (cace
Ze caulit pzoclame with zour counsall and will
Quhat euer he was, that wald kill zour wilde
He suld mary zour douchter and zour Air. (Bair
Quhen all zour Court refusit the same to do
With ane stout hart I set my mynd thairto.
And now on case the same man chancit am I
And I desire zour Grace fulfill zour cry.
The Empzeour said, all that I caulit pzoclame
Compleit I not, it is to my defame.

Quhat

Quhat suld he mair, thair he gat till his wage
The Empreours douchter, & Realme in heritage
Quhen the Empreour past fra this mortall life,
The haill Impire he druikit and his wife.
And sa the Hird on bak he clew the Bair,
Quhairthrow he gat the Kingdome euer mair.
Quod scho my Lord, haue ze not vnderstand
Quhat I haue said, quod he I tak on hand.
Quod scho my Lord zit than it war na skaith,
Thocht I zow tald the Tale and sentence baith.

¶The Declaratioun of this Tale.

THIS michtie Bair betakinnis zour persoun,
Throw quhais greit micht, wit wisdome and renoun,
This haill Impyre ze gyde and als defendis
And punishes quhat persoun that offendis.
This Hyrd I may to zour Sone weill compair.
That zow wald sla, as this Hird did the Bair.
With his cunning dois claw zow on the wame,
Quhill that ze sleip, and syne put zow to schame.
Or ellis zow slay, outher be day or nicht,
This zour Sone dois be his Science and slicht,
That he may bruke baith zour Impyre and Croun
He cairis nathing quhat cum to zour persoun.
Euin sa his Maisteris with thair fals fenzeit sawis
Dois zow ay glois, as all the warld weill knawis
Thairfoir my Lord as ze will haue weilfair,
Remember weill on the Scheiphyrd and Bair,
Than said the King, God forbid that sa be
That chancit the Bair, that sic thing chance not me.
Bot not the les, Madame for zour gude Taill,
My Sone the morne salbe hangit but faill.
My Lord (said scho) gif ze compleit that thing
Than sall ze do lyke ane wyse Nobill King.

¶MORALITAS.

CVRAGE prouokis hardynes,
Quhilk twa Ingenueris strang manheds
Quhilk twa adiouit with happynes
Makis a man debait his pleds,

Richt sa into this cace, this scheiphird dis purches
The fair Madin als sweit as medi,
With all hir landis and gold sa redi, God grantit him sic grace.

Auenture gude and haue ay gude, for debait makis destanie
For euin with this scheiphird stude, outher to do or els to die
He was sa stout and sture, of his lyfe tuk na cure,
Chairfoir wald thow estemit it he, set all on auenture,
And for to purches honestie.

To dignitie wald thow the dres, and conqueis the honour
Thow suld not sleip in Dislues, nor tak all thy plesour
Set all on fey and feuin, and perchance cast eleuin
With prayer sa and gude lauhour, a man may conqueis heuin
Denuding the of all rankour.

¶Ane reproche to the Emprice.

THE crukit comparisouns of zour wylde Bair
Will win zow na warisounis, to zow I declair
Of hell thow art the snair, Plutois playfule in plane
In hell than hald the thair, and cum not heir agane
Bot still their ay remane, to be houng be the hals
Into perpetuall pane, becaus thow art sa fals.

THE mozrow come, and but mair auisement
The Empzeour set him self in Judgement.
Condampnit his Sone on Gallous foz to die,
Without respect, that alkin man micht se.
He being led out thzow the streit and toun
With greit regrait, and sair lamentatioun.
The nixt Maister come than the way ridand,
And saw the Child to the Gallous gangand.
Duhairat he was baith sad and sozrowfow,
Bot zit the Childe to his Maister did bow,
Inclynit his heid, as he wald said him to,
Maister mak speid, ze ken quhat is ado.
The Maister than pzickit sa in that stour,
Duhill he lichtit befoir the Empzeour,
With reuerence, as weill culd him effeir,

And

And at his Grace richt humblie culd he speir.
O my gude Lord quha geuis zow this counsell
Withouttin caus zour awin sone doun to quell
It is zour wife that siclike garris zow do?
Perchance ze sall vpon war hap cum to,
Thã chãcit ane knicht yat throw his wifis fals
Was put to schame, w'out querrel or caus (sawis
Than said the King, gude maister I require zow
Schaw me that Tale & blythlie I sal heir zow
My Lord he sayis, will ze gar call agane
Zour onlie Sone, quha is to suffer pane,
I sall zow tell my Tale furth to the end.
And sa the King agane for him did send.
Put him in waird quhair that he was beforne,
Quhill that the Tale was done and til y' morne
Sa the Maister the secund Tale began
Befoir the King, and mony Nobill man.
As ze sall heir, thairfoir gif audience,
But mair delay, and to zour reuerence.

¶The Tale of the secund Maister.

IN ane Cietie thair was ane Ancient Knicht
That had maryit ane Lady fair and bricht,
As ze haue ane, my Lord to zour plesour
And held hir vp in all eis and honour.
Lufit hir sa weill, abone all eirdly thing,
Sic as ze do your Quene my Souerane King.
He lude hir sa, he culd not eit nor drink
But hir presence, sa on hir ay did think.
And als at euin quhen all folk to bed past,
The zettis and dures siclike he lokkit fast,
And all the keyis vnder his heid thay lay,
Euerilk nicht quhill morne that it was day.

And at ilk morne quhen he thocht time to rise,
Oppinnit the dures him self as was the gise.
In that Cietie was ane custome and Law,
Tryit oppinlie, that Ilk persoun micht knaw.
At ane set hour ane Bell was roung at nicht,
That all micht heir, and vnderstand full richt,
And thairefter withouttin mair delay
The watche was set to walk quhill it was day.
Sine efter that, gif thay cuid ony meit
Gangand allone, or walkand on the streit.
Sone thay war tane, and vnto presoun led,
Quhill on the morne that all men rais fra bed,
Thay war fast bound to ane stock or ane tre,
To thair greit schame, that all the toun micht se
Sine efter that, Induring thair lifetime
Thay war repute as giltie of ane crime,
And haldin furth fra all gude companie,
This was the Law that time of this Cietie.
This foirsaid Knicht quhairof I spak of air,
Mas growin in age, ane auld man and ane hair
His rampand rage of youth he had compleit,
And had slokinnit of bedsolace the sweit.
Howbeit he lude his Lady weill aneuch.
Yit as ye ken, mair graith pertenis the pleuch.
And scho persuait of sic craft he did faill
Scho tuke in heid ane vther to assail,
And sa scho did, ane man of tender age
In lustis bour for to win vassalage,
Quha had ane quyet Chalmer in the toun,
Sa euerie nicht efter this Knicht lay doun,
Under his heid the key scho stall away,
To hir young luke scho went quhair that he lay
And sa scho did, als oft as euer scho list,

Tuke

Tuke furth the keyis that hir husband not wist
And quhen scho come fra hir tryst and hir trane,
Scho laid the keyis vnder his heid agane.
So it befell vpon ane wynter nicht
Ane walking come vpon this Elderin Knicht
He culd not sleip, zit walking as he lay,
He turnit about, and mist his wife away,
Upon hir Name he cryit ofter noz thzise,
Scho answerit not, than he begouth to rise,
Socht all the hous be na way culd hir find.
And wist not weill gif scho was out oz in.
Socht his bed heid quhair that the keyis lay,
Quhat wald ze mair thay war all tane away.
Past to the zettis, all oppin he thame fand,
But mair auise he closit thame fra hand.
In ane windo that oppinnit vp to the gait
Wekill of the nicht thair sat he at the wait,
And quhen it was about the thzid Cok craw
Wakand hir hame, his awin wife he saw,
Quha fand the zettis vpon hir lokkit fast,
Ze may weill wit that scho was than agast.
Neuer the les becaus the zettis was lokkit,
Foz to win in peirtlie thairat scho knokkit.
Than said the Knicht, O thow woman vnclene
Thinkis thow honour on streit now to be sene?
O wickit wife, and wofull warpit wicht,
Quhy hes thow now dissauit thy awin Knicht
Of quhom thow knew all hail thow had ye hart
Of thy bawdzie now I am weill expart.
Foz this is not the first time thow hes done
Sic harlatrie, thow sall rew be zone Mone.
Quhill the watche cum thair still ze sall remane
And as Law will, thairefter thoill the pane.

Than said the wife, my Lord quhy say ze sa,
Quhair I was now, thair was witnes far ma.
My Motheris Mayd scho come and fetchit me,
Quhilk lyis richt seik, and is in point to die.
And than becaus I saw zow weill on rest,
To wakin zow I thocht it not the best.
That gart me steill the keyis fra zow away,
I thocht pietie to walkin zow as ze lay.
For quhy ze ken ze ar febill and auld
To walkin zow of zour first sleip ze wald
Bene seik the morne, and wonder Ill disposit,
Thairfoir craib not, that zour zettis was unclo=
And my Mother als is sa wonder seik, (sit
Ane word to me, skarslie scho had to speik.
Anoyntit ellis, and maid hir latter will
And now my self hes haistit me zow till.
Thairfoir gude Lord I pray zow hartfullie
Tak na suspect, nor think na fault in me.
For I had neuer sic thing in my thocht
Sen the first time to zour bed I was brocht,
Nor neuer had sic thing into my hart
Nor neuer sall, quhill deid vs twa depart.
Thairfoir I pray, ze lat me not be tane
With the toū watch, heir standing mine alane
For now the hour approches wonder neir.
That the watche rise, & thay will find me heir,
Quhilk is to me ane euerlasting schame,
And als to zow it is ane greit defame.
War I gyltie or zit committit crime.
I wald witschaif ze held me out this time.
Than said the Knicht doubtles ze cum not in,
For na prayer of zow nor all zour kin.
Quhill that the watche betak zow in the snair,
Than

Than quhair ze war, to thame ze mon declair.
Than the wife said, my Lord gif sa ze do
In greit defame of vs baith it cummis to,
And all our kin, Alya and our freindis,
And all vther that ather of vs pertenis.
Gif I be heir now with the toun watche found
I rather gif ane hundreth thousand pound.
Quod he Ill wife, and woman far defamit.
Thow hes sa done, yat thyself thow hes schamit
Far better war for thy falt puneist be,
And heir thoill schame, that all mankind may se
Nor for to thoill punischment efter deid,
In birnand hell, quhair thair is na remeid.
Than said the wife my Lord I zow require,
In this ane point to fulfill my desire.
Now for his faik that deit vpon the tre,
Thoill not sic schame sa faikles cum to me.
The Knicht answerit vnto his wife agane,
Ill wickit wife, thy wordis ar all in vane.
Thow cūmis not in vnto the watches knaw,
And be puneist efter the cours of Law.
Than said the wife I persaue this is done
All for Inuy, and ze ar Inopportune.
Than sen sa is, ze ar Impatient,
I will zow schaw in few wordis my Intent.
My Lord ze knaw at this zet standis ane well
Quhairin but dout now I sall drowne my sell,
Rather nor I, and all my kin be schamit,
And als zour self sall not chaip vndefamit.
Thā said the Knicht wald God yat sic had bene
Lang time befoir I saw zow with mine Ene.
Sa as thir twa togidder was at talk
The Mone wor dark, and hid was vnder walk

Than said the wife, my Lord and be your will
That I heir bide, the same I mon fulfill.
Or I bide heir, and for to schame my sell
Rather I sall be drownit in this well.
Bot I will do as ane gude Cristin wicht,
Aucht to hir Lord, and to ane Nobill Knicht.
Zit or I die my minde is and Intent
Beforr yow heir to mak my Testament.
Heir to the Lord first I bequyth my Saull,
My banis to ly in the Kirk of Sanct Paull,
As for my gudes, had I ten thousand pound.
Ten thousand ky gangand vpon the ground,
Als mony Plewis gangand vpon the land,
Als mony scheip as thairvpon micht stand.
I wald leif all vnto your awin persoun,
Thame to dispone at your awin discretioun.
And gif ye pleis ony thing for to deill
Into Almus, for my weill and Saull heill,
That I refer to your awin wit and will,
Quhat euer ye pleis, the same for to fulfill.
For weill I wait ye will do bot the richt,
I say na mair my sweit husband gudnicht.
As scho that said, in hir armes ruld scho tak
Ane mekill stane, and in the well did swak.
That being done, scho come richt preuilie
To the zet cheik, and stude thair quietlie.
The Knicht heiring the stane fall in the well,
Beleuit weill it was the Lady sell.
And said allace, my wife is drownit but dout,
Sa in ane fray the Knicht come rinnand out,
And to the well he sped him but mair baid,
The wife that saw, in at the zet scho staid,
And closit the zet richt wonder sure and fast,

To

To the windo in haist scho ruld hir rast.
In the meane time the Knicht stude at the well,
Mourning richt sair and saying to him sell.
Wo be the hour that euer I was borne,
My lustit wife allace is now forlorne.
Wo be the hour that euer I clostit my zet,
Wo be the hour in my windo I set
To spy my wife, quhilk I wait was saikles,
I am the wite now of hir deid doutles.
Allace, allace, now is thair na remeid
Throw wilfulnes of vs baith scho is deid.
The Lady hard, in windo quhair scho lay,
And to the Knicht with sturdie wordis ruld say
O ze auld fule, that suld be callit ane Knicht.
Quhat do ze thair standing this time of nicht,
Out of zour bed walking sa wonder lait,
Waitting zour hures and harlotis on the gait.
Micht it not serue my body at zour will,
Bot ze wald pas zour auld huredome vntill.
This is nichtlie ze vse the same passage,
Ze sall repent richt sair zour auld fulage.
The Knicht knawing the voce of his awin wife
He was richt blyith that scho was zit on life.
Saying Lady weill is me euer mair,
Louing to God that I may heir zow thair.
For I beleuit ze had bene in the well,
Quod scho auld fule keip the out of it thy sell.
Thow seruis better for to haue punischement,
For thy baudrie, nor halie gaitis to went.
Quod he Lady lat ze sic language be,
Quhat is the caus ze say sic thing to me?
Quhen I lockit the zet ze sall me trow
I did nathing bot to haue chaistit zow.

For in na wise I neuer did Intend
Zow to displeis, or ony way offend.
For quhen I hard the noyis into the well,
Unto my hart thair straik ane cruell knell,
And in all haist ze saw as I come doun
Zow to preserue, that na wayis ze suld droun.
Auld dossinnit Carll (quod scho) I heir the lie,
Thow was ouir peirt to Judge sic thing to me.
Bot I persaue this Prouerb is richt trew,
The Iniust oft the Innocent dois persew.
Thow leis to me, and hes done mony time,
Euer the gilt quhen thow committis the crime,
As thow dois now, that neuer to the faillit,
Bot thy greit sicht as now I haue assaillit,
And hes the tane into the sicker snair,
Quhairfoir but doubt for me thow sall stand pair
Quhill watches cum, and with thame to be seue
In times bygane ane auld fule thow hes bene,
That me lichtlyit, thy awin wife and dispisit,
And to thy hures zeid oft times disagisit,
And euer hes done, sen first time I the kend,
All thy lifetime in lownrie thow hes spend.
Bot God will not lat sic vnpuneist be,
For mony fault thow hes done oft to me.
For he is Iust, and will haue sic thing schawin
And I sall mak it vnto the pepill knawin.
Thairfoir stād still, thow cūmis not in but dout
Quhill the watches, and al Nichtbouris about
Quhat ane thow art, thay may perfytelie knaw
And thairefter to bide the straik of Law.
Than said the Knicht, Lady I haue meruell
To quhat effect suld ze sic to me tell.
Ze knaw richt weill that I am auld and hair,
And

And in this toun I haue bene euer mair,
And weill I wait quhair my name was procla-
Unto this hour for na caus was defamit. (mit
Thairfoir Lady for the gude Lordis Name
Thoill me cum in, and let me not tak schame.
Scho said ald fule thou spēds thy speich in vane
Thair sall thow stand, and thoil of law ye pane
Better it is to thoill heir patientlie,
Nor euer mair in hell condampnit be.
Salomon sayis thre things that God dois hait
Ane pure proud man abone his awin estait.
Sine ane riche man in consuetude to lie,
And ane auld man ane fond fule for to be.
And sa but dout ze bruik thir vices thre,
Quhat neid had ze sa far to lie on me.
As for riches, ze haue riches at will
Quhy suld ze than zour speiche with falset spill?
As for ane Fule, ze are ane wonder couth,
Fyr as ze ken the flour of all my zouth,
At zour plesure ze haue had euer mair,
Zit to baudrie ze zeid baith lait and air
Thairfoir God hes done wonder weill zow till
Thocht ze contrair baith his command and wil
Hes perseuerit still in zour harlatrie,
Zit he will not thairfoir ze perischit be,
Bot lent zow grace zour sinnis heir repent
Thairfoir ze mon bide Law and Judgement.
Than said the Knicht my Lady best belusit,
Howbeit God be contrair ane sinner musit,
Zit not the les as all sinnaris suld trow,
God of his grace is to vs mercyfow,
Quhat time we will forbeir and als repent,
Than God fo geuis our sinnes Incontinent.

Thairfoir Lady sen sic grace God vs sendis
Now let me in, and I sall mak ane mendis.
Than said the wife with voice stout and austeir
Hence the harlot, quhair deil gar we this Freir
Talk quhat thow pleis, bot trewlie ye sall trow
Thow cummis not in, and heir I mak ane vow
And as thay spak thir wordis thame amang,
In the meane time the watches bell thay rang.
Than said the Knicht, gude wife let ly sic things
Heir ze not now how that the watche bell rings
Suffer me not for euer to tak schame,
Quhilk is forsuith degrading of my Name.
Quod scho ze wait not quhat zone ringing me-
To the weilfair of zour saull it pertenis. (nis
Thairfoir ze man tak all furth pacientlie
For zour pennance ze mon thoill opinlie
Ane trespassour but dout lang haue ze bene
To GOD and me, as sall be hard and sene.
In the mean time thir twasum as thay talkit,
Up throw the streit the watches come y^t^ walkit.
Sone into handis thay tuik this Nobil Knicht
With greit meruell. how he into the nicht
Upon the streit durst furth of ludgeing be,
Thay to him said it was na Knichts dewtie:
Considering weill the dout of Law he kend,
He was to bauld the contrair to pretend.
Scho heiring this with a loude voice scho cryit
O my gude freinds, the treuth now ze haue spyit
Of that Truikour, and als ane dotit Fule,
That his foule lust on na wayis he culd cule.
Bot vpon hures furth passing on the nicht,
Pans ze gif sic pertenis to ane auld Knicht.
That my bodie at plesour had all time,
Consider

Consider now gif he committit crime:
With hures all nicht, and cũming in at morne
Bot of sic faultis I haue him oft forborne.
Beleuing ay sic faultis he suld haue mendit,
Bot ze may se gif he hes now offendit.
Thairfoir gif ze of sic hes correctioun,
Conforme to Law ze puneis his persoun.
That sic auld deuillis as he sa lang hes bene
Tak exampill of him befoir thair ene.
For he hes bene to me ane greit tratour,
I wait sic ane zit neuer maid natour.
Than the watches tuik him Incontinent
To deip presoun with him in haist thay went.
Quhill day was licht, and efter the Sone rais,
With him the watche vnto the Prouest gais,
Schawing to him the fassoun to the end,
How on the nicht thay did him comprehend:
And how to thame his wife sic plaintis maid,
Incontinent the Prouest but mair baid
To ane piller stude in middis of the streit,
Gart set him up fast bundin hands and feit,
That all the pepill within that greit Citie
To his greit schame, maid him that all micht se
And sa this Knicht but ony fault defamit,
Was throw his wife sa faikles euer schamit.
The Doctour then said humblie to the King,
And pleis zour grace ze haue vnderstanding
Quhat I haue said, themprecour said richt weill
Zour Sermone hes sentence sa haue I feill.
The Maister said it sall worse happin zow
Nor chãcit this Knicht for treuth yis ze sal trow
Gif that ze do for the wordis of zour wife.
Put doun zour sone, and reif fra him his life.

The Empreour said that wife was far to blame
That hir husband put to sic oppin schame
And he saikles, the foull Ill hir betide,
Scho was the worst, that zit did gang or ride,
And for that Tale that thow hes tauld to me,
This day but dout my Sone he sall not die.
The Maister said, my Lord ze doing so
Within few dayis, baith plesure and greit Jo
Of zour ane Sone, ze sall haue Schir but faill,
Sa this Maister quhen he had tauld his Taill,
Thankit the King of his beneuolence,
Sa tuke his leif, and hamewart is gone hence.

¶MORALITAS.

ALL running Clerkis that culd in storyis wryte
Be all thair craft culd neuer zit Indyte.
The greit mischeif he women done to men,
The tratour displesour and dispyte,
Weirschip, slauchter, the greit sorrow and syte,
At lenth to wryte it tyrit thair pith and pen,
Thay war sa budge, and bylie as ze ken
The teynd thairof thay culd get neuer endit
Becaus to men sa oft thay haue offendit.

Of thame quhat sayis the greit Philosophour
Arestotill, and als that ding Doctour
Cicero, and Salomon sais sum part
For all his wit, greit riches and honour
Thay caussit him be ane greit Idolatour.
And fra greit God gart him turne all his hart,
Siclyke Virgill that was sa done expart
Intill ane creill thay hang him ouir the wall
To his greit shame, that all the peipill saw.

Arestotill quhilk was the A per sie
Of naturall wit, and greit Philosophie,
Thay brydillit him as he had bene ane hors
Sumson dissauit he greit subtilitie,
Quhat gat Dauid for all his Prophesie?

Now ze

Now ze may se nouther wisdome nor fors
Dow not resist the curstnes of thair cors.
Aneuch hetrof, quha lykis to reid Goweir,
And quhair he wantis, zit sum thing sayis Chaweeir.

Thairfoir I say I think it na meruell
This gentill Knicht, quhome of our tale we tell,
Considdering he was sa auld and hair
Dissauit was be this hochlop of hell
With sa greit slicht kelt the stane in the well,
Allace, allace, and wo for euer mair
Scho suld eschaip, gif than I had bene thair
To helpit hir, that fyrie brand sa fell
Wir to haue drownit, my handis thay suld not spair.

Scho makand fault, and he alwayis faultles,
Scho at hir game, and he alwayis gyltles,
Scho being fals, and he sa trait and trew
Be being firme, and scho always faithles,
Did him accuse of that Ik deid doubtles
Quhairin hir self was gyltie weill scho knew
For all his speiche, nathing wald on him rew.
Fy, fy, fals Feindis, and furius hell Furnes
In bitter gall turnes all zour game and glew.

Now Schirs persaue hir slicht and subteltie
Quhen he sleipit scho staill away the kie,
Quhair scho plesit past furth to hir plesour
Quhen scho come hame sa loude as scho culd lie
Saying hir Mother was in point to die
With mony wordis dissemblit vnder cullour,
Forgit with fallet, lurkand for displesour,
And syne at schort how scho maid hir Testment,
O mercy God, heir is ane fals Intent.

O subtell schrew, and verray Sathans seid
Imp of the Deuill, cairis nouther Cors nor Creid
Tyner of treuth, with toung Intoxicat
Belgebubis barne, Infernall byrnand gleid
With senzeit fair thy feiris weill can thow feid
And flattering wordis fulfillit all with dissait
Lynit with lesingis, lawtie gais by zour gait
Net of the Feind in vengeance ze awant zow
Baner of baill, the Deuil he dow not dant zow.

Ze marpit men in tyme keip weill zour kepis,
Now ze may ken sic wemens properteis,
Quhat merey, grace, or gude deid thay wil grant
Gif ze desyre at thame ony suppleis,
Than sall thay mak to zow ane thousand leis,
Zow to obey ar euer [more] abstant
Quhat thay wald haue, that thing thay will not want
Jt that thay serue, giue thame the Spanze fleis
That may serue weill sic ane vnsemlie Sanct.

Quha can excuse this dowbill Deuillis lim
Sic ane fals trik sa trymlie playit to him
Scho in the fault, and he sa Jnnocent
Fy bitter Bitche, hauld hyrnand Bair sa brim
Thy clene conscience to heuin wil gar the clim,
Or doun to hell euer be permanent
Jn Plutois Palice thair to be President
Amang that graceles garisoun sa grim,
Greit pietie war thow suld be thair absent.

For quhy thow can sa weill ane lesing clek,
Turne hp syde doun, ay to thy awin effect
Thocht of thy Tale ane wordie be neuer trew,
Lesings to rame, thow takis bot lytill rek.
And the blameles to put ay in the blek
And mak syne blak of that was neuer blew
Of ane trew taill thow can weill change the hew
Thairfoir J pray the deuill to brek thy nek.

¶Ane louing to the secund Doctour.

GOD thank thee Doctour for thy dayis wark
Thow hes thee schawin ane Nobill cunning Clark,
The innocent hes succourit throw thy Taill,
Let the Emprice now blufter, bleir and bark
For at this time scho is put by hir mark,
Traisting in God that scho sall not preuaill
Bot zit I wait againe scho sall assaill
The Empreour with sum storie sa stark,
Bot hir vain wordis sall hir nathing auaill.

¶The thrid Taill of the Emprice.

THE Emprice hard how all the mater zeid
And how the Childe was not zit put to deid

For

Fozr verie sturt in hir minde was richt wo
It was maist lik hir hart to hzist in two.
To hir Chalmer than scho past sone within,
And thair began to skart and rife hir skin.
And cryit alonde that euer I was bozne,
Into my Cude, sen I had bene fozlozne.
I being Childe to ane sa greit a King,
That I suld thoill, and suffer sic ane thing,
As of zone Deuill, and ane rank Renigald,
Ye to deforce, sa oppinlie he wald,
To my greit schame, and warldlie dishonour;
I being Quene vnto the Empzeour:
And can heirof get na mendis nozr remeid,
I pzay to God gif I war fairlie deid.
Sa this was schawin vnto the Empzeour,
How his Lady was in sic displesour.
Into all haist to hir Chalmer he went,
And said Lady, I pzay zow not lament,
Sa Inwardlie, fozr it becūmis zow nocht,
Tak not sa far nouther in minde nozr thocht.
Scho said my Lozd, the luke I aw to zow
Makis me mair sturt, in hart mair sozowfow
Nozr displesour of zone dum Deuillis deid,
Thairfoir gude lozd sa greit God mot me speid
The Inwart luke that I vnto zow heir,
Sa caulis me remaine still with zow heir:
Dz ellis I had to my Father departit,
To my countrie, war not I am sa hartit
To zour behuke and plesure nicht and day,
That is the caus I will not pas my way.
Fozr gif I did, than ane caus it wald be,
Of greit discozd, and Inanimitie:
Betuix my Father and zow fozr euer moir,

This is the caus I will not pas thairfoir.
For weill I wait he wald reuenge my querrell,
And to conqueis, put all this Realme in perrell.
For my Father he is ane puissant Prence
Of diuers Realmes, and of greit Reuerence.
Wist he trewlie of my great displesour,
I wait he wald Increes sa in rankour,
That this countrie for that suld sair repent
That is the caus fra him I me absent,
For zour plesour, and zit ze will not trow,
That I wald do sic plesure vnto zow.
The Empreour said, Madame be weill inclind
Lat sic malice remoue out of zour mind,
For sa lang time as God will len me life,
I think neuer to faill to zow my wife.
My Lord said scho, I pray God ze leif lang,
Howbeit that I thus leif in threip and thrang.
Bot I dreid sair, and heuilie I feir,
That it chance zow that chācit this hinder zeir
Of ane greit Knicht, and of his Sone alone,
Efter the time that his Father was gone,
Throw suddand chance departit to the deid
Zit his awin Sone wald not burie his heid.
The Empreour said, that was ane felloun feid
The Sone wald not burie the Fatheris heid.
That exempill I pray zow to me schaw
Scho said my Lord will ze tak tent and knaw
It sall do zow greit gude I tak on hand,
Quod he schaw furth, and lat me vnderstand.
Sa scho began with all expeditioun,
As scho best culd to say furth hir Sermon.
IN this Cietie that now is callit Rome,
Quhilk in yai dayis was heid of christindome
Thair

Thair dwelt ane Knicht, the suith zow for to say
Had bot ane Sone, and he had Douchters tway
This Knicht was geuin to Halking & Hunting
Greit Toznamentis, and to swift hozs rinning.
To merynes and all kind of plesour,
That micht hald vp and furth set his honour.
Sa euerie zeir sa greit riches he spent,
Quhilk thzise ouircome his Rentall and his rent
Quhairthzow than grew to him skant of riches
His daylie cheir, and expens did decres.
In that meane time thair was ane Empzeour
Octauiane, ane man of greit honour,
Quhilk in riches, sa richelie did abound,
That his compair was not vpon the ground.
That in so muche, he had in his treasoure
Of Gold siluer, the quhilk fulfild ane Towze.
Quhilk gold & Towze, thocht he it had at large
To ane greit Knicht to keip he gaue in charge.
This vther Knicht quhome of we spak of air,
That had spendit his rent and mekill mair,
On Idill gammes, as Hunting and Halking.
Lait sitting vp, and out of time spending.
To sic pureteth he grew and greit thirlage,
That he behuid to sell his heritage.
He callit to him his Sone quhilk was his Air,
And all the case to him he culd declair.
This is the case, but dout my Sone said he,
I am compeld, sa with greit pouertie,
That I on fozce, and neid mon sell my land,
Except remeid cum at sum vther hand,
Quhairthzow I may, Induring my life dayis
Leif honestlie, this to his Sone he sayis.
Foz gif I chance to sell my heritage

Ze ken my douchters wil want gude Mariage
Ye said Father, gif it sa with zow standis
That ze on neid, analie mon zour landis,
At zour plesure, quhairof I am content
Do as ze pleis, for thairto I consent.
The Father said, now I haue tane in thocht
Ane gude consait, and tell it will I nocht
Bot vnto the, I knaw the Empreoure
Of Gold and rent he hes fulfillit ane Towre.
Lat vs twa pas, with Instrumentis be nicht,
And brek the Towre with sutteltie and slicht.
We sall obtene riches aboundantlie,
Sall vs vphald euer in honestie,
Than said the Sone schortlie to mak an end,
Thair is na man that counsall can amend.
It is better tak fra the Empreour
Part of his Gold, his Siluer and treasour.
Than ze to sell zour land and heritage,
Quhairthrow zour barnis, sal leif ay in thirlage
Sa in ane voce thir twa did condiscend
To brek this Towre, but tary thay Intend,
Sa on ane nicht with Instrumentis thay past
And throw the Towre ane hole thay gat at last
Wan to the Gold, at larges quhair it lay,
Furneist thame sekkis, and vnscryit come away
Payit all his dettis, and leifit als merylie
As of befoir, in alkin game and glie.
In Halking Hunting and in Tornament,
Quhil at the last the Gold was gane and spent.
In the meane time, the keipar of the Towre
Quhilk had in charge all this Gold & treasour
Persauit the hole, and the Gold stollin away,
He was sorie, and wist not quhat to say.

Into

Into all haist past to the Empreour,
And schew how theifis had stollin his greit treasour
The Empreour said, in Ire all angerlie
Quhat is y^t caus thow schawis sic thing to me?
To the I gaue, as to ane trew seruand
My Gold to keip, and that thow tuke on hand
At the agane, I ask it to restoir,
As it becūmis, thow sall thoill panis thairfoir.
Quhen that this Knicht the Empreour sa hard
He said na mair bot humblie come his way, (say
And saw thair was na mater to debait,
He vmbethocht him self of ane consait,
Thinkand richt weill that thay wald cū agane
To seik mair gold, to taint yame with ane trane
Befoir the hole ane Twn he gart prepair,
Middillit with pick birdlime and sicliike wair.
Sa thick and teuch, that quha thairin cū wald
Contrair thair will, yair still it wald yame hald
And nane micht cum into that hole agane,
Bot he moste neidis fall in that samin trane.
Not lang efter, as I befoir haue said,
This vther Knicht, quhen the Gold spendit had
He and his Sone agane went to the Towre,
To Steill mair Gold than fra the Empreoure.
Sa the Father first in the hole he went,
And in the Twn he fell Incontinent.
In to the nek, and thair stak as ane stane,
Considderit weill that his Fortoun was gane.
Said to his Sone cum thow forward no way,
For at this time, I am tane for the pray.
Cum thow forward thow sall not faill to die,
And nane of vs ane vther may supplie.
Than said the Sone, gif ze may not eschaip,

Than ar we baith but dout tane in the raip,
God vs defend Father that sa no be,
Bot at this time ze get sum help of me.
And gif I nocht may help zow now my sell,
In haist I will baith help and seik counsell.
The Father said I se is na remeid,
Bot with thy swozd thow mon strike of my heid
And quhen thay find my deid body heidles,
Than sall ze all of this schame be saikles.
Sa nane sall knaw quhat persoun did this deid
Noz in quhais bzeist this bargane did inbzeid.
Than said the Sone, now Father be the Rude,
Zour counsall is baith honest Just and gude.
Foz gif sa chancit, in this case ze war knawin,
Sielike our schame till all men suld be schawin.
Sa suld we not eschaip the cruell deid,
Sa I think best that I smite of zouz heid.
And ruin with that, as he had said the wozd,
Out of the scheith anone he dzew his swozd.
His Fathers heid he hint of haistelie,
And in ane gutter he kest it neir hand by,
Quhē this was done thā past he hame his way
To his awin hous, vnto his Sisteris tway.
Schew thame the case, and all the mater haill.
Quha sair did weip, priuelie and bewaill.
Sone efter this the keipar of the Towze,
Quhilk had in charge the gold and the trealoure
Quhair the hole was, within the Twn he fand,
Ane heidles cozps vnto the nek standand,
Quhairof he had baith meruell and dzedour,
In haist he past and tauld the Empzeour.
Incontinent thzow all the toun than zeid,
How thair was found ane body but a heid.

Into

Into the Twn the quhilk the Knicht did set,
Quha staill the Gold, to tak him in the Net.
Than to this Knicht the empreour said but faill
Tak the deid corps and knit to ane hors taill,
And draw it throw the streitis of the Cietie,
And persaue weill quhair ony murmure be,
Ony sorrow, sturt greting or murning,
Than ze may weill persaue quhair that sic thing
Be attayntit, quhair ony persoun murnis
Thay ar gyltie, and wait of siclike turnis,
And is principall, of that Ilk hous but dout
That staill the Gold, thairfoir seik weill about
Gif sic ze find, tak thame and all thair fellowis
Without mercy gar hang yame on ye Gallowis.
The Officers without delay thay went
And completit the Empreours commandment.
Quhen the Douchters the deid corps sa cū by,
For Inwart wo thay gaue ane hiddeous cry.
For kindlie luſe and Fatherlie pietie,
To se that corps sa drawin throw the Cietie.
Quhen yair brother, the Sone of yat deid knicht
Hard thame sa murne bethocht him of ane sticht
Quhairfoir y^t corps throw ye Cietie was drawin
To the pepill the caus was richt weill knawin,
And wist na way for to eschew the cace,
Sa he him self sair woundit in the face.
Quhill that the blude aboundantlie come out,
That the Sisters of his life had greit dout.
The officers persauit the weiping,
The noyis the cry the sturt and the greting
Into the hous thay enterit but delay,
And demandit quhairfoir thay maid the fray.
Than said the Sone, quhen my Sisters me saw

Sa sair woundit, as now zour self may knaw,
Thay grat and cryit, and murnit in thair mude
And as ze knaw, few wemen may se blude.
This was the caus of thair greit lamenting
Of my Sisteris, we knaw na vther thing.
The Officers heirto thay gaue credence,
Becaus thay gat na mair experience,
Bot went thair wayis dissauit all and blyndit,
Caus ye richt way thay culd not seik noz find it
Sine tuik the cozps of this same heidles Knicht
On the Gallous leit it hing day and nicht:
Till all pepill did wonder and meruell
Of the stollin gold, quhen thay the tail hard tell
And zit the Sone efter the Father is deid
Wald not burie in the Kirkzaird his heid,
Noz of the treis his bodie wald doun take
This did the Sone foz his awin Fathers sake.
Ze may persaue the greit luke and fauour
To his Father he had all time and hour.
The Empzice said, gude schir ꝑ pleis zour grace
Quhat I haue said, haue ze weill tane the race?
The Empzeour said, Madame sa haue I feill
Quhat ze haue said, I haue it tane richt weill.

¶The declaratioun of the Emprice thrid Taill.

THE Empzice said I am richt wonder wo
That of zour self and zour Sone it be so,
Foz his sonnis saik this Knicht as I haue tald
Quhen he was pure his lands he left vnsald.
Quhen he wantit he had nane vther schift
Foz his Sonnis saik than he committit thift.
And that his barnis efter that he was deid

Suld

Suld haue na schame he rauſit ſtrike of his heid
And zit his Sone wald not do ſic rewaird
To burie his heid in Kirk nor zit Kirk zaird:
Noz he wald not nouther be nicht noz day
Doun of the treis his bodie tak away.
In the ſame ſozt baith nicht and day ze laubour
Foz to pzomoue zour Sone to greit honour.
Bot day and nicht he ſettis his Intentioun
Zow foz to put to vtter confuſioun,
And zow deſtroy, is daylie his deſire,
That he may ring, and bzuik the haill Impire
Wy counſall is ze rather put him doun
Oz he fra zow get the Impire and Croun.
The Empzeour ſaid, ſa mot I thziue and the,
Ane gude exampill now ze haue ſchawin to me.
I micht haue tholit efter his Fathers deid,
Zit be ſum ſticht to caus burie his heid.
Trewlie my Sone he ſall na langer chaip,
Upon the mozne be hingit in ane raip.
To officers anone he gaue command
To tak his Sone, and to hing him fra hand.
Doun thzow the ſtreit thay led him haiſtelie,
To the Gallous, but mercie foz to die.
And as thay led that zoung man thzow y^e ſtreit
All the pepill began to murne and greit,
Sayand allace the Empzeours onlie Childe,
To the Gallous is led thair to be ſilde.
Allace ſaid thay, quhat is his Fathers minde
To his ane Sone foz to be ſa vnkinde?
Now this is thzyis comdampnit he hes bene
And few can tell quhat dois the mater mene.
Bot all this cũmis be the Quenis fals conſait,
That he is led ſa oft doun thzow the gait.

In the meane time doun the gait is he gone
The thrid Maister come rydand namit Craton
And saw the Childe sa wonder neir the deid,
To his Maister zit he Inclynit his heid,
As he wald say, Maister haue minde of me,
Do ze not weill, thair is na dome bot die.
The pepill cryit gude Maister haist and ryde,
And for zour childe gude help that ze prouyde.
So in all haist but ony mair delay,
To the Palice he spurrit his gude Palfray.
And quhen he come beforr the Empreour,
He hailsit him with reuerence and honour.
Quha maid answer to the Maister againe,
Thocht ze be cum, zour voyage is in vaine:
Zour cumming heir sall nathing zow auaill
Ar ze cum heir to flatter me with zour taill?
The Maister said within seuin zeiris space
Better rewaird I haue seruit at zour grace:
Zit I beleue to get better rewaird,
And pleis zour grace that my talking be hard.
Rewaird (said he) at my hand serue ze nocht,
For the dum boy to me that ze haue brocht.
Ze serue all seuin the verie painfull deid,
Ilk ane of zow to Gallows for to leid:
For I delyuerit my Sone speikand to zow
Quite dū but speiche ze seuin hes maid him now
And als he wald haue defoulit my Quene,
Contrair hir will, as is weill hard and seue.
The Maister said, quhair ze say he is dum,
Will ze suffer bot ane schort time to cum
I find zow heir the mightie God to borrow
That he sall speik or the fyft day at morrow
For he that maid the dum man for to speik,

The

The deif to heir, to helth restoir the seik,
He will restoir zour Sone to speik againe:
Within few dayis, and that I say in plaine.
And quhair ze say he wald deforzeit zour Queene,
Gif ony man hes euer hard or seue
Sic conditiounis outher be lait or air
Sen he with vs remanit or maid repair.
That he is gyltie of all that ze haue said,
Than I thairfoir to die am wonder glaid.
Bot Salomon sayis richt weill in his buke,
Quha lykis thairin to reid and forz to luke.
Na malice is, norz was, norz zit he can,
Abone malice of ane Ill geuin woman.
That sall I preif be ane exampill gude,
That wemen ar the Fontaine and the flude,
The verray rute, and speciall Inuentioun
Of all falset, lesings and deceptioun.
And gif ze put zour Sone now to the deid.
Forz zour wifes worzdis, hir falset and hir feid.
It sall chance zow, as it did to the man
That slew his Py thzow sicht of the woman.
Quhilk Bird he lude abone all vther thing,
And ay the tzeuth it tauld him but lesing.
The Empzeour said, I pzay the tell me that
Betuix the man, the wife, and the Pyat.
The Maister said, zour Sone againe gar caw,
That he thoill not the vtter charge of Law.
Than sall I tell my taill to zour plesour,
To zour pzofeit, zour weilfair and honour.
The Empzeour said Maister forz this ane day
He sall not die, cum efter quhat sa may.
The Maister said God thāk zour grace againe
Sa he his taill begouth as followis plane.

¶MORALITAS.

WO will continew at this place,
The Doctouris tuill ane lytill space
And sum thing we will tell
Of the Emprice comparisoun
Quow scho comparit the Kingis personn
Unto ane theif sa fell.

Scho compairit the Empreour
To the fals Knicht that brak the Cowre
Quhen he suld sauld his land,
For pureteth was compellit to steill,
Luik ze gif scho compairit it leill
And sa weill scho it fand.

This Knicht committit tratourie
That staill fra the Authoritie
Outher greit thing or smaw
Quhairfoir he seruit for to hing
For quha that steillis oght fra ane King
Thay may not hyde the Law.

Siclyke this Knicht as was weill knawin,
Out throw the Cietie he was drawin
To his greit lack and schame
Syne hangit on the Gallow treis,
Persaue gif thir twa weill aggreis
To the Kingis greit defame.

And hir awin Empreour comparit,
To ane pure Knicht was all disparit,
Ane Tratour and ane theif.
That scho sa wald was maist lyklie,
That the Empreour sa suld be,
God send hir ane mischeif.

As to the Knicht wald sauld his land,
And wox sa wonder pure in hand,
And alwayis superspendit:
Quha euer spendis by thair dew rent,
But faill fall efter fair repent,
Quhen he may not amend it.

Thairefter cummis necessitie,
Younger, pureteth, and pouertie,

To steill

To stell that he mult nedis.
Than tynes he honour and manhed,
And thairon followis schame and ded,
Of Ill spending this spredis.

Bad this Knicht spendit with measure,
According to his awin treasour,
Efter his facultie,
He suld not ned to brek ane Cowre
Nor stollin gold fra the Empreour
Nor pure neddit not he.

Gude Schirs that hes rent and riches,
Be not in spending sa rekles,
Bot with reskoun and richt:
For than on force ze mon sell land,
Or ellis tak sum evill ded on hand
As did this heddit Knicht.

Quha chaipit anis, and pait againe
Still ay in stouth for to remaine,
Quhilk all men suld forbeir.
It may chance anis a man to sin
Bot he suld na way ly thairin,
Nor still to perseueir.

For as that ane Knicht fand a wyle
That vther Knicht for to begyle
And tak him in the net,
Euin sa the Feind is fyndand ay
Sum new gait to fang in his pray
Quhilks ay to sin ar set.

The birdlyme is to hald thame still:
And ay in plesure tak thair will,
For as the gold was sweit.
That caulsit this Knicht to cum againe
That is in sin ay to remaine,
Quhill thay zald up the Spreit.

Than art thow sicker in the snair,
Quhen ded cummis thow dow na mair
Bot to the Gallous lev.
That is to hell without remed,
Than all thy gold that was sa red
It standis the in na sted.

Thairfoir quha wald leif in honour
Se thay thair geir spend with measour
Be not ouir Liberall.
Spend not in Prodigalitie,
Bot as aikeiris thy Facultie
Or doutles maist thow fall.

Sum tyme may chance a man spend mair
Upon ane day, nor he may spair
To spend in vther vpne
I grant, bot zit ze suld considder
Put spairing dayis and thame togiddder
And sa small sall ze tyne.

Of spending is thre kinde of branches,
The first to spend he neuer stanches,
Sa lang as he hes heill,
Bot euer spendand in ane rane,
Quhill all that he hes is quyte gane,
On force this man mon steill.

The secund spendis with greit honour,
With honestie and greit measour
Nouther mekill nor skant,
Bot sum tyme spairis and sum tyme spendis
And gydis weill that God him sendis,
Sa this man can not want.

The thrid he is sa greit negart,
To spend hes nouther hand nor hart,
And ay sayis he hes nocht.
Euer spairand and euer wantis,
And to haue geir he neuer grantis
For all that euer he wrocht.

Of thir thre let vs tak the middis,
The wise man that exprellie biddis
Thairfoir I zow beseik,
This is na honest man to greif,
Bot se that ze put not zour sleif
Farther nor hand may reik.

¶Ane reproche or reprufe to the Emprice.

Corruptit

COrruptit cors vnclene, thow ſpringand well of vice,
Thow ſikkill feindis Quene, thow perrellous Ill Emprice,
Thow cruell Cocatrice, and kyndlie Cocadrill
For all thy taillis nice, thow ſall not get thy will
Fals gyglot gangland gill, thow poyſonit ſpewand ſpout,
Thy banis brint on ane hill, I think to ſe but dout.

¶The Tale of the thrid Maiſter, of the Burges Pyat.

VPON a time thair dwelt in ane Cietie,
Ane Nobill man, and a Burges was he:
That had ane bird weill fed vp in a Cage,
Quhilk we a Py do call in our langage.
This bird ſcho was ſa weill lernit to ſpeik,
That ſcho culd talk Latine, Hebrew and Greik,
And quhen ſcho had thir langages perfite,
Hir Maiſter tuik of hir ane greit delite.
Sa be proces na thing ſcho hard nor ſaw
To hir Maiſter Incontinent wald ſchaw.
This Burges man he had ane wife richt fair,
As now ye haue, wantoun and debonair.
Quhilk ouir all thing he luſit all the beſt,
Bot be contrair, hir luſe ſa was not drest.
Beraus it paſſit far fra the Burges micht
Hir appetite to compleis day and nicht:
As ſcho deſirit, at hir pleſure to haſt,
Quhat wald ſcho thã, bot cheiſit ane vther knaſt
Clith hir to play, as ſcho thocht maiſt pleſour,
Quhome ſcho beſt lude, and held him in fauour.
And ſa behude hir huſband on ane day
To vther tounis in veyage mak Jornay,
For Merchandice to by aud for to ſell,
For Merchand men at hame ay may not dwell
Bot in this warld to wander, wirk and win,

Quhill of this life that thay depart and twin,
Bot zit this wife had not sic thing in minde
To hir plesure hir thocht was all Inclynd.
Sa quhen hir spous furth of the toun was went
Without tary than for hir luse scho sent,
That thay micht mak gude cheir and mirrines
As the gude wife thocht best scho culd adres.
And sa thay did at thair awin appetyte,
Quhen luifaris meitis of vthers takis delyte.
This saw the Py, on hir Pirk quhair scho sat,
Quhat mirrines that hir huse was at.
And to hir Maister tauld quhen he come hame
And causit hir huse to get outrage and blame.
Sa thame betuix rais up ane bargane stout,
Quhill mony of thair nichtbouris hard about.
The gude wife said, now weill Schir I persaue
Quhat greit fauour and luse to me ze haue.
And said ze gif mair traist vnto zour Py
Nor vnto me, and mair hir sittis by.
Bot sa lang as zour Pyat is on life
It sall not faill bot we sall be at strife.
The Burges said, my Pyat can not lie,
All that scho seis the treuth scho will tell me.
For scho can not be na way nor Ingine,
Dny lesing into hir hart deuine.
And thairfoir I haue mair caus for to trow
All that scho sayis far better than traist zow.
Sa day and nicht continuallie thay chide,
Quhill on a day the Burges buskit to ride.
In far countreis to do his Merchandice,
As it effeiris sic men, and is the gise.
Bot als sa sone as he his wayis went,
For hir luifar scho send Incontinent.

To

To mak hir blyith, greit solace and gude cheir,
Bot on the day he durst neuer cum neir.
For greit sclander of pepill and commoun vois,
All the lang day quhill nicht he held him clois.
As the nicht come, he knokit at the gin,
Scho was reddy thairat, and leit him in.
Scho said ze ar richt welcum vnto me,
Ze may cum in, for na man will zow se.
He said my luke, zour Pyat sair I feir,
For scho will tell all scho can se or heir.
For scho raisit sic taillis betuix vs ellis
That all the toun to vther plainelie tellis.
Scho said feir not, bot hauldlie enter in
On me I tak baith perrell and the sin.
Sa he enterit, and tuik na mair in thocht,
And be the hand throw the hall scho him brocht
And as thir twa throw the hall maid passage
The sillie Py quhair scho sat in hir Cage,
To hir husie scho hard hir luifar say
Wie sall be blyith, and mak mirrie quhill day,
For ze ar scho that I luke all the best,
Bot I feir sair the Pyat vs molest.
Quod scho feir not, I bid not for to lie zow
It is sa mirk the Pyat will not se zow.
Than said the Py, howbeit I may not se,
I heir thy voice, for richt weill ken I the.
To my Maister thow dois ane greit Iniure,
For of his wife thow makis a commoun hure.
And his best bed quhilk he beleuis is clene:
Thow defuilzeis, quhilk is weill kend and sene
Quhilk my maister quhen he cũis hame sal knaw
And the trew treuth swythlie I sall him schaw.
Than said hir luke, my hart tauld I zow not

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That we wald baith be spyit be the Pyot.
And tell the treuth of baith scho hard and saw,
And euerie word mak hir Maister to knaw.
Tak ze na feir thairof than said the wife,
Zone talking sall perchance coist hir the life.
And this same nicht I sall reuengeit be
Upon the Py, as ze sall heir and se.
Sa thay to bed past baith withouttin feir,
Bot quhat become the Pyat ze sall heir.
About midnicht vp this gude wife scho rais,
Cryit on hir Mayd, & put on baith thair clais,
Incontinent ane lang ledder thay gat,
And to the rufe of the hous thay it sat.
And tyruit the hous abone the Pyats Cage,
Quhair y' fireflaughts & raine micht get passage
Blenks of Candill about the Pyats heid,
Maist like fireflaughts w' rauld water pair zeid
Small stanis like peis, vpon hir heid thay kest,
Maist like hailstanis, sa this pure Py was drest
Sa all this nicht without ony remeid
Clas this Py pynit, almaist vnto the deid.
Sa on the morne away the zoung man staw
At ane bak dure, quhair nane him hard noz saw
Sa this Burges come hame within few dayis
And to his Py first he gais to and sayis,
O my best bird, now tell me of thy cheir,
How hes thow fairne sen I departit heir?
My bird (said he) quhat hes thow sene oz hard?
Tell me the treuth foz thy gudlie rewaird.
Maister (scho said) I sall zow trewlie tell,
Quhat that I hard, I saw aud quhat befell.
Ze war not past of this toun day and nicht,
Quhē that zour wife did to zow greit unricht.
Ane

Ane vther man into zour bed scho laid
And all that nicht togidder thay twa plaid.
And I them schew y^t thay war baith to blame,
That I suld tell to zow quhen ze come hame.
Maister but dout this is ane treuthfull taill,
Zour wife is not I se for zour auaill.
To the nixt point, at me quhair that ze speir
How I haue fairne, in quhat sort was my cheir
In zour absence surelie I say zow richt
Sa greit ane storme as thair was zisternicht
Baid I neuer, sen first time I was clekkit,
Nor zit my deid sa fair I not suspekkit:
As that same nicht, but dout I say zow plaine,
For verray feir of fyreflaughts hale and raine,
All the nicht ouir it ranit sa on me,
That I beleuit but dout drownit to be.
Than said the wife, Schir ze beleue zour Py,
Now ze may knaw quhat kin a woman am I.
Ze may now se, and alswa may persaif,
In times bygaine how that zour Py did raif.
Ane fairar nicht was neuer on the plaine
Nor was y^t nicht that scho sayis it was raine:
Ane fairar nicht, ane softer and mair cleir
Mair plesand nicht I had not all this zeir,
Thairfoir ze sall in all times furth to cum,
Gif hir na faith na mair nor scho war dum.
Than this Burges wist not weill quhat to say
Bot to nichthouris sone past he on his way
And demandit gif sic ane nicht was fair
That his Pyat tholit the rauld and cair.
Thay said nichtdour, I walkit all that nicht,
Mair solatious, mair softer and mair bricht
Mair stabill ane nicht, mair curious and cleir:

Nor was that nicht saw I not this seuin zeir.
Unto his hous this Burges bownit hame,
And thocht richt weill his wife had seruit na
The fillie Py he put all in the wite, (blame
And of all faults he thocht his wife was quite.
And said to hir I find zow traist and trew
Quhairfoir ze sall haue na caus for to rew.
At my nichtbours I haue speirit all about
Euin as ze say Ilk ane thay say but dout.
Ane fairar nicht thay said culd not be found,
Nor was that nicht, mair softer and mair sound
And it requyris to vther quha offendis
With all thair hart for to mak thame amendis.
To zow thairfoir ane garmound of the new
I promeis zow, beraus I find zow trew.
Scho said gude Schir sauing zour reuerence
Ze said not sa quhen ze gaue firme credence
Unto zour Py, quhilk falslie on me leid,
Sayand that I committit sic ane deid:
That neuer was into my minde nor thocht,
Nor in this warld sic thing I neuer wrocht.
With hir lesingis betuix vs scho hes sawin
Ane greit discord, quhilk all about is knawin,
Quhairthrow I am blasphemit and defamit,
Throw all the toun, be zour fals Py & schamit,
Quhairfoir na meit nor drink sall do me gude,
Quhill that I se zour fals Pyats hart blude,
Than the Burges vnto the Pyat past,
And said fals Py, tell how become this cast:
Upon my wife sa falslie for to lie,
Causing discord oft times with hir and me.
Is this the thank, the ganiell and gude deid,
Throw randers me, sa weill I culd the feid,
With

With my awin hands, with meits delicait,
Airlie at morne, and als at euin lait.
Throw thy lesings thow hes maid throw the toun
Ane greit sclander, & foull defamatioun.
Quhairto scho gaue na mair consent nor reid.
Nor I my self gaue vnto Goddis deid.
The sillie Py hard hir Maister say so,
Intill hir hart scho was richt wonder wo.
Maister (scho said) God knawis gif that I lie,
Zour self will traist the verray thing ze se.
And weill I wait the thing I said to zow,
I hard and saw, quhy suld I not that trow.
The Burges said, I heir the loudlie lie,
Kennis y^u not weill this taill thow tald to me,
Thair was ane nicht sa troublit in the Air
With storme, fyrestauchts, hale, raine & mekill
Of Ill wedder thow had na vther reid, (mair
Bot bydand ay the bitter hour of deid.
Quhilk is richt fals, and neuer a word is trew,
Thairfoir but dout thy falset thow sall rew:
And fra hence furth thow sall na lesings mak,
Nor of trew taillis thow sall not mak ane crak.
And in speciall betuix me and my wife,
The Law will weill that it coist the thy life.
For the greit leis thow did Inuent and forge,
With this same knife I sall rut out thy gorge.
Sa in greit wraith he tuik hir be the nek,
And with ane knife hir heid he did of snek.
The wife saw that, and scho was wonder glaid
To hir husband with mirrynes scho said:
Now ze haue done as ane man of prudence,
Howbeit befoir ze gaue ouir greit credence
Unto zour Py, quhilk ay richt falslie leid,

My hart is blyith quhen I se hir bleid.
Now we may leif all our lifetime in rest,
Sen scho is gone, that did us ay molest.
For scho was ay the verray Instrument
Betuix vs twa, all lesingis did Inuent.
Be blyith said he, that Instrument is hence,
Forsuith to hir I gaue ouir greit credence.
Now I knaw weill all that scho said was fals,
Bot now thairfoir scho hes loist lifie and hals.
The Burges than blent vp about his bigging
And saw ane hole tyruit in the hous rigging,
And weill persauit ane lytill Ledder stand,
Ane watter tub, with stanis watter and sand,
Quhilk was doun cast vpon the sillie Py,
Than the Burges weill vnderstude quhairby,
The pure Pyat had tauld hir taill richt trew,
All the falset and fassoun than he knew:
How thay had caust the Pyat for to lie,
Throw thair falset and greit subtilitie.
Now of my wife the falset I persaif,
In time bygaine how scho hes plaid the knaif.
Not regarding sin schame nor honestie,
Bot on hir luke lyand in harlatrie.
Full wo is me how greit ane Fule was I,
For hir falset to slay my sillie Py,
Quhairin I had my plesure and delyte,
Allace, allace, my wife had all the wyte.
Bot in na way my self I can excuse,
That hir counsall sa greitlie I did vse.
Bot in ane part but dout sa I was blindit,
And now the treuth full sickerlie I find it.
Wa worth the time I gaue hir sic credence,
Or till hir taill I gaue sic audience.

Wa

Wla wozthy sic wifes, that ar sa Ill Inclinde,
Euer hauing sic kenzeit hart and minde.
Wlith dowbill hart full of subtilitie,
I zow assure thay ar euill companie.
Becaus my wife hes wzocht me siclike wo,
Heir I gif ouir all mirth, blythnes and Jo.
All Merchandice, houshalding and harbzie,
In time cũming, and Pilgrim I will be,
And markis me heir vnto the halie land.
Becaus I find na faith in woman stand.
Sa this Burges foz credence that he gaif
Unto his wife, left land and all the laif.
The Maister said vnto the Empzeour,
Schir haue ze tane this taill into fauour:
And quhat it menis, the samin vnderstand,
He said richt weill, Maister I tak on hand.
The Maister said was scho not ane fals wife
Wlith hir lesingis gart reif the Py hir life.
The Empzeour said, scho was of falset fow
Hir greit lesingis noz hir life I allow.
Of the pure Py, fairlie I do repent,
That loist hir life foz saying verament.
Surelie Maister ane gude taill ze haue tald
And foz zour saik this day I sall gar hald
My Sone vndeid, the mozne quhill it be none,
God thank zour grace (quod he) that sic hes done
To the Lozd God hartlie I zow commend,
Sa this Maister with blythnes hame he wend.

¶MORALITAS.

O MERVELLVOS God the subtell sllicht,
Siclyke I trow was neuer sene
Thow warzyit wyle and wickit wicht
Of this Burges wyle now I mene
Su peirtly culd alwow, and gar hir husband trow

That scho sa sakkles was and clene
Ane Innocent as scho had bene
Syne of falset sa saw.

Sa full of falset as scho is
Thair is hot part can it persaue
For quhen thay mark to do ane mis,
A thousand sundrie gaittis thay haue
To bring thair mater to quhen thay haue ocht ado.
The wisest men thay ay dissaue
And this Burges amang the laue.
It is not sa (quod scho)

Sa priuelie scho did prouyde,
A poslet for the sillie Py,
And with sic craft scho culd it gyde
Changeing the wedder and the sky
Thy gadzettis did begyle, the pure Py with sic wyle,
Purde of huredome vpon the sy,
Gluttoun of Glew all we may cry
Thow art ane belchell vyle.

The tals that thow seruis at my hand
I can not weill Indyte,
To gar thy husband vnderstand
Of sic vengeance thow had na wyte
O rank rampand Lyoun, to mischeif euer boun,
Stewart of sturt quha can the quyte,
Cleker of cair, and of dissyte
Greit Maistres to Mahoun.

Ze that hes wyfes giue not credence
Ouir sone vnto thair subtell sawis
Thay will als sone find ane defence,
As thay war leirit into the Lawis,
For quhen thay speik fairest, thair tasll is ay falsest
Thay will neuer gif ouir thair caus
Thocht all the warld the contrair knawis
Thair awin tasll ay thinkis best.

At sum tyme scho will caus a man
To do the thing he will repent
Quhen it is done na way scho can
Remeid thairof scho can Inuent

Gar the

Gar the saikles get wyte, mak hir self clene and quyte,
Thairfoir thocht scho be Impatient,
And in hauldnes hir how all bent
That cair ze not ane myte.

Be not reddy to gif rewaird,
Thocht scho it serue quhill that thow se
This Burges sa in mynde was mard
Quhill that the sillie Py slew he,
Than promeist hir a goun, or ellis ane new garmoun
For hir huredome and harlatrie,
And hir scabbit scurilitie,
Fy Motheris Maleisoun.

O twyte untrew, and tusll unsicker
Rindillar of cair bald baldestrod,
Thocht ane wald bind the with ane wicker
Thow will not keip gude reull nor Rod.
Thow art a furious flam, ane wolfe and semis ane Lam,
Thow art a Tratour wylie Tod
That stinkis in the neis of God,
Thow art the Deuillis dam.

¶Ane louing to the third Doctour and Maister.

HONOVR and praise gude Doctour mot thow haue,
That this ane day the chylde thow hes gart saue
With thy trew Taillis and exempill perfyte
Beleuing weill sa sall do all the laue:
Thocht the Emprice with hir Taillis wald dissaue
The Empreour, all for the Chyldes dispyte,
Bot at the last I wait he will hir quyte
Quhen he and ze the suith weill dois persaue.
Quhair ze find fault thair sall ze lay the wyte.

¶The Fourt Taill of the Emprice.

QVHEN the Emprice hard ye chyld zit on liue
Scho grat richt sair, & all hir hair did riue
Sayand allace, wa worth the time & hour
That I was wife vnto the Empreour.
Crying, murning, and rysing doun hir face,
Quhill the greit noyis past out throw all ye place
The Empreour hard the murmure at the last,

Incontinent he to hir Chalmer past:
Inquirit the caus of all hir greit distres,
Scho curst the time that scho was maid empres
Wald God (said scho) quhē I come to thir parts
Howbeit that I had four and twentie harts
Within my bowk, that thay had all bene rent
In small pecis, or I war daylie schent.
On sic fassoun, as I am day be day,
Bot that your grace sayis nouther ye nor nay.
Bot quhylis ye say but dout your Sone sall die
And vther quhylis in greit dispyte of me,
Ye continew his life and takis na cure
Of my greit sturt, the greit schame and Iniure
He did to me, and als schame to your sell.
Of this mater quhairto suld I mair tell:
For it is knawin out throw the haill countrie,
To quhat greit schame he purposit to brocht me
Bot ye throw sleuth dillis dōn & latis ouirdriue
Sa day be day your Sone is zit on liue.
The Empreour said I pray zow stand content
And without dout the morne Incontinent,
He sall haue Law, without ony remeid,
To be hangit on Gallous to the deid.
Bot zisterday it was a principall caus,
That he thoillit not the Judgement & the lawis
Was for a Taill that the Maister me tald
Yea, than (said scho) that is ye thing thay wald
Prolong the time, lipning the Court sall change
Gif ye do sa, that is ane mater strange.
For thair fair wordis gude Justice for to brek,
Sa vnto GOD ye haue ane small respek.
Bot I feir fair ye with your Maisters seuin,
It sall zow chance the same exampill euin,
As anis

As anis it chancit into this same Cietie,
Ane Empreour and seuin Maisteris had he:
Quhome to he gaue credence baith day & nicht,
Thay him begyld with thair fals fraud & slicht.
The Empreour said, that taill I pray zow tell
Mith the Maisters and Empreour how it fell.
Scho said quhairto, or to quhat fect suld I
Tell ony taill, quhen it is not set by,
For zisterday ane taill to zow I schew,
Quhilk in the self was verray Iust and trew
For zour honour and profite I it tald,
Thairon to think, zit on na wyse ze wald.
For zour honour and profite quhat I will say,
Upon the morne the Maisters dois away,
And with thair taillis daylie turnis vp side doū
Quhilk is but dout for zour distructioun.
As in this taill that I sall tell to zow,
And pleis zour grace, for treuth ze sall it trow.
He said Madame hartlie I zow require,
I pray zow tell, for it is my desire.
That he the same I may the warrar be,
And to eschew fallset and subtieltie.
Thocht I delay my Sonis saik for ane day,
It not anserris nor clenelie takis away.
I sall it schaw (quod scho) be it zour will,
Sa ze will giue gude thocht and minde thairtil.
Quod he tell on, and I sall heir it than,
And sa at schort hir taill thus gaitis began.

VPON a time I red intill ane Quair,
In this Citie sum time seuin Maisters wair
Throw quhais science, greit wisdome & leirning
All the Impire was rewlit be thair gyding.
The Empreour quhilk at that time did ring,

But thair counsall, he tuik in hand na thing.
Sa he thame held in sic eis and daintie,
That he culd not weill want thair companie.
Thay persauing his hart to thame sa kinde,
His gudelie will, his daylie thocht and minde,
That he culd do nathing but thair auise,
Thay war all seuin haldin sa wonder wise.
Thay kest in minde ane wonder subtell thing,
Be sorcerie, Inchantment and cunning.
That how lang time the Emperour he baid
In his Palice, nouther past furth nor raid,
Bot thairin still held him in companie,
He saw als weill as ony man culd se.
Fra his Palice gif he past ony time,
Throw thair slicht craft he suld not se a slime.
And this thay did to the samin Intent,
That thay micht mair thair libertie frequent,
And Intromet and vse the samin thingis
That appertenit to Emperours and Kingis.
And to dispone at thair will all his rent,
This was thair minde, thair thocht & als Intēt
Be the quhilk thing thir Maisters did purches
Unto thame self gold geir and greit riches.
And zit howbeit throw thair greit sorcerie,
Thay maid this King a slime he micht not se
Of his Palice, quhen he past ay was blind,
Amang thame all the way thay culd not find.
With all thair craft againe to gar him se,
Out of his Palice, bot euer blind was he.
Abone all this, thir Maisters fand sic craft,
All the Impire almaist thay maid clene daft.
Gif ony man had dreamit ane vncouth dreme,
The haill knawledge thairof thay suld expreme
And

And mak thairof Interpretatioun,
For ane Ducat or zit ane Frenche Croun.
Quhairby thay gat mair gold and greit tresour
Almaist als muche as fra the Empreour.
Sa be this way, and vthers fals and slie,
Thay conqueist gold greit riches in plentie,
Mair in respect nor had the Empreour,
And to thame seuin geuin daylie mair honour.
Sa on ane day quhen that the Empreour,
With his Emprice togidder with honour
At thair Tabill, to sich in hart began,
The Emprice saw, persauit and said than
Quhat is the caus schaw me of zour dolour,
Quhy sich ze so, or takis zow displeasour?
The Empreour said to his Emprice agane,
Haue I not caus of sorow and greit pane,
That I sa lang in sic sort suld be blind,
And can thairof na gude remedie find.
My Lord (said scho) will ze tent to my Taill,
On honestie it sall help and preuaill.
Gif ze will do efter as I zow say,
Ze sall allow my Taill ane vther day.
In zour Impire seuin greit Maisters ze haue,
And I beleue thay seuin dois zow dissaue,
And ar the caus of all zour greit diseis,
And all zour rowmes yai gide euin as yai pleis
And to thame selfis appropriatis zour rentis,
Throw thair fals wayis & subtel Inchãtmẽtis
Gif it be so that thay ar found gyltie
Ane schamefull deid doutles thay serue to die.
Thairfoir my Lord for all thir seuin ze send.
And speir at thame gif thay can help to mend
Zour greit diseis, and sair Infirmitie

Quhair zour sicht faillis, againe to gar zow se,
Gif thay say nay, and can find na remeid,
Charge thame schairplie vnder the pane of deid
And sa ze may consider weill and se,
Gif thay be caus of zour greit Maladie.
The Empreour allowit weill this taill,
And thocht richt weill it was for his auaill.
Incontinent was send to thame Message,
For to compeir anone thay tuik veyage,
And come kneilling befoir the Empreour,
Quha thame resauit in fredome and fauour:
And schew to thame his greit Infirmitie,
How he was blind, and had sic Maladie.
And how sum time that he saw wonder weill
And vther tymes how he saw neuer ane deill.
Thä chargeit he them schairplie on pane of deid
Incontinent thay seuin suld seik remeid.
For it was schawin to him for veritie,
Thay war the caus of his Infirmitie.
And gat thay not remeid Incontinent
Vnto the deith thay suld be all torment,
Vnto thir seuin thus said the Empreour,
Quhairof thay stude in greit feir and dredour.
Than said thir seuin agane with ane consent,
Ze charge vs seuin with Inconuenient.
With siclike charge zour grace now putis vs to
It passis far our power for to do.
It is sa hard and difficill ane thing,
That we can not to gude purpois it bring,
Into schort time, bot gif it pleis zour grace
For to grant vs respet for ten dayis space,
We sall zow gif answer conuenient.
Quhairof we traist, zour grace sall stand content,
Of

Of thair answer the Empreour was appleisit,
Beleuing weill of seiknes to be eisit.
Sa thir Maisters vnto thair counsell past,
To se gif thay culd find the way or cast,
Fassoun, Ingine, supplie, meane or remeid,
Or ony help to saue thame self fra deid.
And for to haill the Kingis Infirmitie,
Thay kest the way, for thame it wald not be.
Quhairfoir thay war all seuin richt sorrofow
And said get we na help nor remeid now
To help this charge, as we Ilk ane dois ken
Without remeid we ar all bot deid men.
Thairfoir let vs mak trauell all fra hand,
Seirche and seik furth Ilk ane in sindrie land
Gif that we can in ony countrie find
In time cũming the Empreour be not blind,
And sa thay socht in mony sindrie toun,
Be eist, be west, south, north, baith vp and doun
It hapnit thame to ryde vpon ane day
Throw ane citie, quhair barnis was at the play
In the meane time come to thame ane auld man
And said Maisters, I pray zow gif ze can
Of my nichtis dreame to mak Interpretatioun
And for zour wage I sall zow gif ane Croun.
Ane of the barnis that was than at the play,
To the Maisters hard that man siclike say.
And said gude man zeis gif ane Croun to me,
Quhat menis zour dreame I sall zow tel trewlie
The auld man said I dreamit this hinder nicht
That in my zaird of watter sprang vp richt,
A fresch spring wel, quhairfra come mony springs
Throw all ye eird now tel quhat menis sic things.
Than said the barne tak ze ane spaid gude man

In the same place, pas and delf gif ze can,
Quhair that ze thocht the water first vpspzang:
Thair ze sall find within ane space not lang
Ane hurde of gold that samin hoill within,
Sall mak zow riche foz ay and all zour kin.
Sa did this man as the zoung barne cõmandit
And as he said, this man richt sa he fand it.
Than past this man to this zoung Child agane
And thocht he wald rewaird him foz his pane.
And offerit him ane pund of reddy gold,
Quhilk he na way resfaue fra him he wold.
And said gude man, na gold I will resfaif
Bot pzay foz me, at zow na mair I craif.
The seuin Maisteris persauing all this thing,
How ane zoung Childe of zeiris being sa zing
With sic wisdome the mãns dzeame did expone,
Said to thame selfis we meruell quhilk is zone,
Of sa zoung zeiris makis sic Interpzetatioun
And sine thairfoir takis nouther golde noz croun
Sa at this childe thir seuin Inquyzit the Name
He said Merling, quhairof I thing na schame.
Quod thay zour name bzuik weill wt all weilfair
We persaue weill, ze haue wisdome and lair.
Ane greit mater we haue to zow to schaw,
Of the quhilk few oz nane bot we dois knaw.
Than said the Childe schaw me furth zour intẽt
And ze sall haue answer Incontinent.
Quod thay zoung Childe this is the verray cace
Ane Maladie haldis the Empzeouris grace.
Sa lang as he in his Palice will byde,
And not thairout nouther to gang noz ryde,
He seis als weill as ane that euer was,
Bot als sone as he fra his Palice pas

Thair

Thair takis him than sa greit ane Maladie,
That all about a time he may nocht se.
And gif ze can the caus heirof discus,
First ze sall haue ane gude rewaird of vs,
And secundlie, remeid gif ze can find
In time cũming the Empreour be not blind:
Out of Palice quhen he plesis to pas,
He will zow gif rewaird quhat ze will as.
Than said the Childe his Maladie I knaw,
Als the remeid thairof I can him schaw.
The Maisteris said we pray zow richt hartlie
Pas with us seuin and beir vs companie,
Quhill we cum to the Empreouris presence,
Quhair ze sall haue rewaird and reuerence.
Than said the Childe Schirs I am reddy now
Pas quhen ze pleis, and I sall gang with zow.
And sa all aucht Incontinent past hence,
Quhill thay come to the Empreouris presence.
And quhen thay come beforr the Empreour,
Thay hailsit him with reuerence and honour.
And said gude Lord, sindrie lands haif we socht
To get zow health and heir we haif zow brocht
Ane gude zoung Child y' knawis zour Maladie
At zour plesure will find help and supplie.
In time cũming, that ze sall weill persaue,
Zour daylie health, and na seiknes to haue.
Nouther in ane, nor in nane vther pairt,
He hes sic wit in gude cunning and Airt.
The Empreour vnto thir Maisters said,
Of zour tythance I am richt wonder glaid.
All that he sayis will ze seuin tak on hand,
Ze Schir said thay at that same we will stand.
For we haue sene be gude experience,

His greit wisdome, craft and Intelligence.
The Empreour than vnto the barne he said,
Sen sic a thing gude Childe is to zow laid:
The caus thairof at zow I wald Inquire,
And sine my helth than hartlie I desire.
Than said the Child and pleis zour nobil grace
We twa alone mon talk ane lytill space,
In zour Chalmer I sall zow schaw trewlie,
The caus of all zour greit Infirmitie.
And quhen he was into the Chalmer led,
He causit cast of all the clais of the bed,
Quhilk into haist the Empreour causit be done
My Lord he said now heir ze sall se sone
Ane meruellous thing, quhilk ze hard neuer tell
Under the bed thair was ane mekill well,
Of quhilk thair rais ane foull smuke and a reik
That wald haue maid a man baith blind & seik
Out of this well thair springs seuin greit sprigs
The Empreour than he meruellit of sic things
Under his bed to be and he not wist,
Sa greit a well sa foull ane reik and mist.
He said my Lord, heir planelie ze may se
The verray caus of zour Infirmitie.
Withoutt ze put thir springis and well away,
To get zour sicht agane na wise ze may.
The Empreour said I pray zow to me tell,
The nerrest way for to vndo this well.
Than said the Chylde thair is na way bot ane
Gif it pleis zow, on force it mon be tane.
The Empreour said I pray zow richt hartlie
Schaw me the way, gif sic ane thing may be
Gold nor gudis on na way will I spair
Sa that the treuth to me ze will declair,

Gif

Gif mannis craft, his naturall wit or micht,
Perfite cunning with gude science or slicht,
Subtell Ingine, Airt or experience,
Micht help my sicht, or thairfoir find defence.
I wald not cure for to gif gold pleutie,
Spair for na coist sa that ze gar me se
Without my place als weill as I do in,
Sa zour rewaird fra me weill sall ze win.
Now sen zour grace to me hes geuin credence,
I sall zow schaw be gude experience,
The verray treuth thir seuin springis ze se spring
Out of this well, thay ar na vther thing,
Bot the same seuin Maisters be thair science,
Quhome to ze gif sa firme and greit credence,
Quhilk be thair craft cūning and Inchantmēt
Zow to mak blinde, this well thay did Inuēt.
That hiddertillis, baith zow and zour Impire
Lang time bygane hes reulit at thair desire.
About zour place euer hes maid zow blind,
To that effect that na fault ze suld find
Done ony way be thame or thair consent,
That thair greit gyle suld not be maid patent,
Nor heir cōplaintis of zour Barroūis & Lordis
Bot thay allone to aggre sic discordis:
Nor that Justice suld ring into zour land,
Bot all sic things suld ly into thair hand.
And zour subiectis to spuilze euerie day,
All that was grene, to zow it suld seme gray,
Ze not seing now suld thay all be deid,
For zour kyndnes, thay can find na remeid.
The Empreour said, now ze haue to me schawin
Of my blindnes, the caus and maid it knawin
Now the remeid thairof I wald ze fand,

Ze sall not want baith gold, Lordschip & land.
And pleis zour grace now to zow sall I tell,
The verray treuth, will ze do my counsell.
Of zour blindnes gif ze desire remeid,
The first Maister, tak and stryke of his heid,
Than ze sall se the first spring of the well
Be quyte away, this is the treuth I tell.
Sa ordourlie, quhill thay be Ilk ane slane,
And sa ze sall recure zour sicht agane.
This being done, the well away sall went,
And sa at eis ze sall get zour Intent.
Quhilk in gude haist was done as thay thocht
And sa agane the Empreour gat his sicht. (richt
And this zoung Childe rewardit richt richelie
Maid him ane Lord and Air of ane countrie.
Than said scho Lord, haue ze persauit this taill
That I haue schawin, for zour gude and auaill
He said richt weill, and thankis zow hartfullie,
For that gude Taill that ze have tauld to me.
In the same sort thir seuin Maisteris said scho
Unto zour grace thay purpois for to do.
Be thair fals Taillis, and sicklike fenzeing,
That zour curst Sone may ay abone zow ring
Quhilk God defend, ay quhill the haur I die,
That I neuer ane vther Empreour se.
This Taill (quod scho) I sall mak to zow cleir,
Quhat that it menis, & pleis zour grace to heir.
He said say furth, ze sall haue audience,
And commandit Ilk ane to keip silence.

¶The declaratioun of the Emprice thrid Taill.

THIS flowing well, of zour Sone is the sing
The seuin springs ar his maisters wt rūning
Quhilk well can not richt sone distroyit be,

Except

Except ze first gar the seuin Maisters die.
This being done, the well sa sall ze waist,
Gar sla zour Sone, of this ze gif me traist.
Sa well and springis fra thay distroyit be,
Than ze may haue all at tranquillitie.
Zour haill Impyre weill into peice and rest,
Forsuith (quod he) Madame I think that best.
Incontinent than gaue he strait command,
To the Gallous to leid his Sone fra hand.
Doun throw the streit as Officers him led,
Ane Maister rome, and at the spurris him sped.
To the Emperour with all gude reuerence,
Quhome to he said, pas swyth fra my presence,
For the gude saind that ze haue send to me:
Ze serue all seuin on Gallous for to die.
I send zow seuin my Sone richt weill speiking
Now he is dum, and do can na kin thing.
Bot onlie ane, this thing I maist detest,
Be violence my Quene he wald oppress.
Thairfoir rewaird na thing ze serue of me,
Bot ze all seuin with him sall hangit be.
The Maister said, I seruit ane better thing,
To my rewaird, nor on Gallous to hing.
Quhair zour grace sayis, y' now zour sone is dū
God knawis the caus, the time is not zit cum.
Of his speiking the time will cum at schort,
Thairfoir I pray zour grace to tak comfort:
And ze sall se the day approche richt neir,
That he sall speik, quhil all this place may heir
As to zour Quene, in that point quhair ze tell
It is not prouin, nor nouther is gospell.
Nor for the wordis of ane singular persoun,
Withoutt mair pruse, zour sone suld not put doū,

And gif ze do for the wordis of zour wife
But gude knawledge fra zour Sone tak ye life.
It sall be war with zow I dar weill say,
Nor chancit a man and his wife on ane day:
Quhilk I sall schaw to zow be narratioun,
And preif the same be gude probatioun.
The Emprezour said, trow ze to do with me
As seuin Maisteris did anis in this Cietie
With thair fals taillis vnto thair natiue King
Nay, nay, not sa, it sall not be sic thing.
The Maister said, the fault of ane or two
Suld not redound to rebuke blame or wo
Of all vthers, for it is richt weill kend
Baith gude and Ill is to the warldis end.
Bot of ane treuth ane thing I sall zow schaw,
Put ze zour Sone to deid for zour wifes saw:
It sall zow chance as did this hinder zeir
Unto ane Knicht, gif ze pleis ze sall heir.
The Emprezour said I pray zow schaw me richt
Quhat thing become, or chancit to that Knicht
The Maister said againe zour Sone gar call,
Sa to the deid that he na wayis be thrall.
And keip him still my taill quhill I haue tald
Than zour awin will ze haue euin as ze wald.
Quhen I haue done thã tak zour awin plesour,
I will sa do than said the Emprezour.
And sa his Sone againe he gart thame caw
As for that day he suld not thoill the Law.
Sa this Maister his exampill began,
And tauld his taill furth like ane cũning man
Bot zit his taill farther or we furth set
The Quenis last taill we will not zit forzet.

¶MORALITAS.

SE the

SE the conſait of this bald bitter Witche,
This redd Reiſar, and this rank warlo witche
This tratour theif, this tryit Termigant,
Sa faine ane fault as ſcho wald find and fitche,
Unto thir ſeuin ſa reuerent and riche.
In ſweit ſcience, facund and fluctuant
For thay of wit and wisdome not wois want,
To the blak Deuill thairfoir S the betetche
With him remaine in hous ane hellis hanet.

Father of falſet, and fals flatterar
Ane Gyrecarling, ane greceles riatterar
Ledſterne to lie, and ane greit ſlop of ſelll,
A proude Princes, ane prydefull patterar,
Mixt with malice and ane man murtherar.
Ane wod wilcat that neuer will do weill
Crop of curſitnes, and ane quick gangand Deill,
Rute of wanreule, and brewar of all baill
Thow art to bald to forge ſa fals ane taill.

Not ane word trew thairof but fenzeit fair
Quir peirt thow art to mak ſic ane compair
Of the Maiſteris quhairof that now ſpeik we,
To the Empreour I wait thay did na mair
Bot that his Sone thay had bnto the lair,
And had not bene thair cunning and Clergie
Thay had bene deid, and ſiclyke ſa had he,
Thairfoir thow art ane Lorch of bulawte
Ane ſchameles ſchrew, the maiſter Deuill mot ſcald the.

Zit in hir Taill is ſum Moralitie
How God diſponis his grace ſa pleuteouſlie
To auld, to zoung, to riche and to the pure,
Sum wit, ſum ſtrenth, ſum fairnes with brewtie,
Sum at thair will hes riches and plentie,
To diuers craftis ſum geuis thair deſie cure
Howbeit to ſum hid thingis be richt obſcure,
As was this barne quha ſpak this prophecie
To ſeuin Doctouris in ſcience was ſa ſure.

Howbeit he was in zouth and tender age
God of his grace had geuin him mair knawledge
In wit, Science, hid with ſubtilitie,
Nor to thir ſeuin quhome this Queene wois allenge

Into hir Castll Inferrit upon fulage.
Quha the Empreour cauſit againe to ſe
And knaw the caus of his Infirmitie
Sa erreptioun thair is of perſonage
In ſicht of God he geuis his grace ſa fre.

Nowbeit this Chylde in tender zeiris was zing
The berray treuth zit he ſchew to the King
Quhat was the caus of all his Maladie,
And how the well vnder his hed vid ſpring
Throw quhais ſpringis culd him to blindnes bring
Quhilk was not knawin bot to this childe trewlie
Quhairby we may perſaue for veritie
The grace of God is gottin for na thing,
Quha lift it ſeik with all humilitie.

Now in digging ſum takis ſa greit pleſure
Quhill at the laſt biggis him ſelf to the dure
Sum bringis ane ſtaffe for to brek his awin hed
Euin ſa ze ſe thir Doctouris tuik labour
To bring this Chylde vnto the Empreour,
Quhome throw he gat of his ſeikines remed.
Bot zit this Chylde gart thame all ſeuin thoill ded.
It is oft ſene I ſay the veirly brother
That euerie ſwik oft tymes beſwikis vther.

Thir ſeuin Doctouris quhairof now ſpeikis our Quene
As ſcho Inferris, thay haue all Traitouris bene,
Quha deuylit the Kingis Infirmitie
Be traitourie hid haldin and vnſene
To be gydaris of his Realme thay did mene
And haue thairof the haill Authoritie
Bot na way ſa of our Maiſteris mene we
For thay did nocht bot as thay war deſprit,
Be the Empreour, and his counſall requprit.

Thairfoir this Quene ſcho ſuld na credence haue
Scho is ane ſop of ſorrow to diſſaue
Ane menſles monſture, ane mirrour of miſchance
Ane patent port to All ze may perſaue,
Ane thriftles thing quhen ſcho beginnis to raiſ,
Full of diſſait, with fenzeit fals pleſance,
Ane twme trattillar, to bring hame All tythance
Ane maine Truſkour, ane talker out of tune,

And ſall

And fall forthink hir talk or all he done.

¶Ane reproche to the Emprice for hir laſt Taill.

O FRAGILL fleſche of hell, with flatterie euer fenzeis
Ane Kingdome thow wald quell, thow groūder of gillenzeit
We ſall hald in thy renzeis, becaus thow raiſis vnrockit,
And check zow into chenzeis, vp be the chaftis chockit,
Ouir lang ze haue vs mockit, bot zit the day will cum
Zour culum ſalbe knockit, quhen he ſpeiks that is dum.

¶The Taill of the Fourt Maiſter.

VPON a time thair was ane eldering Knicht
Wiſe and wittie, full of riches and micht.
Had leuit furth mony dayis of his life,
Without children, Lemman or maryit wife.
Diuers times his freindis come him till,
To ſe gif it was his pleſure and will
To tak ane wife, and barnis to furth bring.
Throw thair counſall he grantit to ſic thing.
Sa at the laſt thay gat his wife to be
The Prouoſtis dochter of all that greit Cietie,
Quhilk was richt riche, weill fauourit and fair
Weill maid at will and was hir Fatheris air.
Fra he hir ſaw, he was ſa tane in luſe,
That he his hart fra hir culd not remuſe.
Thocht luſe & fauour betuix them micht be ſene
Zit all thair ſpace na barnis was them betuene
Unto the Kirk as ſcho paſt throw the ſtreit,
With hir Mother ſcho hapnit for to meit.
Ather vther hailſit with greit blythnes,
And ſa began to talk in mirrines.
The Mother ſaid, my dochter tell me how
Ze pleis zour ſpous, or how dois he to zow?
Scho ſaid richt Ill, and not with him content,
For he is auld, febill, and Impotent.

Quhen ze me staikit vpon sa auld ane sick,
I wald but dout ze had me buryit quick:
For or I come with him in naikit bed
To be drownit I had rather be led:
Or ly with swyne, or I lay be his syde,
My fleshe it vggis quhen y' I tuitche his hyde
Hald me excusit I pray zow hartlie Mother,
For it is force that I mon haue ane vther.
The Mother said my gude douchter and deir,
Heir I the pray sic fulischnes forbeir.
Mith zour Father mony zeiris I haue bene,
Sic thing of me was neuer hard nor sene.
Mother scho said, of that na meruell is,
For ze twa met in zouthheid Joy and blis.
And sa Ilk ane togidder had solace,
It is not sa with me into this race.
Or I him gat ze ken his strenth was gane,
He lyis as still beside me as ane stane:
For he is waik, auld, cauld, waistit and dry,
And as ze ken Mother sa am not I:
Bot in my flouris, of zouthheid blumand greene
Compair thairfoir is not vs twa betweene.
Of his bodie I can get na solace,
To me thairfoir it is ane heuie race.
Scho said douchter gif sic thow hes in minde,
And to fulage thy hart is sa Inclinde.
Tell me thy minde without fenzeing in breist,
Quhõe will thow luke (quod scho) mother a preist
The Mother said, gif sic thow wald desire,
I think les sin to luke ane nobill Squire.
Or ane gay Knicht, nor a Preist to thy luke,
Scho said Mother, thairin I zow reprute.
Gif that I lude a Knicht or zit a Squyre,
Mithin

Within schort time of my luke thay wald tyre.
And tell ouir all into thair merines,
And sa me schame, to my greit lichtlynes.
It is not sa ze ken with men of Kirk,
For with wisdome and wylines thay wirk.
And is als laith thair honestie to tine,
In sic affairis, as I wald to do mine:
And counsall keip als quytlie vnschamit,
As ze or I, with our spous wald be blamit.
Also Kirkmen bene mair kinde to thair lusis,
Than vtheris ar, als weill the prettick prusis.
Scho said dochter heir my gude counsall now
And it sall be ane gude profite for zow.
Auld men ze ken ar wonder cautelus,
Wylie and fell, and richt outrageus.
In ane maner ze sall zour husband preif,
Him for to temp, or anger him or greif.
Than gif ze chaip but reprute or smyting,
Luke quhome ze pleis, at zour lust and lyking.
The dochter said, sa lang I may not byde,
In all gude haist sum luke I mon prouyde.
God hes me send sa vnhappie ane weird,
That I can get na solace in this eird.
And ze zour self Mother aswell ze ken
Quhat Ill occurris to want plesure of men
And I rather drink water for ane zeir,
Or I sa lang plesure of men forbeir.
The Mother said dochter for my blyssing,
Byde quhill thow preif or temp him w^t^ sū thing
For zour blyssing scho said I will do mair
Bot him to preif, I pray zow to declair.
In quhat fassoun, or quhat way it may be
Scho said dochter that sall I haistelie.

In zour Orchard thair is ane tre that standis,
The maik thairof thay say is in sew landis.
In quhilk zour spous hes greit luke and lyking,
Await sum day quhen he gais in hunting.
Caus the same tre Incontinent be cuttit,
And bring it hame or euer zour husband wit it.
Thairof mak fyre agane his cũming hame,
Than gif ze chaip without reprufe or blame,
At zour plesure than ze may tak the Preist,
This will ze do for zour Motheris requeist.
Scho said Mother zour counsall I will do
Howbeit in treuth I am richt laith thairto.
Ilk ane hame past vnto thair awin ludgeing,
The Knicht meruellit of his wifes tarying.
Scho said gude Schir as I went west the streit,
With my Mother on chance thair euld I meit.
Scho speirit at me gif ze war in glaidnes,
I said euin sa, and than hame did me dres.
Efter denner the King past in hunting,
Bot his gude wife thocht on ane vther thing.
And thocht that hir purpois suld cum to end,
Incontinent for the Gardner scho send.
Quhome to scho said cut down this tender tre,
That I thairof may mak on haistelie:
Ane greit warme fire agane my Lords cũming
He will beliue cum hame from the hunting.
This day is sour, sa wonder schairp and cauld,
And as ze knaw he is febill and auld.
Quhen he cũmis hame that he sall not want fire
Thairfoir cut doun and ze sall haue zour hire.
To quhome he said, saif zour plesure Madame,
Cut we this tre but dout we will get blame.
For zour husband far better lufis this tre

Ten

Ten times ouir, than all the treis heir be,
Bot not the les Madame at zour desire
Uther fallin wod I sall get to be fire.
Quhairof my Lord (quod he) will stand content
Nay, nay (said scho) cut doun Incontinent.
He said na way this tre I will destroy,
For it will put my Maister to greit noy.
Scho heiring that, he wald not do command,
The Gardnaris Ax, scho hint into hir hand.
The tender tre scho cuttit at the rute,
That fra thine furth it suld neuer haue frute.
Cauſit seruandis the samin hame to beir,
Of hir husband thairof taking na feir.
The Knicht at euin fra hunting cũming hame,
Hunting the wylde in Forest with the tame.
His wife him met, and said gude Schir I knaw
Ze ar werie and wonder cauld with aw,
I cauſit to big ane fire to zow thairfoir,
To mak zow cherie, and mirrie be the moir.
I thank zow dame said he with all my hart,
Get I gude cheir, than ze sall haue zour part.
Than in he come, and sat doun on ane bink,
Befoir the fire, and cryit for meit and drink.
Quhilk in all haist to him richt sone was brocht
And thairof drãk blythlie quhil he gude thocht.
In the meane time the smell persauit he
Of his zoung plant, and best belouit tre.
To him he callis the Gardnair richt sone,
And said mischant, quhat hes thow to me done?
Weill I persaue my plant birne in the fire,
Thairfoir at me thow hes not seruit thy hyre.
He said my Lord, it is trew that ze tell,
Nane did that turne bot zour awin wife hir sell.

Than said the Knicht I wait that can not be.
That my awin wife wald do sic thing to me,
For weill scho knew that tre I luffit best,
Be twentie fauld nor I did all the rest.
I wait scho wald neuer consent thairtill,
Becaus scho knew that it was not my will.
Scho said gude Lord I cry zow heir mercie,
For it was I that cuttit doun the trie.
Knawing richt weill ze war werie forgane,
Cauld, waik & tyrit, and gude fire had we none
And I did it zour curage to refreschie,
To mak zow blyith, and to comfort zour fleschie
That was the caus I gart this fire on mak,
Onlie for zow, and for nane vthers saik.
Quhen the Knicht hard it was the samin tre,
Unto his wife he said richt angerlie:
O wickit wife how durst ze be sa bald,
To cut the tre, that I in na wayis wald
Sene bene cut doun for greit riches and rent,
I mak ane vow ze sall it sair repent.
And knawing weill, I lude it all the best,
Ze haue me maid ane fault richt manifest.
Quhen that scho saw hir husband discontent,
Than scho began to weip and als lament.
On fenzeit sort hir self for to excuse,
At sicklike time as wemen oft times dois,
Schir I it did for zour vtilitie,
And ze it takis agane ouir crabitlie.
For I beleuit to win thairthrow gude deid
And now I get greit magrie to my meid
For it that I do euer for the best
Ane reuin rewaird I get ay reddyest.
I had rather be brint intill ane coill

Nor

Noꝛ foꝛ gude minde ſic outrage foꝛ to thoill.
Than ſcho began to weip and mak murning,
Incontinent the Knicht that perſauing,
And ſa at ſchoꝛt was mouit with mercie,
And ſaid my Joy, ꝛour murning now lat be.
In time cũming ſe that ꝛe not me mufe
To diſpleſure noꝛ hurt the thing I lufe.
Thairfoir be war, the dayis of ꝛour lifetime,
That neuer agane ꝛe commit ſic a crime.
As foꝛ this time heir I foꝛgiue ꝛow clene,
Ceis weip na mair, be ſtill and dꝛy ꝛour Ene.
Than the nixt day to Kirk ſcho went agane,
Yet hir mother, quhome of ſcho was richt fane,
Gude moꝛne mother (quod ſcho) wt hart & bꝛeiſt
Now weill aneuch faith I may lufe the Pꝛeiſt.
And I haue done euin as ꝛe counſallit me,
My handis cut doun his beſt belouit tre,
Sa ꝛour counſall I did intill all thing,
Bot fra he ſaw that I maid ſic murning
He chereiſt me, and hes foꝛgeuin me quyte,
Thairfoir Mother put me not in the wyte
Howbeit I lufe the Pꝛeiſt with all my hart,
Foꝛ my gude man he keipis me not a part.
The Mother ſaid thocht auld men anis foꝛgeif,
In time cũming efter and ꝛe thame greif:
Thay will trewlie pans the nixt fault agane,
And puneis it perchance with dowbill pane.
My counſall is temp him ane vther tyde,
Allace Mother (quod ſcho) I may not byde.
Foꝛ I ſuffer mair pane foꝛ ꝛone ſame Pꝛeiſt,
Noꝛ I can ſchaw oꝛ think into my bꝛeiſt.
Aperdone me my ſweit Mother thairfoir,
Of ꝛour counſall now I will tak no moir.

The Mother said, for the luke thow suld haue
To me, beraus my Cors did the consaue:
Of my bosum, as ane Bab did the beir,
And for the blyssing of thy Father deir:
In this behalf zit temp him anis agane,
Gif ze get quyte than I forgiue zow plane,
To luke the Preist, or ony that ze pleis,
Scho said that taill to me dois greit diseis,
Fra my plesure for to remaine sa lang,
Forsuith Mother ze ar sa far in the wrang.
Neuertheles for my Fatheris blyssing
Zit anis agane I sall giue him temping.
How it sall be, first ze mon to me schaw,
All the sassoun I pray zow lat me knaw.
Zour husband hes (quod scho) ane litill hound
He will not cois for mony merk and pound,
He lufis sa weill, that nichtlie in his bed,
He makis his couche, and with fine meit is fed
With his awin hands, se ze the same hound keil
Befoir his Ene, sa ze may wit richt weill
This being done, be ze not puneist than,
Go luke the Preist, or ony vther man
I gif zow leif, I sall zow neuer blame,
Sa it be not to zour greit sin and schame.
Scho said Mother I will zour counsall do
At this present, quhat ze will charge me to.
For thair is not ane barne I wait leuand,
Sa faine wald keip of my eild the command
Of hir parents, and now withouttin skaith,
I will obtene the blyssing of zow baith.
And now Mother remember in zour thocht
For zour blyssing I did ellis wald I nocht.
And than scho said my sweit Mother adew,

Quhat

Quhat thocht I haue I pray God gif ze knew.
Than come scho hame and put of as scho micht
That langsum day, quhill it come to the nicht.
And sa at euin commandit that hir bed,
With purpour clais and silk suld be ouir spred.
Quhilk the seruandis at hir command hes done
With costlie clais the bed thay spred it sone.
And quhen the bed was this at reddy maid,
The litill hound thairon hes him doun laid.
As his custome was and conswetude,
Als the gude wife knew weill that he wald dude
And vp scho rais with minde malitious,
With haitrent hart and vult richt venemous.
Be the hind heillis this hound than did scho tak
And all his harnis out on the wall scho straik.
Sayand quhat deuill dois this tyke on our bed,
That is sa riche and all with silks ouirspred.
Quhen the Knicht saw his litil houd was slane
Fra crabitnes na way he culd refrane.
Bot till his wife with angrie hart can say,
Wickit woman out of my sicht away:
How culd thow find into thy cruell minde,
To sla the hound that to me was sa kinde?
And ouir all hounds wt my awin hart was lusit
O wickit wife Mahoun thy hart hes musit,
To do sic thing, and me to Ire Increes,
O curst catiue wo to thy cruelnes.
Scho said gude man haue ze not richt weil sene
How this foull tyke with his feit sa vnclene
Upon our bed hes lyne and fylit the same
Haue ze plesure thairof or ony game,
Foull traikit tykis vpon our bed to ly,
Thocht ze pleis sa, the same zit pleis not I,

To spill our bed that is sa precious,
Couerit with clais sa clene and curious.
With his foull feit cum new furth of the myre,
I rather haue brint the bed and all in fyre.
Than said the Knicht with ane angrie visage,
Knew thow not weill, that I had greit curage
Into ane Leische my hound for to se led,
Ane hunder times, nor lying in my bed.
I rather geuin all my hors quhair thay stand
Or ze had tane sic wickit deid in hand.
Than quhen scho saw the Knicht sa discontent,
And in sum part raisit in matalent:
To weip and rair in all haist scho began,
Sayand allace that euer I knew ane man.
For quhen I was into my virgine flouris
I knew nathing of thir schairp winter schouris
For ony tyme in this wise to be schorit,
Quicke in my graue I had rather be smorit.
For all that I for the best dois pretend,
Ze ay alledge that I thairin offend.
Howbeit my minde be euer trew and gude
I get na thank, this schortlie I conclude.
Than this auld Knicht persaving the greit cair
Weiping, murning, with reuthfull hart & sair
As he beleuit, he said lat be sic thing,
And at this time ze mak na mair murning,
I pardone zow, vnder protestatioun
In time cūming ze mak na occasioun,
Ye for to mute to anger or to Ire,
For gif ze do, at sum time I will tyre.
Ze knaw richt weill ze cuttit doun the tre,
And now at schort my hound ze haue gart die.
Do not siclike I hartlie zow requeir,

For gif

For gif ze do, na mair I can forbeir
To puneis zow, for all that is gane by
To the vtrest remember weill sall I.
Thairfoir be war mak me not discontent
At zow na mair, and sa to bed thay went.
Sa on the morne at time vp sone scho rais
With mirrie minde, and put on all hir claiſ.
Went to the Kirk, and sa hir Mother met
Beleuing weill of hir gude leif to get:
To luke the Preist, and fyld hir husbandis bed,
Bot as God wald sic thing was na thing sped
Thay hailsit vther as thay thocht best be done,
And in talking togidder thay fell sone.
Scho said Mother ouir lang for zour requeist,
I haue the luke forletit of the Preist.
For now I haue temptit my husband twyis
Hangit be I quhen that I tempt him thryis,
Be zour counsall ane greit thing I haue done,
By my consait mony stages abone.
For as ze bad I cuttit doun his trie,
And now laitlie I gart his gude hound die.
And baith thir faultis he hes forgeuin me quyte
In time cũming to me ze put na wyte.
With all my minde and hart within my breist,
In all gude haist I will ga luke the Preist.
The Mother said I pray the douchter deir,
With patience twa wordis thow wald me heir
It is weill knawin with ma nor I can tell.
That ay auld men ar sle and cruell,
And will think on vpon faultis done beforr,
Howbeit sum time thay wil not chyde nor schoir
For it is said, and als richt weill I wait,
That crueltie it is appropriat

To eldering Knichtis y' in zouth hes bene kene,
Sine in thair eild thay turne to tray and tene.
And foz sum fault will puneis with rigour,
As thay in minde it takis in displesour.
Zit my counsall thairfoir I wald thow did,
And thairefter I sall the not forbid:
Luke quhome thow lift, oz quhome y" lykis to luke
Thair is my hand I sall the not repzuke.
Zit temp him anis as we can best deuise.
Foz it is said that all things thzyfis bot thzise.
Scho said Mother I heir zow talk in vane,
Knew ze the thocht and nichtlie burning pane,
That I suffer continuallie in hart,
I wait ze wald not tak my contrapart.
Ze ar Mother ane woman as I am,
Quhat wald ze say gif ze wantit the game
Of my Father, that ze richtlie bzuik,
Foz ane new luke but dout sone ze wald luik.
With all zour pith the same ze wald purches,
And haist the same with all zour beslnes.
Into this cace now put zour minde to rest,
To luke the Pzeist gude faith I think it best.
Scho said dochter foz the greit pane and cure
I had of the, that time quhen I the bure.
And foz the fude thairof quhilk that the fed,
I the beseik fyle not thy husbandis bed.
Till the thzid time, I pzay the him to pzuke,
As thow will haue my blissing and my luke.
Deny me not this sober small petitioun,
And I pzomeis to the ane sure conditioun.
I sall furth set and further thy Intent,
To thy plesure, and als Intandement.
And neuer say that thow hes done ane mis,
My sweit dochter I pzay the grant me this.

As

As thow will haue my blissing on thy banis,
My small desire I pray the grant me anis.
The dochter said, Mother I zow declair,
The mater is to me sa sad and sair,
That I may not sa lang abstene thairfra,
Zit not the les sa Inwartlie ze pra:
For the greit charge first that ze say to me,
And sine agane ze haue promeist trewlie
Into this race to further furth my raus,
Gif I had neid the richteous God it knawis
Thairfoir schaw me the maner and the way,
How I sall temp him to the thrid effray.
The Mother said on Sonday nixt cūmand
I knaw richt weill the minde of zour husband.
To haue vs all to dine is his Intent,
With mony freindis, that nane be thair absent,
With diuers ma gude men of this Cietie,
Than quhen ze ar all at zour Maiestie,
With all zour meitis weill seruit at the Tabill
At the burde heid to sit ze ar richt abill.
Ane key ze sall into the buirdclaith knit,
Quhilk at zour belt dois hing, not latting wit
That ze did sa, bot as it come on chance
Saying furth plane with ane fair countenance,
Ze may persaue sa forzetfull ane wife,
As I am now I traist be not on life.
In my Chalmer my knife I haue forzet,
Force I mon rise, the saue agane to get.
Than sall ze zise with ane faird haistelie,
Na man knawing quhair that ze knit zour kie.
Sa it being knit into the buirdclaith fast,
Than sall ze all the meit and tabill doun cast.
On this fassoun all zour meit salbe spilt

With displesure, and all zour Maistrie gilt.
Ze doing sa, vnpuneist gif ze be,
To luke the Preist, faith heir I mak zow fre.
Scho said foz anis zour counsall sall I preif,
Bot neuer agane, sa lang as I may leif.
Foz zour counsall I haue done far ouir micht,
And sa ather at vther tuke gude micht.
Within few dayis the Feist was preparit
Aboundantlie and foz na coist thay sparit,
The Father, Mother, and freindis of honestie,
On euerie side war callit thair to be.
The Tabill couerit, and all set doun to dine,
The meitis come, richt delicate with wine.
All being set, as it culd best effeir
The gude wife cryit Ilk man to mak gude cheir
At the buird heid scho sat hir awin self doun,
Hir Mother weill persauit the fassoun.
Quhat hir dochter wald do richt weil scho knew
Beleuing weill the same thing scho wald rew.
Sa the gude wife ane bonie lytil kie
Hang at hir belt scho knit richt quyetlie.
That nane persauit, noz knew hir fals Intent,
Bot this scho said to all the burde present.
Gif I be wise, now ze may all persaue,
In my Chalmer my knife fozzet I haue.
Quhilk I mon fetche, & with ane faird vprais,
And with ane tit tuik with hir the buird clais.
The Tabill turnit, and all the meit doun flang
Allace scho said faith now I haue done wrang
I sair repent, that I sa schoztlie rais
The meit is spilt, and fylit ar all clais.
The Knicht changeit countenance in his face,
And smylit foz scozne that sa occurrit the cace.
And

And sufferit ouir with blyith dissimulance.
To treit his gaistis with ane gude countenance
And commandit ane new Tabill be set
With new Maipzie, and vther coursis get.
And prayit his gaistis for to be blyith and glaid
Howbeit his Tabill was reckleslie doun laid.
Incontinent freschе meitis was brocht anone,
To new denner with blyithnes ar thay gone.
For all thing done not musing him nathing,
Nor to his wife ane Ill word not saying.
Making gude cheir to all the companie,
With mirrynes welcūmand thame glaidlie.
Bot the Mother knawing weill the Intent,
Of the dochter, was wonder discontent.
The denner done, thay thankit all the Knicht
And als his wife, & bad them baith gude nicht
On the nixt morne the Knicht airlie he rais,
In name of God, first to the Kirk he gais.
And efter he had his deuotioun done,
To ane Barbour but tarie past he sone.
Saying Maister ar ze gudlie expart,
In blude latting, or Insicht in that Art?
He said gude Schir I am expart trewlie
Of euerie vaine within a mannis bodie,
I knaw richt weill, or zit in ane woman,
In drawing blude thairof greit craft I can.
Than said the Knicht thairof I am content,
Cum on with me and ze sall haue payment.
Sa the Barbour hame with the Knicht he wēt,
And be the gait he tauld him his Intent.
And sa thay come vnto the Knichtis ludgeing,
Quhair his wife lay, sone thay gat entering.
He said gude dame get vp for ze mon rise,

Quod scho gude Schir, forsuith its not the gise
Sa sone to rise, say ze that for ane mock?
It is scarce zit nyne houris gane of the clock.
Thā said ye Knicht dame rise for zour awin gude
On baith the armes ze mon be lattin blude.
Scho said gude Schir sen my Mother me bair
Blude vpon me was lattin neuer mair.
And now thairof sen I want conswetude,
I haue na will for to be lattin blude.
Than said the Knicht, forsuith ze ar the war,
To lat zow blude sa lang that ze defar.
Think ze not on quhat faultis ze haue maid me
First ze hewit doun my Nobill plant and tre.
Quhilk ze knew weill that I lude all the best,
And sine ze knaw how that my hound ze dryst.
And zisterday zour freindis being present,
At the Tabill sa cruellie me schent.
Gif I suffer that ze do the court wrang,
In conswetude and vse sa ze sall gang.
Within schort time ze sall me sa constrane,
To vtter schame, that I can noe refrane:
My self fra schame, without I find remeid,
And I find weill sum fault is in zour heid:
Of corrupt blude, that mon be lattin out,
And als wilde blude in zour bodie but dout.
That fra thine furth ze sall na mair beir blame
Nor anger me, nor zit put me to schame.
He cauſit seruandis but ony mair abaid
In the Chalmer ane greit fire to be maid.
Scho seing that scho trowit without remeid
Into that fire for to be brint to deid.
Thā cryit scho loud for Gods saik grant mercie
And I promit zow a thing faithfullie.

In all

In all my dayis I sall zow neuer greik,
Sa this ane time that ze will me releik.
And haue pietie, I grant I did trespas,
Thairfoir gude Schir mercie at zow I as.
Than said the Knicht be him that mercie maid
Streich ze not furth zour arme but mair abaid:
Quhair I Intend bot of zour blude haue part,
I sall haue all the hart blude at zour hart.
To the Barbour also he said in plane,
Se that ze cut ane greit hoill in the vane.
Or be Sanct George the same thing ze sall haue
For zour rewaird, that scho suld now ressaue.
The Barbour seeing he gat sa sair ane charge,
He maid ane woūd, that was baith deip & large
On that ane arme, quhill that the blude ran doū
Aboundantlie, and with greit effusioun.
Quhilk for to stanche the Knicht wald nathing
Bot rather bad mak mair larger the hoill (thoil
Unto the time he saw hir change cullour,
That wound to stanche he causit the Barbour
And bad him strike into that vther arme,
Als grit ane woūd, quhairof he thocht na harme.
Scho said husband haue mercie now on me,
I am sa waik, I traist schortlie to die.
Thā said the Knicht ze suld haue thocht on this
Anis, twise, thrise, quhen ze committit mis.
Quhilk causis me richt sair aganis my will,
Of zour wilde blude sa mekill to se spill,
For I sure zow he leuis not vpon life,
That wald haue drawin sa much blude on my
Except myself thairto had geuin consent, (wife
But dout that ane of vs suld sair repent.
Bot at this time zour awin licht wilfulnes,

Pes cauſit me on this maner zow dres.
For ze haue done ſic wickit turnis thre,
Quhairfoir but dout that puneiſt ze mon be.
Than the Barbour cauſit hir lay furth on breid
That vther arme, that he micht caus hir bleid.
And than he straik vpon that vther ſide
Into hir arme ane wound baith deip and braid
Quhill that the blude aboundantlie ran doun,
That all beleuit that ſcho ſuld fall in ſwoun.
Mith ane waik voice ſcho cryit richt pieteouſlie
My ſweit huſband haue mercie now on me.
For I beleue beraus I am zour wife
Ze couet not that I ſuld loiſ the life.
Than ſaid the Knicht to the Barbour agane
I think it beſt that now ze ſtanche zone vane
Now preſentlie, na mair ze lat it bleid,
The Barbour ſaid, ſa ſall I Schir in deid.
That being done, the Knicht he gaue command
To his ſeruandis, that thay ſuld ſone fra hand
Put hir in bed that ſcho micht get ſum reſt,
The Barbour ſaid gude Schir I think that beſt.
Than bad his wife remember in hir minde,
In time bygane ſa Ill ſcho was Inclinde.
And mis amend, or I hecht be the Rude,
Do ze not ſa, I ſall ſe zour hart blude.
Than the Barbour at this gude eldering knicht
Reſſauit his wage, and at him tuik gude nicht.
Than the ſeruandis in minde thay thocht it beſt
Thair awin huſie to put hir to ſum reſt.
Sa in hir bed thay happit hir eſilie,
Quhen thay beleuit nathing bot hir to die.
Scho being laid ſa ſoftlie in hir bed,
Heuie at hart, richt faint and all forbled.

Ane

Ane damisell scho bad into all haist,
Fetche hir Mother or scho zeildit the Gaist.
Quha in all haist that to hir Mother tald
Zour dochter the spreit scho will vpzald.
And cum ze not, I say to zow trewlie,
Scho is sa faint, we trow all scho sall die.
Than the Mother Inquyrit secreitlie
Quhat was the caus of hir Infirmitie.
The damisell to hir the fassoun said,
Quhairof ye Mother was wonder blyith & glaid
That hir dochter sa trimlie was correctit,
Howbeit that scho the samin not suspectit.
Sa on scho come vnto hir dochters place,
To considder the fassoun and the race.
And als sone as scho hard hir Mother speik,
My sweit Mother (said scho) I zow beseik,
To set zow doun and rest at my bed heid,
For I beleue na thing bot onlie deid.
Of my bodie so muche blude I haue bled,
That I on force behuisit to tak bed.
Thzow verie fault of febilnes of blude,
That of my lifc I trow to be denude.
The Mother said, my sweit dochter and deir,
Tauld I zow not ane word was not in weir:
That ay auld men was schairp bitter and fell,
Richt outrageous, dispitefull and cruell.
Howbeit sum time a fault thay wald ouirse.
Zit at the last thay wald it puneis hie.
My dochter now ane question I will speir,
Howbeit ze be richt waik now lyand heir.
Tell me the treuth and oppin to me zour breist,
In time cūming gif ze will luke the Preist.
Quha said agane, allace Mother lat be,

Ane warldis schame mot tak all Preistis for me
The heich vengeance of the greit God abuke,
Mot quell thame all or I ane of thame luke.
Bot my husband that is baith deir and sweit,
Thair is na man in warld for me sa meit.
The Mother said, quhy suld ze haue dispite
At the pure Preist or giue him ony wite:
For I beleue zour minde he neuer knew,
Nor in sic cace he did zow not persew.
Bot weil I knaw quhat thing y^t gart zow dude,
The wantones and aboundance of blude.
Quhilk I beleue at this time now ze want,
For ze behude haue sum thing zow to dant.
Mother (said scho) I pray zow let me rest,
Abone all men my husband I think best.
The Maister said than to the Empreour,
Schir haue ze tane this taill weill in ordour:
And considerit thairof the morall sence,
The Empreour said Maister be my conscience
It is the best and wonder lefull taill
That I haue hard this mony zeir but faill.
To hir husband scho did schrewde turnis thre,
First scho cuttit his nobill tender tre:
Sine slew his houd quhilk was bot a dum beist
And than thridlie miskassonit all the Feist.
Gif he had thoillit the fourt for to bene done,
It suld haue brocht him to confusioun sone.
The Maister said I counsall zow heirfoir,
Tent to zour wife, gif hir credence no moir.
Sla ze zour sone (for hir wordis) vnoffendit
Ze sall forthink quhen ze can not amend it.
The Empreour said, I say to zow trewlie,
My sone this day for zour saik sall not die.

The

The Maister said, I thank zour Nobill grace,
That for my saik hes pardonit him sic space.
Sa tuik his leif, as culd him weill effeir,
And sa hamewart to his awin hous culd speir.
Or we proceid now to the Empryce taill
Sum we will talk of the Doctouris but faill.

¶MORALITAS.

ZE may persaue now be this taill
Gude counsall is of greit auaill
Quha that will tak it weill in held
Fra vice to vertew it sall him leid
And ay be reulit with ane gude reid,
This is forsuith but faill.

Gude counsall is ane precious thing
Outher to Empreour or King
It lattis all thing for to ga wrang
The King nor Empreour neuer rang
And gif thay want gude counsall lang
Mith reule thay sall not ring.

All greit perrellis it settis on syde
Mith wisdome it vois all prouyde,
God it grantis to all degreis
Bot mony sa fast fra it fleis
Quhill thay be set vpon thair kneis
Thay haue na grace to gyde.

This zoung woman had sair offendit
Gif hir Mother had condiscendit
To hir dochteris vnwise consait,
In hir contrair scho maid debait
And gart it gang ane vther gait
Gude counsall sa defendit.

The Mother was greit till allow,
That causit hir dochter till hir how,
Throw gude counsall anis, twyse and thryse,
Saying dochter and thow be wyse
Tak not in hand sic Interpryse
Except thow it auow.

And sa he counsall of hir Dame
Scho continewit hir glaskit game
Howbeit scho rang in rampand rage,
Gude counsall caussit hir to asswage,
Quhill that the Barbour for his wage
Maid hir meik as a Lam.

Say ze not bot it was despyte
First cut the tre, the hound to smyte,
Syne cast the Cabill sa reklessie
Now can scho wessl excusit be
Scho was wyteles a lytill we
Mantonnes bad the wyte.

And heit of blude was aboundant,
Quhairof sum part scho micht wessl want
Hir husband than tusk wessl in hed
Now he thairof suld get remed
Quhair hir blude was he lad cauld led,
And this way culd hir dant.

Sa quhen the Mother come to se
Quhidder gif scho wald lesk or die
Quha said dochter for my requeist
Now lay thy hand to thy awin breist
And se gif thow wiss luse the Preist
Cels Mother lat that be.

For had not bene zour gude counsell
But recure I had schamit my sell,
And as ze ken I was richt thra
For all zour sawis, to cum thairfra,
Now thankis to God it is not sa,
Gude counsall beiris the bell.

The Preist of all this was wyteles
Of my baudrie and brukilnes
For he thairof neuer thing knew
Nor I to him sic thing not schew
Bot was in purpois to persew
Thairfoir he was saikles.

Zoung wemen heirfoir in zour flouris
Thocht ze think pryde of Paramouris

Tak heir

Tak heir exampill how I am,
And set on syde sic saworeles game
Or ze sall sair repent the same
The tyme was myne as zouris.

Ze auld men that ar cum to age
Zoung women into Mariage
In na maner is for zow meit
Thay ar wantoun and full of heit
To zow is sour that thay think sweit
And skant to get for wage.

Chairfair in tyme ze suld correct thame
Mith aw and lauhour ze suld brek thame
Let thame not braull on euerie hink.
For as ze brew sa sall ze drink
Perchance haue mater to forthink
And greit caus to suspect thame.

To this talking ze suld tak tent
Or efterwart ze sall repent
Quhen ze ar maid Johne Thomsounis man
Than sall ze braull, than sall ze ban
And quhen remeid nane find ze can
Bot all with schame ouirschent.

Now ze ar warnit, I bid adew
Me ar ouir gude quhair we ar trew,
Chair is ouir few is faithfull found
Sum cuttis the tre, some killis the hound,
Sum cuttis the Tabill to the ground
As I did, that I rew.

¶Ane praise to the fourt Doctour.

LAVDE, honour, praise, and thankis ane hunder fald
To the Doctour for the Taill thow hes tald,
That sauit hes the Chyldis lyfe for ane day,
And quenched hes the Empreouris boist sa bald
In greit malice, quha that but mercie wald
His awin sone slaine, bot thow him cansit say nay
Thocht zone quick Feind dois all that euer scho may
To haue him slaine, bot we sall all defy hir
Within few dayis on reid weir we sall cry hir.

¶The Fyst Taill of the Empriee.

The Empriee heiring ye child zit was not deid
Ane new consait than taik scho in hir heid,
Throw all the toun gart sie in alkin artis
The carage hors yat wald draw wanis & cartis
And fillit the same with alkin kinde of geir,
Hir Ornamentis and claiis that scho suld weir.
Waid hir to pas vnto hir Father hame,
Saying scho wald na langer thoill sic schame.
As scho did daylie that all man micht se,
And thairupon culd not reuengeit be.
Quhairfoir scho wald at hir father seik mendis
Quhome on scho said all hir hope cleue dependis
The seruandis sa persauing hir Intent
To the Empreour thay schew Incontinent.
Quha past to hir in haist but mair preces
Inquirit the caus of all sic helines.
Quhair mark ze to, or quhidder will ze go
Quhat is the caus that ze ar muisit so?
Scho sayis I will but ony mair delay,
To my Father the hie gait mak the way.
Quhair I may haue baith solace mirth & game
Bot now I haue the contrair of the same.
Thairfoir I mon persew quhair I may get it,
For at this time ze gar me quyte forzet it.
The Empreour said will ze get mair solace
Nor bide with me, I trow into na place.
For I had hope thair was na man on life
Was better lude nor I with his awin wife,
Now I persaue the verray cleue contrair,
That bownis away in vther place to fair.
Scho said my Lord, for that caus I depart
For I luke zow with sa persite ane hart,

That

That I rather of zour deith to heir tell,
Nor be present, and for to se it my sell.
Of zour Maisteris ze tak far mair delite,
To heir thair taillis all tauld in my despite:
That I am quite put furth of zour credence
Ze gif to thame sa Inwart attendence.
Thairfoir it sall chance zow or all be gane
Far worse nor did vnto Octauiane,
Quhilk this Impire as ze now presentlie
Had for to gyde, and deit in miserie.
He was sa false, and als sa couetous,
That his subiectis held him sa odious.
Thay war constreanit for his greit falsitie
To eird him quick for all his dignitie,
Becaus Ilk man sa couetous did him hold,
Thay zet his mouth full of het melltit gold.
Quhome (quod he) let not sic thing be said,
That of falset the blame to me be laid.
Scho said but dout the blame lyis all in zow,
For day be day all time ze gar me trow
Zour Sone suld die, and zit he leuand is,
And weill ze knaw that he did me greit mis.
Thairfoir beleue that farther mair frome heure,
In that behalf I giue zow na credence.
The Empzeour said it becumis not ane King,
Without counsall to discuss euerie thing.
And in speciall for to giue Judgement
On my awin sons without gude auisement.
Thairfoir Madame I pray zow hartfullie,
That ze wald schaw sum gude exampill to me:
Quhairthrow I may my realme with wisdome
And to my self aue eik life prouyde. (gyde
Scho said I sall ane storis to zow schaw,

Quhairby ze may weill and perfitelie knaw
To reule zour Realme, and hald zour self perfite
Sa ze will mak zow of the seuin Maisteris quite
Of thair counsall ze ar ouir couetous
And of thair taillis ze ar ouir desirous.
Zit not the les my taill furth sall I say,
And gif ze pleis the sentence beir away.
BEfoir our dayis thair was baith hard & sene
Kingis, Empreouris into this toun hes bene
Amang the rest I remember on ane
Quhilk callit was to Name Octauiane.
Sa couetous as he was to win gold,
I neuer red ane forzmit on the mold.
The Cietizanis that time as I hard say
Thay had greit weiris with all about thē lay,
And all Natiounis richt cruellie thay dantit,
Quhair thay tribute or ony manrent wantit.
Quhill that it come to sic het point of weir.
That all Natiounis in thair contrair did steir.
In that meane time yair was ane maister Clark
Dwelling in Rome, richt cunning in his wark.
Callit Virgill, the quhilk in Arsmetrik,
He was sa sle, that nane was found him sik.
The Cietizanis this Clark thay did require,
That he wald wirk, & win fra thame gude hire
To finde sum way be his craft and cunning
For to Ingraue sum Image or sic thing,
Of his pretik, Ingine or Industrie,
Subtell science, or zit Nycromansie.
Quhairby yt thay micht haue perfite knawledge,
Quhen Enemeis to weirfair maid veyage:
And to eschew fra all aduersitie,
And seik forzdwart thair awin prosperitie.

Quhairby

Quhairby thay micht prouyde thair purueyāce
For gude or euill quhidder that it did chance.
The Cietizans than with this cunning Clark
Maid ane accord, and sa fell to his wark.
Within the toun he buyldit vp ane Towre,
Of ane greit hicht, and als of greit valour,
And set vpon the samin Towris heid,
Greit Images of Irne, Tin, bras and Leid.
To the number be thair awin discriptiounis,
As thair was than in all the warld of Regioūis
In the middis of that samin Towre of hicht,
Ane greit Image he set to all mannis sicht.
And in the hand it bure ane goldin ball,
As it suld bene the Maister of thame all.
And Ilk ane had of the rest be thame sell,
Into thair hand ane lytill ringand bell,
And turnit thair face to the same Regioun,
To thame assignit, and tuik dominioun.
Gif ony Realme or Regioun vp wald rise,
In contrair Rome, or rebell ony wise.
Than that Image to ony Ilk Regioun,
It had respect, or zit dominioun
Wald muse the face, and also ring the bell,
And thame to warne it wald not faill to tell
Than the Romanis or ony fais wist,
That rebellioun rais for to resist.
And armour them into all faitis of weir,
As thame become, or to thame culd effeir.
And sa small land thair was in Christindome
Bot be that way was maid subiect to Rome.
Quhairthrow yai wā grit worschip & honours
Duir all the warld thay war callit conquerours
This being done this nobill cunning Clark,

In Romes toun he maid ane vther wark.
Quhilk was ane fire continuallie burning,
Baith nicht and day, and neuer had slokning.
To the pepill being ane greit comfort,
Solace and mirth, blythnes and mekill sport.
Twa bathing fattis he maid within the toun,
To commountie greit consolatioun.
The ane was cauld, preparit for summer sessoun
The vther hot, for winter quhilk was resoun.
Gif ony man his bodie wald refresche,
Pas to that ane, thairwith he micht him wesche
Betuix thir Bathis, and this continuall licht,
Ane Image maid of greit stature and hicht.
Mith sic Ingine, sa lang as thair it stude
The fire suld birne, and ay the Bathis do gude.
In quhais forrheid was writin with letters fine
Quha strykis me doun greit treasure sal yai tine
And mair aboue it may fall sic ane chance,
Quhen yai haue done to tak ane greit vengeãce
This Image was maid with sic craftines,
Till that it stude, and thoilland na distres.
The fire lestit, and neuer mair zeid out,
The baths twa stude in yair awin ply but dout
Quhill at the last ane running Clerk cume by,
And this Image perfitelie culd eiye.
The wryting red, and to him self he said,
Quhat kin vengeance can on ane man be laid.
Or quhat treasure may ony man now tine?
That strykis the doun, or puttis the to ruine.
Bot I beleue rather hid for to be,
Under thy feit sum greit sowmes of monie.
Sum riche Iowellis of gold or sum treasour,
That thow art sa set vp with sic honour.

This

This I beleue, and is the liklyest,
And sa at schort that Image doun he kest,
To that effect sum treasure to obtene,
Bot nane he gat, becaus nane thair had bene.
Bot sa sone as that Image fell but dout,
Incontinent the fire was quenchit out.
The Baths twa was vanischit out of sicht,
Did neuer gude, nor efter had na micht.
The pure pepill heirof was wonder sorie,
That thay war sa destitute of sic glorie.
Baith of thair Baths, and of thair lestand licht
Quhilk to thame did greit comfort day & nicht
Saying Ilk ane with loude voice to the air,
Curst not he be for now and euer mair,
That vs sa quyte of comfort hes maid clene,
That we sa lang in consuetude hes bene.
For his plesure and profeit singulair,
Wo be to him with sturt and mekill cair.
Zit not the les thair treasure gat he none,
And our plesures all quyte away is gone.
In this meane time was leuand Kingis thre,
To quhome Romanis had done greit vilanie,
Be greit murther and malice thame molest,
With cruell weiris, and slauchter thame oppress
On quhome thay wald richt fane reuēgeit bene
Sa to counsall thir thre Kingis did conuene.
With yair Barrōus, yair Lords & yair knichts
And vthers men of greit wisdome and michts.
How that thay micht on Rome reuengeit be,
For thair slauchter and thair greit vilanie:
Unto thame done in diuers times went,
And culd na way on thame get assythment.
Quhen diuers dayis thay had at counsall bene

Sum of thame said this auaillis not ane prene,
Thair michtis is far abone all our puissance,
Thairfoir we think sum vther conuoyance:
We mon attempt, and new consaitis considder,
Thairfoir lat all our wittis now ga togidder.
Than four auld Knichtis y^t was of coūsall gude
Befoir thair King and Lordis vp thay stude,
Saying thir wordis we think we wirk in vane,
On this mater sa lang for to remaine.
For treuth it is quhil yair greit towre vpstandis
With Images and bellis into thair handis,
Quhilk warnis thē quhen ony Regioū will rise,
In thair contrair, than pas thay to deuise
Remeid thairfoir, quhat land aganis them steiris
With all defence, and cruell fait of weiris.
Sa we mon rin vpon ane vther burde,
Eschew the deip, and cast vs to the furde.
Than said the Kingis quhat think ze best to do.
Quod thay pleis ze our counsall to stand to,
Sa that ze will thairon to mak the coist,
We sall zow pleis, or ellis our heidis be loist.
Than said the Kingis for coist se ze not spair,
Thairof ze sall be answerit and far mair.
Than said the Knichtis for the mater standis thus
Ortauiane ze knaw is couetous,
And lufis gold ze ken abone measure,
Thairfoir he mon be blindit with treasure.
The sicht of gold will gar him sa Inclinde,
To all our sawis, he hes gold sa in minde.
Pakkit richt weill four Punsiounis to the heid
Ze mon furneis of cuinzeit gold sa reid.
With gude conuoy and ordourlie expence,
Quhill that we get the Empreouris presence.
This

This being done, get ze not zour Intent
We sall all four tine landis life and rent.
The Kingis said, go to it sall be done,
Thay maid forward, the gold was gottin sone
Four full punsiounis of gold that was sa bricht
To Romes toun thay brocht within the nicht.
Na mã knawing quhat thair within was closit
To thair purpois quhen yai thẽ thocht disposit
Thir four Punsiounis into four sundrie artis
In Romes toun thay hid at diuers partis.
Sum in Fuseis, in draw wellis and in dykis,
Laich in the eird, and sum thay sank in sykis.
This being done, thay come in quyetlie,
To thair hostage, and lay doun preuilie.
And on the morne at time of day thay rais,
With gude Intent, and to the Palice gais.
And sa belyue as thay past vp the streit,
It chancit thame the Empreour for to meit.
Thay hailsit him with reuerence as effeirit,
Agane at thame richt patientlie he speirit:
From quhẽce thay come, or quhat seruice culd do
To quhat science thay war maist abill to.
Quha answerit him into thair best maneir,
From far countreis to zour grace cũmin heir.
We ar spa men, suithsayaris and deuinouris,
To serue zour grace, and als zour counsallouris.
And can discus all dreames sa cunninglie,
And tell thairof the treuth and veritie.
And all hid geir that is put out of sicht:
We can it find, and thairto ga at richt.
Be our awin dreames our craftis and Ingine,
Thocht it war hid ane thousand zeiris sine.
And we haue hard that zour grace hes plesure

In sic behalfis, and thairon takis cure.
And gif zour grace at vs sic will require,
We ar reddy to fulfill zour desire.
Be day or nicht into all kinde of sort.
With hart and minde zour grace for to comfort.
The Empreour than considering in his minde,
How thir four men to sic thingis was Inclinde
And knew richt weill that into Romes Cietie
Greit sowmes of gold was hid richt quietlie.
Quhairof he culd get na perfite knawledge,
Except sic men as thir he had in wage.
Sa couetice and gredynes of geir,
Haistie credence, quhilk all men suld forbeir.
Blindit his thocht, and caufit his wittis forquey
Gart him ouir sone to thair bidding obey.
And sa at schort the Empreour is aggreit,
With thir four men, and faithfullie thame feit.
Quhome to he said, gude schirs I wil zow pruke
And gif ze be sic men for my behuke
As ze haue said, ze sall haue gude rewaird,
Ilk ane of zow but dout sall be ane Laird,
And Intreitit with thankis into my hous
Amang my Lordis, with giftis glorious.
Thay said agane and pleis zour Maiestie
Na mair rewaird at zour grace couet we
Bot the ane half of that we do obtene,
Under the eird, as sall be cleirlie sene:
Be our Ingine, our dreamis and our slichtis
Within few zeiris we mark to mēd zour michtis
The Empreour said go do as ze denise,
Ze tak on hand ane honest Interprise.
Than said thay all vnto the Empreour,
This nicht my Lord gif it war zour plesour:
To

To the eldest of vs four to grant leif,
His clene cunning the samin nicht to preif.
Be his awin dreame quhat he can comprehend
And quhat thairof sall be the finall end.
And thairefter we sall in dayis thre,
Schaw to zour grace thairof the veritie.
Quhat it betakins, and quhat thairof sall cum,
To zour plesure ze sall knaw all and sum.
The Empreour said, go to I am content,
Sa tuik gude nicht, and all four furth yai went
Merie in hart, richt wonder blyith and glaid,
Sa gude answer that thay obtenit had.
Past furth that time in scorne and derisioun,
Beleuing weill the greit towre to get doun.
Thre dayis and nichts being past and compleit
Thir four kest them with the Empreour to meit
The eldest said, and pleis zour Nobill grace,
To pas with vs, and we sall schaw the place
Quhair that ane twn of reid gold lyis hid
The Empreour said I will do as ze bid.
Than haistelie thay come vnto the place
The eldest said and pleis zour Nobill grace
As I beleue thair is of gold sa cleir,
Ane twn streik full in this place lyand heir.
Euin sa my dreame to me forsuith it schew,
And I dout not bot we sall find it trew.
Than thay all four to delf thay fell fra hand,
And as he said, richt sa the gold thay fand,
Quhilk dold beforr into the samin place
Thame selfis had hid, ago bot ane schort space
Zit not the les the Empreouris fantasie
Trowit thay had found the gold in veritie.
Quhilk quhen he saw, he was richt wōder glaid

With mirrie cheir, and to thame four he said,
Of this found gold the ane half ze sall haue,
The vther half I sall caus to resaue.
The nixt dreamer said to the Empreour,
Now fallis to me, gif it be zour plesour,
My nicht about to dreame gif I can find,
Duy mair gold, gif sum be left behind.
The Empreour said god send zow sic furtheräce
As this Ilk day zour brother gat throw chance
The nixt nicht come, and sielike did the day,
This nixt dreamer to the Empreour can say.
Be of comfort, and gif it pleis zour grace,
This nich I dreamit of mair gold in ane place
Quhilk in schort time zour nobil grace sal knaw
And godwilling the same sall to zow schaw.
And sa he did, quhairof he was richt blyith,
Quhome to glaidlie themprcour said ful swyith
Tak zour awin part, and I sall tak the vther,
For ze haue done als weill as did zour brother.
Sa did the thrid on the samin Ilk wise,
Alswa the fourt tuik the same Interprise.
Ilk ane of thame fand to the Empreour
Ane twn of gold, with riches and treasour.
Thay cauſit the King to thame giue confidence
As thay had found the gold be thair science
Them selfis did hide that gold vnder the groūd
And cauſit all trow the same that yai had found
The Empreour sa with gold he was begylit,
And with thair slicht and science was ouirsylit.
Notwithstanding the ane half he thame gaue
Na wayis traisting that he suld thame dissaue.
And quhen ather of thame had tane thair part
The Empreour was richt Iocund in his hart.
He

Ye thaune auancit, and said yai war maist trew
Of suithsayaris, that euer he zit knew:
And maist expart into thair awin science,
That euer was, be his Intelligence.
Thay persauing the Empreour was content
Of thair doingis, thay said with ane consent,
My Lord we haue Ilk ane our nicht about,
Dreamit our dreames, quhilk ze haue hard but
Of verie treuth, and hes preuit in deid (dout
Zit farthermair will ze thoill vs proceid,
That we all four togidder dreame this nicht
Sa sall our dreame haue the mair strēth & micht
Ile traist gif thair within this Cietie be
Ony hid gold, greit Iowellis or monie,
Ile sall it haue be our dreames and Ingine,
Thocht it war hid ane thousand zeiris sine.
Quhairthrow zour grace salbe enrichit wt gold,
That zour compair sall not be on the mold.
And we dout not, bot richt weill vnderstandis
That thair is gold ten thousand of thousandis
Within the wallis hid of the same Cietie,
Quhairof but dout gude knawledge get sall we.
The Empreour said go to I am content,
Sa that ze find quhair thair is gold and rent.
Thay tuik gude nicht all four and said adew
Except thē selfis was nane thair mindes knew.
Sa on the morne approching the nynt hour,
Thay come all four befoir the Empreour.
Quhome to thay said with gudlie countenance
My Lord be blyith, for we haue gude tythance.
For we all four hes dreamit this samin nicht
Intill our sleip we haue sene sic ane sicht,
Of birnand gold sa wonder greit plentie

So mucke at anis I trow few saw with Ee.
Will ze suffer the samin to be socht
To zour profeit but baid it sal be brocht.
Than sall ze haue of gold sic aboundance,
That all the warld for gold sall zow auance.
Of the greit Towze (quod thay) into the groūd
All this riches of gold is to be found.
The Empreour said the greit God me defend,
To sic ane wark that I neuer Intend.
The michtie towze quhair y' the Image standis,
For to put doun with ony mennis handis.
Quhilk was buyldit be Clerkis sa bountreous,
Sa done coistlie of sowmes sa sumpteous,
Als warnis vs be thair small bellis ringing,
Of enemeis gif thay be vprysing.
Of all Regiounis outher be far or neir,
Gif thay pretend aganis vs to mak weir.
Thairfoir I can be na way giue consent,
To steir that towze for ony gold or rent.
Thay said my Lord haue ze not found all trew,
That we all four in ony sort zow schew.
Ye said zour wit and science I commend,
And als zour treuth surelie I will defend.
Also zour craft, zour lawtie and honour,
Bot I can not consent to tuitche the towze:
Quhilk is to vs greit consolatioun,
I will not thoill na way to put it doun.
Thay said my Lord will ze giue vs credence,
With our awin handis, & on our awin expence,
We sall not faill to obtene the treasour,
And in na sort thairby to hurt the towze,
Nor Images, nor zit the bellis that ringis,
To saue all sic we can do sindrie thingis.

We

We sall it do sa quyetlie in the nicht,
Nane bot we four thairof sall get ane sicht.
Gif it be done on day licht patientlie,
The pepill than suld cry out oppinlie,
And rumour rise, out throw the haill Regioun,
That ze for gold suld tak the greit towre doun.
We sall wirk sa that nouther ground nor towre
Sall thoill distres or zit tak displesour.
The Empreour said quhen all folkis ar at rest,
To find the gold go do as ze think best.
And I the morne sall cum and vesie zow,
Quhat gold ze get, and quhair ze wirk & how.
Tak thair my Ring for ane takin expres
Within the towre that ze get glaid entres.
Thir four come on at euin quhen it was lait,
Unto the towre thay mak the neirest gait.
Callit the Capitane, the Ring vnto him schew,
Quha said to them, the Ring richt weil he knew
He them inquirit quhat was thair greit credence
And thay him schew the haill taill and sentence.
And sa at schort thir four fell to labour,
To pyke and holk, and vndermine the Towre.
Quhill it had nouther power, strenth nor micht
Within thre dayis vnfallin to stand vp richt.
This being done, on the thrid morne or day,
Thay lap on hors, and priuelie staill away:
To thair awin land with greit blythnes & Joy
That fand the cast that greit Towre to destroy.
Bot or thay wan furth of sicht of the toun,
Thay stude all four & saw the towre fall doun.
Sa on the morne quhen all folk did vp rise,
Thay saw the towre was fallin on sic ane wise.
The Senatouris thairof tuik discomfort,

To the Empreour the fassoun culd repoꝛt.
And said gude Loꝛd, how hes occurrit this cace
That our greit Towꝛe is fallin in sa schoꝛt space
Quhilk daylie was our watche and comfoꝛting
Contrair our fais, and maid vs ay warning.
He answerit thame to me thair come four men,
Quhilk of befoir I neuer did thame ken.
And schew to me that thay war suithsayaris,
Bot now I se that thay ar all greit dissaueris.
And swoir foꝛ treuth, and also to me schew,
Thꝛow yair dreaming quhair gold was hid yai
And gart me trow w'in the towꝛis groūd (knew
Ane thousand millioū of reid gold suld be found
And not hurting the Towꝛe noꝛ ȝit Image,
To do the same I gaue thame gudelie wage.
And sa to thame I gaue ouir greit credence
Quhairthꝛow is fallin greit Inconuenience.
Thay answerit him foꝛ ȝour greit couatice,
Zour gredynes and birnand auarice,
And foꝛ ȝour lufe to gold and greit delite,
That ȝe thairof had sic ane appetite.
Sall we thairfoir be all destroyit at anis
Nay, the first wꝛaik sall fall vpon ȝour banis.
But mair pꝛoces to the Tolbuith him led,
And on his bak thay kest him in ane bed,
And powꝛit his mouth of meltit gold thair fow
Saying to him tak the aneuch of it now.
Thow couet gold with sa gredie desire,
Thow hes vs tynt and all the haill Impire,
Fulfill thy lust of gold quhilk thow sall haue.
This being done, thay put him quick in graue.
Foꝛ gredynes of gold this was his end,
Quhilk at his deid ane myte micht not him nēd
Not

Not lang efter come on thir Kingis thre,
All in weirfair, with prepotent armie,
Knawing richt weill the towre was cassin doun
And sa thay laid ane greit seige to the toun,
Quhilk thay ouircome, & kest doun clene ye wall
And sa at schort Rome was destroyit all.
The Empryce said haue ze tane weill my Lord
Thir wordis in heid that I now did record,
Thankis zow forsuith, thairfoir Madame said
For ze haue tauld ane nobill taill to me. (he
Than culd scho say this towre with the Image
Betakins nocht bot thair awin personage.
For luik sa lang as ze leif in this life,
Thair is na Kings that dar rais weir nor strife
In zour contrair, or zit within zour land,
Sa lang as ze is now on life leuand.
And that zour sone dois wonder weill considder
With the counsall of his Maisters togidder.
With thair fals taillis and fenzeit narratioun,
How thay sall find the way to put zow doun.
Duir greit plesure to heir thame ay ze haue,
And thair minde is but dout zow to dissaue.
As thir four men this Towre to ruine bracht,
Thir Maisters sa wald bring zow ruin to nocht
And vndermine and cast zow vnder fute,
This is the caus thay daylie to zow sute.
The Images that sa greit money coist,
Is zour fyue wittis, quhilk thay beleue is loist.
For sa barnelike and soft thay zow persaue,
The haill Impire fra zow sa wald thay haue.
The Empreour said that Ilk taill that ze tell,
I persaue weill may be tald be my sell.
Thairfoir thay sall not mak of me the towre,

Nor zit change me as did that Empreour.
All is falset that thay deill with I se,
Thairfoir the morne my Sone sall hangit be.
The Empriee said, will ze zour Sone gar hang
Ze salbe blyith, fair weill and als leif lang.
Sa the nixt day the Empreour gaue command,
To tak his Sone and hang him vp fra hand.
To the Gallous as thay war him leidand,
The Fyft Maister come furth the way rydand.
To the Palice he raid hard at the poist,
For feir and dreid that the Childe suld be loist.
Quha come lawlie befoir the Empreour
And on his kneis him hailsit with honour.
Quha wrypit his face, and wald not on him luik
Bot at him greit Indignatioun tuik.
My Lord he said it is not zour honour,
My pure hailsing to tak in displesour.
Thy cũming heir (quod he) I couet nocht,
Nor thy hailsing, nor nane that heir it brocht.
For ze haue seruit at my hand all to die,
For displesure that ze haue done to me.
He said my Lord I neuer did the deid
Unto zour grace, to get sic to my meid.
As for zour Sone, quhair ze say he is dum
We reckin that vnto zour greit wisdome.
As ze will se heirefter in few dayis,
As to zour wife quhair ze alledge and sayis:
Be hir sayingis that he wald hir eschamit,
But dout thairof he aw not to be blamit.
For weill I wait thairof he is wyteles,
As is my self, and of the same saikles.
Thairfoir my Lord sic thing beleue ze nocht,
For the contrair to licht it sall be brocht,

For

For zour Sone is to vertew sa Inclinde,
I wait sic vice was neuer in his minde.
And gif ze will for zour wifes wilfull sawis,
Undo zour Sone without proces of Lawis.
It salbe worse to zow nor euer was
To the Doctour and cunning Ypocras.
That cauſit sla the Doctour Galiene,
His Cousing deir, Maister of Medicine.
The Empreour said, Maister tell me that taill
Perchance it may for zour cunning auaill.
The Maister said, gar call zour Sone agane,
And all the suith I sall schaw zow in plane.
Unto zour grace gif I tald my narratioun,
In the meane time zour sone suld suffer passioun.
The Empreour than he cauſit his seruands pas
And put his sone in presoun quhair he was.
And sa that day he chaipit fra the Gallous,
The Maister thã tald furth his tail as followis
The Maisteris taill or we speik farthermair,
The Quenis taill sum thing we mon declair.

¶MORALITAS.

SAY ze not bot this Nobill Quene
That ay beforr sa gude hes bene
Callit hir Lord fals beforr his Eue, said oppinlie
That he of falset was not clene, redd ze and se.

In the beginning of hir last Taill
Quhair he suld haue the honour hail
Judge ze gif scho did till him faill, in hir language
To call hir King sa byle ane thing, with greit outrage.

Bot wemen hes sic conditioun,
Quhen thay ar nopit to want resloun
Thay spout than like ane Scorpioun by ordour clene
Becaus quyte gane is discretioun, as did this Quene.

Allwa the Empreour far vid tafill
Sum hid conditioun of fmall auafill
Quhilk that he maid be his counfafill, to thair confent
Forfuith aue King fuld wirk nathing, but aufement.

Sa was fene of the cafting doun
Of the greit towre of Romes toun
Quhair he maid preuie compactioun, that nane did knaw
Mith vncouth men of ftrange Nafioun, as deid did fchaw.

Ze Lordis and Lairdis of greit honour
Do not as did this Empreour
Put all his hope into treafour, and greit riches
And loift his lyfe within ane hour, for gredynes.

His gredynes fa weill was kend
It walkit to the warldis end
His fais quhome to he did offend, gat wit expres
How his plefour was in treafour, and gredynes.

Belyue thay fand ane quick Ingine
Send him ane fubtell hid propine
Quhilk caufit him his honour fine, in fchort proces
And put all Rome to greit ruine, for gredynes.

For ftrangeris come with thair baine wind
And fals flatterie maid him fa blind,
Sic gold and treafure thay fuld find, throw fubtelnes
That thay fa fafd he was richt glad, for gredynes.

Thay fchew him thay had fic fcience
In dreaming fic experience
Of gold to get fic confluence, he helines
Bot he gaue ouir haiftie credence, for gredynes.

Quhilk caufis greit mifcheif to be
As we may weill perfaue and fe
Gettis maift credence quha heft can lie, throw wickitnes
Of haft ane tafill thay will mak thre, for gredynes.

And can bring ane tafill of nocht
And fay the thing that neuer was wrocht
Nor neuer fafd nor neuer thocht, of wilfulnes
Sum giue it credence euin as it docht, for gredynes,

And

And euin sa did the Empreour
Gaue sic credence vnto thir four
To furneis gold and greit treasour, to his hienes
Gaue thame leif to cast doun the Towre, for gredynes.

Quhilk euer was to Romes toun
Sic comfort and consolatioun
Gif thay thocht gude to sum Regioun, thay wald them dres,
Bot zit the Towre was cassin doun, for gredynes.

It is ane poysonit Pestilence
For to giue ouir haistie credence
To ane taill not worth audience, throw haistines
The taill teller than tynes mence, for gredynes.

Thair is mony ma than anew
Mill mak ane taill was neuer trew
Nor zit thame self it neuer knew, bot as thay ges
Sum will say fals and eftir rew, for gredynes.

Thair is diuers tynes thair honour
Thair worschip, riches, and plesour
Oft tymes in baine makis greit laubour, with small Increes
And oft is ordorit by gude ordour, for gredynes.

For gredynes caussis greit greif
Inuy, Malice, and mischeif
Mony for Muttoun and for Beif, into mirknes
Is hangit lyke ane commoun theif, for gredynes.

Thairfoir gude Schirs I hartlie pray zow
Cast gredynes on syde far fra zow
Mith Iocund minde pas and ga play zow, in merynes
Thair is na better charme I say zow, for gredynes.

Now thir thre Kingis quhen thay did heir
The Towre quhairof thay stude sic feir
Was cassin doun but scheild or speir, throw wilynes
In all haist maid thame to the weir, for gredynes.

For first thay fand ane wylie way
For to put Rome in greit affray
And thocht thay wald it first assay, to get entres
For thay wald mak it thair first pray, for gredynes.

Belive thay come and seigeit the toun
In all gude haist the wallis brak doun,
And put thame selfis in possessioun, with all blythnes
And fra the Emperour reft his Croun, for gredynes.

Now Schirs this is the fynall end
Ta gredynes quha will pretend
Quhen thay can not thame self defend, he maulynes
Away with dengeance all dois wend, for gredynes.

Thair is twa points into this taill
Thame to forbeir is gude and haill,
The first is gredynes but faill, of gold and geir,
Quilk credence oft tymes brewis haill, thir twa forbeir.

¶Ane reproche to the Emprice.

OCATIVE Quene and cruell, and rute of all mischeif,
O fals flesche faint and fruell, greit grounder of all greif.
Wyld ravine sall ryfe thy beif, wod dogis thy banis sal gnaw
Or euer thow get releif, thy luddis sall thoill the Law.
We sall gar all man knaw, and als perfytelie se
Thy deidis the treuth sall schaw of thy hid harlatrie.

¶The Taill of the Fyft Maister.

BEfoir this time ane Phisitioun thair was,
Ane cunning Clerk, and namit Ypocras,
Quhilk in Phisick and vther heich science,
Duir all vther he had preeminence.
Als had with him ane kinsman of his awin
Callit Galiene, quhais cuning was weil knaw-
All his Ingine and wit he did apply, (in.
To leir Phisick, and the same occupy.
As his vncle at sic times had befoir,
Quhairthrow he wan greit honour, laud & gloir
Bot in so much Galiene was not sa ald,
Zit he excellit his vncle monysald:
In Phisick airt, and into Medicene,
He was mair schairp and quicker of Ingine.
Than Ypocras persauing in his hart,

That

That Galiene in craft was sa expart,
Dreiding thairfoir that he suld him excell.
And fra his gloir and profeit him expell.
And thairfoir hid als mekill as he micht
Fra Galiene, of the craft hid the slicht.
Than Galiene this weill he did persaue,
Rest him daylie the mair and mair to haue
Of Phisick airt the mair he did obtene,
On day mair than befoir in fyftene.
Quhairby the Doctour tuik in his consait,
That Galiene suld grow to greiter stait.
Thairfoir at him he had lurking Inuy,
Howbeit he had na querrel, caus nor quhy.
In this meane time the King of Ungarie
Send his message with schippis throw the sie
For Ypocras, that he micht with him speik,
And cure his sone that lay richt wonder seik
Sa Ypocras the message did ressaue,
Hartlie praying the messingers him to haue
Sum part excusit vnto thair Nobill King,
For he for eild micht mak na trauelling.
Bot I sall send my Cousing and seruand,
Quhat I will bid, that he sall tak on hand.
Sa Galiene obeyit his vncles will,
And in all pointis the same he did fulfill.
And past his way vnto that Nobill King,
Quha was richt blyith & glaid of his cũning.
Bot he meruellit quhy come not Ypocras.
Galiene said that auld and waik he was
Micht not trauell, for na trauell he vsit,
Praying his grace for to hald him excusit,
And at that time had besines ado,
That he na way as than micht cum him to.

Bot in his steid he hes me to zow send,
With help of God zour Sone sone sall I mend
Of the quhilk thing the King was weill contēt
Than Galiene vnto the Chylde he went,
Felt his Punsis, and als his Vzine saw,
Quhairby helpue his seiknes he did knaw.
Incontinent than past he to the Quene,
And said Madame, zour seik Sone I haue sene
And I am cum vnto zour Nobill grace,
Beseiking zow to heir me speik ane space.
Tak na disdaine, thocht I now to zow speik,
I come to heill zour Sone that lyis seik.
Scho said gude Schir say on quhat plesis zow,
For ze will say nocht bot the treuth I trow.
He said Madame tell on and mak na lie
Quha is the Father of zour Sone tell to me?
Quha his Father (quod scho) quha bot ye King?
Quod he Madame, thair is not sic a thing.
Will ze say so (quod scho) for veritie,
Zeis want the heid I vow richt haistelie.
Anis I said ellis, and zit I say agane,
This King is not his Father in certane.
I come not heir thairfoir to lois my heid,
Nor zit Incur in my fault ony feid.
Nor I haue not deseruit sic rewaird,
Thocht I nane get, nathing I that regaird.
Sa to the dure he maid him straicht away,
The Quene that saw, and till him can scho say,
O gude Maister sa ze will keip secre
I will zow schaw, sa ze discouer not me.
Than Galiene said, Madame God me defend,
Bot I sa do vnto my lyues end.
Thairfoir to me, to schaw the treuth be bald,
For

Foꝛ it agane ſall neuer maꝛ be tald,
In greiter thing ꝛour grace ſa ſall I pleis,
Zour ſone mak haill, and put him weill to eis.
Gif ꝛe ſa do, gude Maiſter than ſcho ſaid,
Ze will mak me richt wonder blyith and glaid.
Ane gude rewaird of me ſa ſall ꝛe haue,
And of my Loꝛd ſiclike ꝛe will not craue.
Thaiꝛfoꝛ heꝛ me till I haue ſaid ſum thing
Upon ane time come to my Loꝛd and King
The King of Burgon, to paſ the time with ſpoꝛt
Quhat will ꝛe maꝛ to mak my taill now ſchoꝛt
To ꝛow Maiſter, as now I will not lie,
With me he gat this chylde in priuetie.
Than Galiene ſaid, feiꝛ not and ſpeik no moꝛ
The taill I knew richt perfitelie befoꝛ.
Than to the Childe he paſt Incontinent,
And did him cure with ane richt Regiment.
Quhat he ſuld dꝛink, and quhat ſuld be his meit
Water to dꝛink, and beif daylie to eit.
Sa Galiene than within dayis thꝛe,
The Childe maid haill of his Infirmitie.
Quhen that the King hard tell his ſone was fꝛe
Of all ſeiknes, and of all Maladie.
To Galiene ane gude rewaird he gaue,
Bot he the dowbill fꝛa the Quene did reſſaue.
With ſpeciall thankis, and efter ay credence,
Sa tuik his leif, and hamewaꝛt he paſt hence.
Quhen he come hame to his Eme Ypocras,
At Galiene but taꝛꝛy culd he as:
How is the Childe that ꝛe paſt foꝛ to ſe?
Schiꝛ he is haill of all ſeiknes, ſaid he.
Than Ypocras Inquiꝛit him to conclude,
Quhat he him gaue to his dꝛink and his fude.

He said he gaue him orin fleshe to eit,
Water to drink, this was his drink and meit.
Than Ypocras to Galiene said fra hand,
The Mother is not trew to hir husband.
Than Galiene said, now Maister suith ze say,
Wlith displesour Ypocras past his way.
Said to him self with haitrent and Inuy,
Weill I persaue na man will set me by
Within schort time, be na remedie found,
Bot quyte to nocht my cunning is confound.
Be his cunning he sall not faill to be,
Praisit in his wark ten times abone me.
And or sa war, without I fand remeid,
Rather I sall conspire my Cousingis deid.
Fra that time furth Ypocras ay him dreit,
How he micht get Galiene deid and supprest.
In a morning Ypocras vp can rise,
Past to his Garth, as his vse was and gise.
To Galiene said with wordis fair and meik,
Now let vs go in our garding and seik
Herbes to be salf, that is of maist vertew,
For as I wis thair is growing anew.
Maister he said, I am reddy at hand,
Quhat ze pleis best to do as ze command.
Ypocras said tak vp that herb sa grene,
For it is full of vertew as I wene.
And sa he did at his Maisters command
He pullit the herb, and gaue it in his hand:
And at his nois the sawer thairof did smell,
This herb (said he) of herbis beiris the bell.
Stoup doun agane and pull vp be the rute,
Of it I sall baith profeit get and frute,
For I knaw weill it is richt wonder gude

To

To cuill Feuer, and to stem rynning blude
Als of vertew it is richt comfortiue,
To heill all Flux to ony man on liue.
Sa Galiene na Ill hauing in minde,
To pull the rute lawlie he did Inclinde.
Quhilk wald not draw a lang tiwe wt his hand
Than Ypocras abone him he culd stand,
And with his knife he struik him to the hart:
Caus in science he thocht him ouir expart.
Sone efter this Ypocras tuik seiknes,
Be want of blude, and of corps febilnes.
Than kest his buikis, & socht his awin science,
Him self to help he culd get na defence,
Than his Scollers in all haist come him till,
And to him said Maister quhat is zour will.
He bad thame bring ane twn of water fow,
With ane wōmill a hundreth hoillis boir throw
Quhen that was done thair went na water out
Than Ypocras said to thame Schirs but dout,
This is the wraith of leuing God sa hie,
That this mischance hes sufferit fall on me.
As ze may se, and wonder weill persaue,
For all is Just and worthie that I haue.
And as ze se thair is into this twn
Ane hundreth hoillis with Irins out throw run
Throw all thir hoillis thair gais not out a drop
Bot as ze se dois baith stand still and stop,
Quhilk to nature is contrair euerie deill,
Quhairby ze may all vnderstand richt weill.
Richt sa thir herbis for heill that ze gif me,
May nathing help to my Infirmitie.
Thairfoir quhat euer ze tak vpon me cure,
It helpis nathing ze may be verray sure.

Foꝛ weill I wait as now is na remeid,
Bot foꝛ my mis I mon now hyde the deid.
Bot war Galiene my Neuo now leuand,
Ye wald not faill to mak me haill fra hand.
Quhome I did kill thꝛow malice and Inuy,
Bot of that deid, richt fair repent now I.
Thairfoir God hes be his Iust oꝛdinance,
Send vpon me this haistie fair vengeance.
As he sa said na ma woꝛdis than he tald,
Bot turnit his bak, and vp the gaist he ȝald.
The Maister said, hes ȝour grace done consaue,
The sempill woꝛdis thar to ȝow schawin I haue
The Empꝛeour said weill I persaue the race,
That Galiene was killit by Ypocras.
To Ypocras quhat hurt micht it haue bene,
Quhat greit honour had cum to Galiene.
The Maister said it micht be gude at all,
Gif Ypocras to feiknes had bene thꝛall.
Than Galiene perchance micht found remeid
And at that time he suld not sufferit deid.
Thairfoir beraus him self be Ill Intent
Killit and put doun the verray Instrument
Quhilk wald haue him suppoꝛtit in this stres,
Ze may persaue in God the greit gudnes,
And richt Iudgemēt, that sa dul maid his hart,
That he culd not him self help be na Art.
Thairfoir my Loꝛd it is euin sic ane race.
Betuix ȝour sone and ȝour awin Nobill grace
And gif ȝour sone foꝛ ȝour wifes woꝛd ȝe sla
Considdering weill ȝe wait ȝe haue na ma.
Quhen he is deid, ȝe sall warie ȝour weird,
And wald be fane to scart him out of eird.
Quhen ȝe ar auld and may not help ȝour sell
Ye will

He will zow help the trewth I to zow tell.
Thairfoir giue not sic credence to zour Quene,
Scho will dissaue zour grace quhen ze leist wene
Considder weill this is zour secund wife,
Ze may haue ma Induring zit zour life.
Amang thame all zit ze sall neuer haue
Sa wise ane Sone nane of thame sall consaue
Sa verteous in wit dois mair precell,
And in zour eild will saue zow fra perrell.
The Empreour said, for that ze tell to me,
Surelie this day my Sone he sall not die.
Bot I persaue and wonder weill dois mark,
That wemen bene richt craftie in thair wark.
And richt subtell for to tyist ony man,
As thay think gude, bot not the les quhat than.
For my awin saik this day he sall not die,
Quhen I haue neid I wait he will help me.
The Maister said, I thank zour nobill grace,
Sa tuik his leif and past hame to his place.
¶ Quhen that this taill was tald to the Empres
Gif scho was blyith the auditouris may ges.
Scho schew hir self in minde Impatient,
All that hir saw, beleuit that scho had went
Quyte out of minde, and as ane bodie mad,
And hir fyue wittis clene tynt away scho had.
All that hir saw had pietie of hir cheir,
Scho schoutit sa, that all the place micht heir
Sum of the Lordis to the Empreour can ga
And schew to him that it stude with hir sa.
Thay said my Lord without ze find remeid,
Zour Emprice will hir awin self put to deid.
Quhome to he past, and speirit at hir quhairfoir
Euerie day ze murne ay moir and moir.

Scho said my Lord I meruell in ane part,
That I birst not, and in twa brekis my hart.
I knaw I am the dochter of ane King,
And than zour wife, quhilk is ane greiter thing
In all my dayis sufferit I not sic schame,
As I haue done, sin I come to zow hame.
And euer mair ze promeis me ane mendis,
And as ze do, God and the warld it kendis.
The Emprcour said I wait not quhat to do,
Nor to quhat side is best to turne me to.
For day be day ze seik my Sonnis deid,
And his Maisteris, thairof thay seik remeid.
He is my Sone, that I beleue and knaw,
Bot I can not the veritie zit schaw:
Quhidder I sall to zow gif mair credence,
Than the Maisteris with all thair greit science
Ze tell ane taill quhilk I think gude and fair,
And thay ane vther, to zouris is plat contrair.
The Emprice said that this is the verray thing
That troubillis my hart, & causis my murning
Becaus ze gif thame ay the mair credence,
And to thair taill takis greiter attendence,
Nor to my taill, quhilk tellis the veritie,
Quhilk ze sall sair repent zit or ze die.
And in few dayis ze will get sic rewaird,
As did ane King ressaue fra his Steward.
The Emprcour said, than tell me that taill sone
Perchance zour will thairefter may be done.
Scho said I sall begin with diligence,
Bot I pray zow to gif me audience.
With peirt visage and countenance richt haill,
On this fassoun began to tell hir taill.
Zit or scho get of hir taill audience,

Sum

Sum we will say of the last taill past hence.

¶MORALITAS.

ZE may persaue now heir expres
Of wemen the greit brukilnes,
And of thair kynde the kittilnes, and scho ane Quene
Hir awin preuitie did confes, to Galiene.

At schort to him hir mynde hes schawin
Ane Ring scho hauing of hir awin
Ane vther tusk bot laitlie knawin, and of the new
Bot mony sic draughts thay haue drawin, that few men knew

For ane time scho mon be excusit
Perauenture scho will not vse it,
As now scho sall not be excusit, I say for me,
Euin as ze find the furde sa rule it, quhat euer ze be.

And let sic quyet paukis ouir pas
And sum thing say of Ypocras
That sa full of Inuy he was, but caus or quhy
Galiene he slew that was sa trew, throw pure Inuy.

Ypocras clene I discommend.
Euer in hart for to pretend
Sa far to Galiene offend, as him to sla
Bot he repentit at his end, that he did sa.

The principall caus heirof find I
That Ypocras had sa greit Inuy
At Galiene, this was the quhy, that Galiene was
Mair firme and stabill, in craft mair abill, nor Ypocras.

Ypocras suld haue had plesour
That Galiene gat onphonour
For he was Galienes Doctour, thairfoir say I
He suld haue borne to him fauour, and not Inuy.

Bot God of his greit Equitie
Wald not thoill sic vnpuneist he
Quhen Ypocras was in point to die, all his cunning
Culd not than help him worth ane fle, at his ending.

Ye sais hes Galiene bene leuand,
Ye culd haue helpit him fra hand,
Bot he wist weill it was the wand, that God hes send
Him sic diffres, and greit seikness, that nane culd mend,

The hes Inuy and greit hairtrent,
That he hes to this Innocent
Culd not eschew the punischment, of heuin sa hie
Gude Schirs lay by all hes Inuy, keip cheritie.

Inuy and cheritie ar contrair
Thay can not in ane place repair
Quhair cheritie is, ay God is thair, withouttin faill
Inuy was, and is euer mair, with breif and baill.

It is the fountaine and the flude
Of schedding of all Innocent bludde,
And is contrair to all gude, and is the mute
Inuy thairfoir sall neuer gloir, of Joy the frute.

Agustine discriues Inuy to be
A man to haue sturt Inwartlie
Of his Nichthouris felicitie, withouttin cause
The quhilk is contrair cheritie, and Goddis Lawis.

Doctouris wrytes thair is ane hill
Callit Athnay, that ay bynis still
In flame of fyre and neuer will, bo quenchit out,
And zit thay say it dois na ill, to grounde about.

Quhilk hill cunning men dois compair
To ane man that leuis euermair
In sturt, Inuy, anger and cair, continuallie
In fyrie fumes, himself consumes, ay Inwartlie.

Inuyfull men comparit may be
To ane Lipros man trewlie,
Ye wald all men war feik as he, quin sa the Meuill
Wald nane war gude, nor zit weill lude, caus he is euill.

Thairfoir my Lords and reddaris all
Tuitching this point I cry and call
Be to Inuy ze be not thrall, for ocht may be,
For the greit Lord Celestiall, is cheritie.

¶Ane

¶Ane laude and praise to the Fyst Doctour.

PRVDENT, perfyte, expert Philosophour,
Honour and praise be to the ding Doctour
That hes ouirput this day sa perellous
With thy sweit talk befoir the Empreour
Quha kendillit was in fell fyrie furour
Contrair his Sone in mynde malitious,
Be entysing of his wyfe vennemous,
But thow fra him with fair wordis and fauour
Hes purchest grace, quhill tyme mair prosperous.

¶Inuidia diaboli mors intrauit in orbem. Sapi. 2.

¶The Sext Taill of the Emprice.

BEfoir this time thair was ane michtie King
Pydefull in hart, and proud abone all thing
He was sa heich and pydefull in his thocht,
All vther men he set thame clene at nocht.
This King he thocht all Rome for to destroy,
The Romanis sla, and efter to conuoy
To his Kingdome, the deid banis of thir two,
Peter and Paull, with mony Relicks mo.
To waist that toun, and put it all to sack,
Bot his purpois was sum thing put abak.
Intill his face was sa disfigurait,
In sic ane sort, that euerie kinde of stait,
Abhorrit sa, his vgsum foull visage,
That nane couet to tuitche his personage.
Sa handillit was with sic Infirmitie,
With Lippernes, ane fouller nane culd be.
Yit his nature rais on him with sic rage,
To haue wemen he gaue ane greit curage.
Sa callit he his Steward quyetlie,
And schew to him his counsall secreitlie.
Saying my freind, this thing I wil zow schaw
All wemen kinde abhorris me as ze knaw,

That I can get of thame na companie,
Quhilk gif I had, war greit plesure to me.
He said my Lord and pleis zour Nobill grace,
Howbeit ze be deformit in the face:
Ze haue aneuch of gude money and gold,
For to conduce the fairest on the Mold.
Thairfoir I say ze neid not in na sort
Of fair wemen to want the greit comfort.
Than said the King se for na coist ze spair,
To get me ane that is bricht fresche and fair:
Howbeit ze gif ane thousand Crownes thairfoir
And or I want ze sall gif mekill moir.
The Stewart said I sall do that I may,
To fill zour will, and sa he come his way.
Thinking in minde blindit with couetise
Thir thousand Crowns may I get on this wise
Win to my sell, and to my wife alone,
And sa hamewart to his wife is he gone.
Quha was richt fair, bowsum with all bewtie,
Uertcous and gude, richt plesand for to se,
Prudent, perfite, with countenance richt glaid,
With couetous hart to hir thir wordis he said.
O my gude wife, my Souerane Lord the King
Hes chargeit me with ane richt secreit thing:
To haue wemen he is richt couetous,
At his plesure, and wonder desirous.
Quhilks for na coist he sayis he will not want,
And charges me ane thousand Crowns to grant
To ony persoun that will the same ressaue,
Bot for ane nicht with him hir for to haue.
Thairfoir in minde my self I haue compest,
Betuix vs twa, I think this be the best
The thousand Crowns to purches to our sell,
Sa

Sa ze wsll vse, and follow my counsell.
Scho said gude Schir zour counsall I will do
Sa to na sin noz schame it turne me to.
Ye said ze sall pas to the Kingis bed,
Quhilk is with silk and claith of gold ouirspred
And thair all nicht ly with him quyetlie,
At his plesure, as he thinkis best to be.
That it is ze, thair is na man sall ken,
Bot I alone, the quhilk abone all men
Suld saif zour schame and als zour honestie,
Thairfoir as schame to zow it can not be.
Allace scho sayis gude Schir is that zour will,
By zour bodie, my womanheid to spill:
Wlith ane Lipper, and sa deformit in face,
Schir change zour minde foz him that gaue all
I wait it is nouther zour thocht noz mind (grace
To sic ane deid my hart foz to Inclind:
Bot me to preif, and to tempt my Intent,
Gif I thairto wald ony sozt consent.
O my gude wife howbeit he Lipper be
And in the face deformit as ze se,
And foull of flesche, and also foull of blude,
Yit than the gold is wonder sweit and gude.
Scho said agane my sweit husband persaue
Howbeit the gold be gude and sweit to haue,
And thocht he war the cleneſt man thairout,
Yaist fair of face, gentill, courtes and stout.
Wald ze that I committit sic ane sin,
Aganis my God, ony gold foz to win?
I will not dude, thairfoir hald me excusit,
Charge me na mair, foz heir quite I refuse it.
Quhome to he said with ane richt austeir luik,
How purpois ze my companie to bruik.

That thing I will to preis for to ganestand,
Ze ar ouir peirt to contrair my command,
It is my will, and that same salbe done.
Thairfoir mak zow that Ilk to compleis sone.
Do ze it not, I vow betuix vs tway
Sall neuer be ane blyith nor Joyfull day,
Bot euer mair in chyding and in greif,
Quhilk at the last will turne to ane mischeif.
Knaw ze not weill to the Kirk quhen ze went,
Ze swoir ze suld be ay obedient,
To me alone, as wedlok vs declairis.
Ze Schir scho said in all lefull effairis:
Not displesing my maker King of Kingis,
I will obey zow in all vther thingis.
I zow command be vertew of that aith,
Quhilk for to brek ze suld be wonder laith.
Considering it is my minde and will,
Without ganesay my bidding ze fulfill.
And to the same richt sone that ze consent
Or I auow richt sair ze sall repent,
In the mean time as he thir wordis schew,
Out of his scheith his quhinzar furth he drew.
Scho trimbling sair for greit dreddour and feir
Furth of that steid ane step scho durst not steir.
Persauing weill his crueltie and boist,
And in greit dout hir life for to be loist.
The Impatience and the greit gredynes,
The cruell minde and als the crabitnes
Of this Ill man this woman did attend,
Quhilk in na sort nor fassoun culd amend.
Scho was constranit quhat for dreddour & aw,
For to consent to his command and saw.
Scho said gude man zour bidding I mon do,
Bot

Bot greit God knawis gif my will be thairto.
Bot I appeill fra all consent of sin,
That may follow, or in this race cum in.
And on zour self all haill I lay the charge,
And befoir God thairof I me discharge.
Than the Stewart but ony tarying
Past in all haist and said vnto the King:
I haue zow gottin ane woman richt famous,
Gentill, courtes, and cum of ane gude hous.
Fair and weill fauourit, richt plesand for to se,
And scho mon cum to zow richt quyetlie:
Within the nicht scho mon cum lait at eine,
Bot me alone, with nane scho will be sene
Airlie at morne befoir the Sone rysing,
Fra zow siclike scho mon mak departing.
For this scho will ane thousand Crownes haue,
And for payment bot me nane will scho craue,
Than said the King of that I am content,
As ze haue done thairto I weill consent.
Withouttin mair the Stewart he hes led
His awin spousit wife vnto the Kingis bed,
And with the key the dure he hes maid fast,
But ony noyis, and sa his way is past.
Airlie at morne in dawing of the day:
The Steward rais, and to the King can say,
My Souerane Lord & pleis zour Nobill grace
It will be day within ane prettie space.
I think it gude that woman ze let go,
For I promeist that zour grace suld do so.
Than said the King this woman plesis me
Sa wonder weill as zit hir companie,
I will not want nouther for gold nor geir,
This hour to cum I will not let hir steir.

Quhen he that hard, he was richt wonder wo
And fra the dure with sorie hart did go.
Within ane quhils but tary come agane,
And to the King he said Schir for certane,
The day is licht, and that woman present,
And with the folk scho will be schamelie schent.
And my promeis to hir quyte I haue brokin.
For not keiping to hir that I haue spokin.
Than said the King, na way zit sall scho pas,
For scho sall haue of me quhat scho will as.
Thairfoir Stewart I say to zow in plane,
Go pas zour way and lok the dure agane.
The Stewart than richt sorrowfull in hart,
Upon neid force to the dure did depart.
Went vp and doun, and wist not quhat to say,
The Sone was heich, and weill gane of ye day,
He come agane and said vnto the King,
It is twa houris efter the Sone rysing
That woman will be schent withouttin dout,
With all the folk and pepill heir about.
The King answerit, nathing of him content,
I zow command that ze zour self absent:
Unto the time that I pleis for to rise,
For vnrequyzit ze haue me troublit thrise,
And my plesure is with this companie.
Thairfoir pas on, at this time let me be.
The Stewartis hart gif it was than on steir,
As I beleue thair neidis na man to speir.
Zit not the les he culd not keip counsell,
For all his wit he wald discriue him sell.
Incontinent without mair auysing,
With sorie hart he said vnto the King.
O my gude Lord, I oppin to zow my hart,

That

That Ilk woman ze will not thoill depart
Without licence, scho is my weddit wife,
Now in zour hands lyis baith my deid and life.
The king hard that; & thocht all was not richt
Opinit windois and saw the fair day licht,
Saw the woman quha was lustie in face,
Ane word not spak ane Pater noster space,
Sine saw it was euin as the Stewart said,
Quhairof he was richt sorie and not glaid.
Quhome to he said, O thow maist schamefull
How durst thow be sa peirt me to dissait. (knaif
And me to raus thy wife for to abuse,
Thy gredie hart thy self it sall confuse.
Quhy hes thow rausit thy wife vnwillinglie
Cum in my bed to me vnwittandlie.
For ane small sowme of money and riches
To schame thy self for thy greit gredynes.
Knew thow not weill withouttin ony fabill,
My maladie was euer Incurabill
That was in the thow hes done I declair,
Thy self, thy wife, to vndo euer mair.
Thairfoir pas swyth in haist out of my sicht,
Nor in my realme that thow byde not four nicht
And fra hence furth gif euer I may the sie,
Ane schamefull deid I auow thow sall die.
Incontinent he past fra his presence,
And neuer saw the King fra that time hence.
Quyte of his Realme fra thame he did him dres
That Ilk rewaird he gat for gredynes.
This being done, the King in all his dayis,
Held vp this wife, as the historie sayis:
In greit worschip, and gaue to hir zeirlie,
Ane sowme of gold to keip hir honestlie.

Efter that time I do not find noꝛ reid
Wiith this woman that he had actual deid.
Sone efter this the King cauſit to conuene
Ane greit armie all cled in armour clene.
Wiith greit puiſſance and nobill men of weir,
In all effairis, as to thame culd effeir.
And went to Rome mith greit power & micht
To ſeige the ſame the gait thay held on richt.
And ſa thay did it ſeige on ather ſyde,
That the Romanis durſt not thairin abyde.
He ſeigeit it ſtill ſa ſad and wonder ſair,
That thay within micht it defend na mair.
Sa at the laſt to ane counſall thay went,
Thinking yai wald with ye King tak pointment
Quhilk was foꝛ till deliuer him at anis
Of Peter and Paull the bliſt bodie and banis,
Quhilk was the caus of his greit erand thair
For to obtene the ſame withouttin mair.
In the Cietie than thair was ſtill preſent
Seuin wiſe Maiſteris that had the Regiment,
Of all the toun, and nathing by thame done,
Airlie at moꝛne, at euin noꝛ zit at none.
And to thir ſeuin the Cietizanis come to,
And ſaid Maiſteris greit thing we haue ado.
Wie ar compellit be foꝛce of zone armie
Foꝛ to gif ouir and rander the Cietie
Unto thir folkis quhilk ar our enemeis,
Oꝛ ellis foꝛ to deliuer the bodeis:
Of gude Peter, and Paull his halie bꝛother,
On foꝛce we mon the ane do oꝛ the vther.
The firſt Maiſter agane to thame he ſaid,
My gude nichtbouris tak na feir bot be glaid.
As foꝛ this day the Cietie I ſall ſaue,

Wiith

With the wisdome and cunning that I haue.
The secund said, the nixt day callis me,
Fra enemeis for to keip the Cietie,
With my wisdome, and als my cleir cunning,
For all the strenth of zone greit puissant King.
Sa did the thrid, and sourt withouttin dout,
The fyft, the sext, richt sa the seuint all out.
In like maner as thir seuin Maisters now,
Unto zour Sone hes promeist do with zow.
In this meane time the King causit his Armie
Lay ane assault about the greit Cietie.
With sic awfull and cruell Munitioun,
Quhill thay war like for to obtene the toun.
The first Maister than he come to the King,
And with him fell in talk and commoning.
And talkit sa in sic maner and wise,
As for that day he gart his Armie rise.
And fra the toun the Seige abak he drew,
As for that day na mair thay did persew.
Bot on the morne the Seige agane thay laid,
The nixt Maister past to the King and said
In like maner as the vther beforr,
And fra that day thay seigeit the toun no moir.
Sa did thay all, quhill it come to the last,
On the seuint day thay seigeit the toun sa fast,
It was beleuit the same thay wald obtene,
Than all the toun togidder did conuene.
All in ane voice to the seuint Maister said,
About the toun sa strang ane seige is laid,
That we beleue nathing bot cruell deid.
Without that ze find sum help and remeid:
Conforme to the sayingis ze said but dout,
That was Ilk ane to saif zour day about.

And we ar all Informit of suretie,
The King hes maid his aith solempnitlie,
He sall not rais his seige nor Munitioun,
Unto the time that he obtene the toun.
To zow Maister now we can say no moir,
Ile wald ze did as zour fellowis befoir.
Quhome to he said. my freindis tak ze na feir,
Be of comfort, and Ilk ane mak gude cheir.
The morne sall I with my wark and cunning
Skaill all zone hoist, and also fray the King.
He salbe fane for all his greit puissance,
To pas away with his greit Ordinance.
Thay went thair way, & na mair tuik in thocht
Bot all meruellit how sic thing culd be wrocht.
The morne airlie the seige was confirmit,
To haue the toun alsd the King determit.
This seuint Maister to his Chalmer he went,
And cled him in ane nice abilzement.
As Pacock taillis, and fedderis of all kin hew.
Part reid, part quhite, part zallow grene & blew
Ane bricht drawin sword he tuik in euerie hand
On ane Towze heid he past vp for to stand.
Quhilk was maist heich of all the haill Cietie,
Forrentis the hoist, that thay micht all him se.
The twa bricht swordis into his mouth he tuik
The same schynand, vpon the armie schuik.
Quhilis turnis eist, and vther quhilis west.
Quhylis south, quhylis north, quhair yai micht se
The schinād swordis aganis ye sone sa blēt (hī best
Wlith his cleithing and strange abilzement.
Thay in the hoist richt weill and cleirlie saw,
Bot quhat it was na man of thame did knaw.
All the greit Lordis quhen thay beheld sic thing,
Halk

Halk in effray thay past all to the King:
And said O Lord, behald vpon zone Towre
We se this day ane wonderfull Figour.
Than said the King the same I do persaue,
Bot quhat it is, na knawledge I can haue.
Thay said we knaw quhat thing it is but dout
It is Jesus doun of the heuin come out:
Quhilk is the God of all zone Christin folk,
And knawis richt weill how that we do prouok
His awsum Ire, and how we do pretend
To sla his folk, the quhilk he will defend.
Zone samin swords that ze se schining sa,
Thay signifie Ilk ane thay will vs sla,
Gif we langer into this feild abyde,
Our counsall is thairfoir hame that we ryde.
The King heiring trimblit for verray feir,
Gart rais his hoist and all his men of weir:
And said it is better in time we fle,
Nor zone thair God with his swords gart vs die
Than all the hoist in haist thay maid thē hame
Frayit without caus, wt mekill scorne & schame
Howbeit to fle na perrell was nor neid,
Bot all dissait be the Maisteris fals deid.
Quhen the Romanis persauit the Armie fle,
Ilk ane thay Ischit, and past of the Cietie.
Mith manlie hart and gudelie countenance,
Followit the King for all his Ordinance.
Slew and destroyit all that thay plesit that day
And quhome thay list captiue yai brocht away
And sa the King and all his greit Armie
Brocht was to ground be the greit subteltie
Of this Maister, quha wrocht all he dissait,
That with power na maner culd debait.

¶The Empyrice than said to the Empyreour
This taill I tald it is vnder cullour.
Bot wald greit God this taill ze vnderstude.
He said Madame, I think it wonder gude.
In the first end (quod scho) I wait ze hard,
Quhat I zow tald of the gredie Steward:
That the King trowit aswell as his awin life,
And zit for gold he sauld his weddit wife.
And als him self was baneist the countrie,
Becaus the King fand him sa fals and slie.
In like maner zour Sone for the desire
And appetite he hes to the Impire.
Now day be day it is his minde and thocht,
Zow to destroy, and bring zow vnto nocht.
Bot now sa lang as ze ar in zour micht,
Do as the King did with the Stewart richt.
Gif ze purpois not to sla him fra hand
Than baneis him, and als manesweir the land
That ze and I quhilk is zour weddit wife,
In time cũming that we may leid our life:
Also ze hard how the King lay at Rome,
To win the same how that he did presume,
And was mockit be the Maisters in plane,
He and his folkis war all put doun and slane.
Zour seuin Maisters into the samin wise,
Intendis ay to siclike Interprise.
Quith thair fals taillis at end will zow dissaue,
That zour fals sone all the Impire may haue.
The Empreour said be na way that salbe,
The morne be time he sall not faill to die.
Incontinent he callit on his seruandis,
And to thame all he gaue sic strait commandis,
That on the morne without Impediment,

On

On the Gallous but faill his Sone to schent.
This word beliue past out throw all the toun,
Quhairat mony maid lamentatioun,
That the Emprenour for the wordis of his wife
Fra his ane Sone suld with schame tak the life.
The sext Maister hard tell of this effray,
Lap on his hors withouttin mair delay.
Poistit fra hand vnto the Emprenour,
And hailsit him with reuerence and honour.
Quha tuik the same verray vnthankfullie,
And said he seruit at his hand for to die,
And als his Sone quhome y^t yai had maid dum
Thay war ouir peirt in his presence to cum.
The Maister said I serue not for to die,
Nor zit zour Sone, knew ze the veritie.
That he is dum quhair ze alledge and sayis,
Of that the treuth ze sall knaw in few dayis.
Gif ze him sla for it zour wife can tell,
Of zour wisdome than I haue greit meruell.
And without dout it sall zow happin richt
As it happinnit sum time vnto ane Knicht.
To his wyfes sawis gaue sic fidelitie,
That he was drawin out throw the haill Cietie
At ane hors taill, and hangit like ane theif,
His wifes sawis brocht him to sic mischeif.
The Emprenour said I pray the tell that taill,
The Maister said Schir that I sall not faill.
Sa ze will caus zour Sone to cum agane,
And for this day ze let him not be slane.
Incontinent the Emprenour gaue command,
To the presoun to leid his Sone fra hand.
And sa was done, the Maister than but mair,
To tell his taill began this to declair.

The Doctouris taill farthermair or we heir,
Sum morall sence of the last let vs leir.

¶MORALITAS.

THIS prydefull King, he culd not Ring
With measure and humilitie
He was sa proude, he thocht name cuude
Compair to him thair micht not be.
The Lord of aw, persuit and saw,
That his hart was sa proude and hie
He wald correct, him and Infect,
With plague and greit Infirmitie.

Quhair thair is pryde, grace can not hyde,
Out of that rowme helue he rinnis
Intill all haist, as he war chaist,
To lawlynes to seik ane Innis.
The bricht Angell, for pryde he fell,
In hell zit still in paine ay winnis,
I say zow all, that man sall fall
His wark with pryde alway beginnis.

The wise man wrytes, quhair he Indytes
All beginning of Ill is pryde,
And mony ma sayis euin richt sa,
Into thair wrytings dois not hyde,
Thairfoir the Lord, na way will cord
Quhair pryde hes credence for to gyde
I zow declair, he scurges sair
For quhair pryde is God will not hyde.

Of his Iustice, sic wickit vice,
He will not thoill vnpuneist he,
Be battell Pest, weir or wanrest
Sum perrellous plague or pouertie
Younger and skant, fude for to want
Infectit with Infirmitie
Thairfoir fle pryde all time and tyde,
And hald zow with humilitie.

Als in this taill, withouttin faill,
Greit couetice ze may persaue

The fals

The fals Stewart, that fand the Art
The King him felf and wyfe diffaue,
Bot on him fell, the forrow fell,
He was worthie the fame to haue
To be exylit, that King begylit,
I fay for me he playit the knaue.

That his awin wyfe, firft fylit hir lyfe,
And fyne hir faull with deidlie fin,
Fy Stewart fy, was that thy quhy,
Sa fullifchlie geir for to win
With couetice, and auarice,
At fic ane fals gait to begin
For gredynes to win riches,
Quir mony to the Deuill wald rin.

Be commoun thift, fum makis thair fchift,
In this warld quhill thair lyfe be endit,
To pluk the pure thay tak na cure,
Quha hes na power to defend it.
Sum reifis and ruggis, fum drawis and druggis,
And purpois neuer to amend it,
Bot quhen its win, few of zour kin,
Nor zit zour felf perchance fall fpend it.

Sa couetous, and defyrous
This Stewart was gold for to win,
He cairit nocht, for to haue brocht
His wyfe to fchame and deidly fin.
Quhidder he gat it, or nocht few wait it
For fra he and the King did twin
In deid I trow, to fay to zow,
He had ane bthir wob to fpin.

He chargeit was, fuith for to pas
Out of the Realme or he confound
His awin fallet, fnairit him in net,
His deid till himfelf did redound.
Bot quha wald mak ane happy pak
Se fallet thairin he not found
Lawtie and licht, fchawis ay the richt,
On gredynes mak not zour ground.

¶Auaritia eft inordinatus amor habendi, tullius.

As to this King that lay seigeing,
And wos sa fraypt for Pacok trillis,
And twa bricht swordis, with sum brune wordis.
Without mair skaith his armie skaillis,
His Camp to rais, and saw few fais,
I think thay war hot suiffand snaillis
The Pottingair takis lytill cair
To cure the man that nathing aillis.

Ane King suld ay, at sic assay
Haue ane sad counsall him beside,
Perchance ane fray may mak him pray
And gar him fle quhen he suld hide,
Bait haniteis, grounduit with leis,
At all times he suld let outrslyde
Be circumspek, and in his nek
Ay haue ane Ey all time and tyde.

Auistie credence vois greit offence,
Gif it be in ane Conquerour,
Richt weill suld he, auisit be,
To euerie tasll to giue answer.
Intreit his Lordis, as weill accordis
Than thay will serue him with honour
With blyth visage, gar pay his wage,
He sall triumphe and be victour.

And he sa done, not half sa sone
He had not bene sa lichtlie chasit
Bot the Doctour, upon the Towre
Maid him out of his mynde amaist.
Captaines and Kingis tent to sic thingis
To all trattillis ze giue na trust,
For gif ze do, it will cum to,
As to the King that saw the Gaist.

¶Ane reproche to the Emprice.

GOmorras graceles gyde, and Sodomes schameles seid,
Thow Beliallis bitrer byrd, baith fals in word and deid.
Thy boist thow blawis on breid, sall not saif thee I say,
Thy ers brint in ane gleid, I think to se sum day,
Thow sall not sa away, thow commoun curst Cowclink
Trowis thow to chaip nay, nay, I rather neuer drink.

¶The

¶The Taill of the Sext Maister.

VPON ane time thair was in Romes toun
Ane Empreour of greit micht and Renoun,
Quha had greit Kingis into his companie,
Lordis, Barrounis, Knichts, of greit Nobilitie
Doing seruice as culd thame best effeir.
Sum for passtime, and sum to stuf his weir.
He had thre Knichts quhome he lude ouir ye laif
In all effaris mair credence to thame gaif.
Ane vther Knicht thair was in the Cietie,
That had weddit ane lustie gay Ladie,
As ze haue done, zour Princes and zour wife
Quhome he lusit asweill as his awin life.
This Lady culd mak mirrie sing and dance,
In companie scho culd mak gude pastance.
Wantoun zoung men euin for that samin caus,
To hir ludgeing all time of day scho drawis.
And at all times scho sang sa wonder sweit,
That euerie man that past vpon the streit:
Had greit plesure of hir dulce melodie,
And causit Ilk man couet hir companie.
Scho sang sa sweit, sa curious and cleir,
All had delite hir singing for to heir.
And sa come by ane of the Knichtis thre,
That the Empreour lusit sa Inwartlie.
And hard hir sing with voice sa curious,
Trowit weill scho was ane Lady amorous.
He blent about, and saw quhair that scho set,
Incontinent he was tane in the net:
Of lusis rage, and of the Lady fair
Euin still he stude, and past na farther mair,
Quhill time he gat into hir hous entrie,
And for ane time bure thair gude companie.

Sa at the last he fell in commoning
With this Lady, of luſe and lic talking.
Sa Inwartlie at hir he did Inquire,
Quhat ſcho wald haue and fulfill his deſire,
And fleip with him bot the ſpace of ane nicht.
Scho askit him ane hundreth Flozens bricht.
He said Lady I will giue zow na les,
Schaw me the time quhen I thairto ſall dres.
Scho said gude Schir at time conuenient,
Quhen I think time ze ſalbe ester ſent.
Sa Instantlie that nicht he did depart,
And of his tryſt was wonder blyth in hart.
Beleuing ſure that ſcho ſuld foz him ſend,
Bot ſmall he knew how all wald cum to end.
Sa on the mozne ſcho ſang into hir bour,
Come the nirt Knicht pertenit the Empzeour,
Saw this Lady, and hard hir voice ſa ſweit,
Tuik greit langour quhill he culd with hir meit
And ſa he did, and ſchew to hir his minde,
Unto the quhilk ſcho was richt weill Inclinde,
Quha promeiſt hir of gude Flozens fyue ſcoir.
Scho said gude Schir of zow I aſk no moir.
He said Lady quhen ſall I traiſt heirto.
Ane gude dew time I ſall prouyde (quod ſcho)
Sa he as than departit mirrelie,
Traiſting his tryſt in all thing weill ſuld be.
On the thzid day the thzid Knicht in like wiſe,
Come by hir hous, and the ſame Interpzise:
He tuik on hand, and hecht to this Lady
Fyue ſcoir Flozens of him ſuld haue reddy,
Foz to perfozme and ſatiſfie his will,
Scho was content, and grantit weill thairtill.
Quhen ſall I cum (quod he) I wald ze ſchew.
I ſall

I sall send word (quod scho) as I am trew.
Sa all thir thre had gottin hir consent,
Bot nane of thame knew zit vtheris Intent.
Than this Lady of all malice repleit,
To hir husband scho said into secreit.
Secreit maters I haue to zow till schaw,
Bot ze alone na persoun sall it knaw.
And gif ze will the samin tak on hand,
For greit profeit to vs baith it will stand.
And will releif vs of all pouertie,
In time cũming, and leif in honestie.
He said gude dame I can weill keip counsell,
Of ony thing that ze will to me tell.
To keip counsell it pertenis to ane man.
Bot be contrair, thair is na woman can.
Of thair counsell I reid anis in ane taill,
It is comparit to butter into Taill.
Zit not the les the suith gif ze will schaw,
Quhat euer it be, thair is na man sall knaw.
Quod scho it is ane thing of veritie,
That may vs hald ay into honestie.
Schaw me (said he) and I sall keip counsell,
Of all secreitis that ze will to me tell.
At my power the same I sall fulfill:
Thairfoir schaw furth gif that it be zour will.
Quod scho gude schir yair hes bene Knichts thre
Heir diuers times desiring luse of me,
And promeist me but dout ane gude propine,
Ilk ane of thame fyue scoir of Florens fine.
At sindrie times Ilk ane come quietlie,
Not ane knawing of vthers preuitie:
Culd we this gold vnknawin get in our hand,
Into greit steid but dout it suld vs stand.

Than said the Knicht dame ze say veritie,
Bot of gude zeill tell on how can that be.
Scho said gude Schir my counsall ze sall heir,
How ze sall do, the way I sall zow leir.
I promeist thame euerie man be him sell,
Quhen thay sall cum, the time I suld thame tell,
In the same time at the zet ze sall stand,
Richt quietlie with zour drawin swozd in hand
And quhen thay cum into thair ozdour sa,
Ze sall not faill all thze thame foz to sla.
Sa thze hunder Flozens we sall obtene,
And nane sall knaw, noz zit the Knichts be sene.
Quhome to he said, O my belouit wife,
Suld I foz gold reif ony man his life?
To do sic thing of God I stand sic aw,
And als it is contrair the Kingis Law.
And I dout not gif sic ane thing war done,
Withouttin dout it suld be knawin sone.
Quod scho feir not, the deid I tak on hand,
To end it furth peirtlie thair at sall stand.
And quhen he hard the taill than that scho tald,
It maid the man mair hardie and bald.
Sa be counsall of this Ill wifes Intent,
Scho caulit this Knicht to that slauchter consēt
This Ill woman quhen cūmin was the nicht,
Incontinent scho send foz the first Knicht.
But mair abaid vnto the zet come he,
As he thocht best, knokit richt quyetlie.
Than answerit scho, and at him can scho speir,
Haue ze not brocht the hundzeth Flozens heir?
But dout (said he) I haue thame heir present,
Than scho vndid the zet Incontinent.
As he come in, and enterit at the zet,

Than

Than hir husband sic ane straik on him set,
Without mair talk, bot schortlie with his sword
Gave him sic wappis that he spak neuer word.
With the secund he did the samin gise,
And with the thrid he plaid on the same wise.
To ane secreit Chalmer thair bodeis drew,
That nane suld knaw that he ony man slew.
Than said he dame gif thair bodeis be found
Within this place, or zit within this ground.
It sall not faill bot we thairfoir sall die
The maist vyle deid that can Imaginit be.
Thay will be mist into the Court but dout,
And will be socht in all thir partis about.
Scho said gude Schir, this wark first I began
To end that Ilk richt wonder weill I can.
Wy Joy feir not, as I said zow befoir,
For I can dres sic thing and it war moir.
This Lady had into the same Cietie,
Ane gentill man, and hir brother was he:
Quhilk in the toun the gyding had to keip,
Quir all the watche, that thay na way suld sleip
Sa on ane nicht as he past throw the streit,
At hir awin zet hir brother euld scho meit.
Ane secreit thing (quod scho) my deir brother,
I mon zow schaw, as now to nane vther.
Than enterit he and the Knicht hir husband,
Welcūmit him weill, and tuik him be the hand
Talkit at lenth and mirrelie drank the wine,
And than the Knicht said to hir brother fine,
Brother (said he) richt hartlie I Inquire,
Of zour counsall richt greitlie I desire
To haue the same, for thairof I haue neid.
Hir brother said, trewlie sa God me speid,

At my power, my counsall and gude thocht,
Ze sall not want, and thairin dout ze nocht.
Scho said brother this is the perray cace,
Zisterday last thair come vnto our place,
Unkend be vs, ane honest nobill Knicht.
Quhome we Intreitit the best maner we micht,
And sa be chance he fell in argument
Quhairat my husband stude nathing content.
At last he ran sa heich in vilanie,
Quhat wald ze mair my husband gart him die.
And still he lyis into ane Chalmer hid,
To na persoun as zit is knawin noz kid.
And we haue nane to do foz vs as now
This greit mater foz to conuey bot zow.
Gif he be found with vs as chance may be,
It will not faill, but dout we will baith die.
And sa scho maid bot mentioun of ane Knicht,
Not schawing him the veritie noz richt,
Hir brother said deliuer him to me,
I sall him beir in ane sek to the se.
Scho heiring that was wōder blyith and glaid
Deliuerit him the deid Knicht as scho said.
And the hie gait to the sey he is past
With the deid Knicht, and thairin did him cast.
This being done, to his sister he said,
Ze ar now quyte of zone thairfoir be glaid.
As ze desirit this mater now is dzest,
Now fill the wine let vs dzink of the best.
That sall ze haue (quod scho) with mirrie cheir,
With all our hartis the best that we haue heir.
To the Chalmer in all haist past scho fine,
As it had bene foz to haue bzocht him wine.
And than begouth with ane loud voice to cry,
D deir

O deir brother richt wonder krayit am I
The same Ilk Knicht that ze kest in the se,
In our Chalmer agane is cum to me.
Than hir brother thairof had greit meruell,
Quhen that he hard his sister sa him tell.
And I traist that thair can not be sic thing,
Zit not the les agane to me him bring.
I sall him put he sall not cum agane,
Bot still for ay I wait he sall remane.
He band him fast vnto ane vther sek,
With ane greit stane hingand about his nek.
The nixt Knicht tuik, beleuing that it was
The first deid Knicht and to the sey can pas,
Upon his bak, the hie gait makis richt.
And thair but mair castis in the secund Knicht.
Than come he hame to his sister and said,
Na mair ze sall with zone Knicht be affraid:
For he is cast into the sey sa far,
That weill I wait he sall neuer cum nar,
Thairfoir fill wine, and let vs drink about,
For of zone Knicht I put zow out of dout.
To hir Chalmer to fetche wine scho did fare,
With ane loud voice scho cryit krayitlie agane.
O my brother the Knicht I say zow sure,
Quhome ze did drowne, is in my Chalmer flure
Wo be to me, I wait not quhat to say,
For be na meane he will not byde away.
The brother hard, and said quhat deuill is this
That verray Knicht he is sum witche I wis
I haue him drownit twa sindrie times but dout
And ay agane of the sey cūmis out.
Zit the thrid time deliuer him to me,
And I na mair sall cast him in the se:

Bot I sall burne his banis into ane fire.
Brother (said scho) that same thing I desire.
Than scho deliuerit the last Knicht of the thre,
And he beleuit it was the first trewlie,
Sa the thrid Knicht away with him hes tane
Knawing nathing bot all thre had bene ane.
Without the toun ane myle fra the Cietie,
In ane Forest a greit fire biggit he,
And the thrid Knicht thairin he kest to burne,
Beleuing weill he had done ane gude turne
That put away the verray Instrument
That was abill his sister to haue schent.
This deid Knicht brint, that vther did him speid
As becūmis all, to do his naturall deid.
Up fra the fire he past ane bowschot space
Into the wod to do sic besines.
And sa it chancit that samin verray nicht,
Come throw the wod rydand ane vther Knicht,
Quhilk had ane tryist the morne in the Cietie,
At ane Justing thair him behude to be.
For werynes was baith houngrie and cald.
He blent about, and the fire culd behald.
Him to refresche hidder he raid thairto,
Bot he wist not quhat had bene thair ado.
He lichtit doun, knit his hors to ane tre,
And to the fire Incontinent past he,
To warme his hands, and to comfort his cors,
And for ane quhile to rest his tyrit hors.
Than the same knicht that was y^e womans bro=
Come to the fire agane and saw ane vther (ther
Stand at the fire, quhome to he said in hy,
Quhat may thow be, he said ane Knicht am I.
Quod he agane I wait thow art na Knicht,
Thow

Thow art ane deuill, that weill I wait full richt
Twise I the drownit, the first time in ane sek,
The secund time ane greit stane at thy nek.
And now thridlie, I brint the in this fire,
And zit to leif me think thow will not tire.
War thow the deuill, and als the deuillis dam
Or I war cũmerit with the sa as I am,
I rather burne the ten times in ane fire,
Thy hors thy self, baith bowk banis and lire.
As he sa said, in his armes he him tuik,
In middis the fire he kest him in the smuik.
And sine his hors abone him also kest,
Sa brint thame baith or euer he tuik rest.
To his sister than cum he hame agane,
Quhat him betid he tald to hir in plane.
Fill the best wine (quod he) and spair it nocht
For without dout richt deir I haue it bocht.
Ester in the fire that I had brint him anis,
Incontinent he standis vp bowk and banis,
Befoir the fire, and his hors him beside,
Quhat deuill (said I) me think thow schaipis to ride
Sa in the fire I kest him hors and all,
All this sister said he chancit me befall.
Than in hir minde scho knew Incontinent,
That he had brint ane Knicht of tornament.
Zit not the les scho brocht him the best wine,
Drank mirrelie, and sa past his way sine.
Not lang ester this wife and hir awin Knicht
Fell in debait, be chance vpon ane nicht.
And scho him gaue sum wordis outrageous,
Hie and haltand, and verray dispittous.
Quhairthrow he grew at hir in matalent,
Twa stripis or thre, till hir sa hes he lent.

Than said this wife theif wil thow murther me
As thow hes done the Empreouris Knichts thre
Thow seruis weill to be hangit and drawin,
Gif sic thing war vnto our nichtbouris knawin.
Nichtbouris about thir cruell wordis did heir
The rumour rais, the folkis grew all in feir.
Word went fra hand vnto the Empreour,
Thay war send for but ony delatour.
Quha was accusit for sic ane cruell crime,
Sone scho confest the deid, the hour and time.
How he murdreist the Empreour Knichts thre
Within the nicht, into greit crueltie
And how that thay spuilzeit fra euerie Knicht,
Fyue scoir Florens of gold that was sa bricht.
And how that scho the mater first Inuentit,
And how that he thairto first disallentit.
Sa thay war baith condampnit be the Law,
That officers at hors taillis suld thame draw:
To the Gallous, out throw the haill Cietie,
To thair greit schame, that ilk man micht it se.
On the Gallous thay war baith put to deid,
As thay deseruit, but mercie or remeid.
The Maister said vnto the Empreour
Seruit thay not deid, y' maid sa greit murthour
The Empreour said that wife was wonder euil
Be apperance was temptit with the deuill.
Scho was the first the mater musit and bred,
Sicklike the first the samin gart out spred.
The Maister said war sall cum to zour sell,
Sla ze zour sone for zour Ill wifes counsell.
My sone (said he) for that now ze haue said,
Thair sall na charge of deid be to him laid
As for this day, thairfoir pas to zour place.

The

The Maister said God saue zour nobill grace,
Sa tuik his leif, and with ane mirrie hart,
To his awin hous, fra the Court did depart:
¶ Quhen the Emprice of thir tythance hard tell
Scho was maist like for to haue slane hir sell.
As ane wod wife come to the Empreour,
Behald (said scho) ane woman of dolour.
Except that ze get me soner remeid,
I sall but dout my awin self put to deid.
I am sa schamit with the countrie about,
That I think schame of my Chalmer cum out
And na remeid quhat euer I do or say,
Bot with fals Taillis put of fra day to day,
Fy vpon zow that sufferis sic ane thing,
Ze ar not worthy to be Empreour or King.
Ze cure na schame, ze cure na warldis wonder
To haue me schamit, and zour self put to vnder
And to be schamit & callit ane Empreours wife
I sall rather my self fall on my knife.
The pane of deid Induris bot half ane hour,
Bot euer mair schame sall degraid honour.
The Empreour said I pray God zow defend,
That ze tak not sic ane vnhappie end.
To tak in thocht zour awin self for to sla,
Quhat euer ze do, I pray zow do not sa.
And I pray God that I not causer be
Of sic mischance, nor sic aduersitie.
Bot will ze thoill and suffer ane schort quhile,
Zour caus will cum to ane far better stile,
And zour complaint will haue the better end
Zour Iust querrell euer I sall defend.
Quod scho agane, the end sall not be gude,
Baith zow and me it sall vs baith exclude

Of this Impire, and put vs to confusioun,
Zone seuin Maisters leidis zow in sic abusi on.
That it sall chance to zow heir efterwart,
As it come to ane King and his Stewart.
The Empreour said, I pray zow now but faill
Of zour gudnes to tell me furth that taill,
Scho said my Lord to tell ane taill agane,
Weill I persaue it will be bot in vane:
For the nixt day the seuint Maister will cum,
And tell ane taill to saif zour sone thats dum.
And help him as his fellowis did befoir,
Fra thay haue done, ze will heir me no moir.
On the aucht day than sall zour awin sone cum
And tell his taill quhilk this lang time was dū
To quhais talking ze sall giue sic plesour,
That I salbe put furth of zour memour.
And the greit luse betuix vs twa hes bene,
In time cūming now salbe forzet clene.
The Empreour said sic ane thing can not be,
Without ze serue the same vnwittand me.
Quhilk I beleue was neuer in zour thocht,
Thairfoir as zit sic thing trow will I nocht.
The Empriee said, than I sall tell my taill,
Quhilk to zour grace it sall greitlie auaill.
And caus zow fra greit perrellis eschew
Quhilk I persaue is ellis prepairit for zow.
Be zour curst sone, and his seuin Maisters all
Quhilk efter this richt weill persaue ze sall.
The Empreour said, now I pray zour gudnes,
Tell furth that taill, and leif zour besines.
Sa scho began hir taill with fenzeit cheir,
Not blyith at hart, as he sall efter heir.
Bot or scho tell hir taill furth to the King,

Of

Of the last taill now let vs say sum thing.

¶MORALITAS.

O MERCIE God quhat thing is this,
The mater greitly meruellis me,
That cunning Clerkis can not diseus
The Ill and the Iniquitie
That in women bene,
Bred with greit tray and tene
The greit villait and subteltie
Sic kenenes with greit crueltie
Was neuer hard nor sene.

This Lady in hir windo set,
Singing hir notis sa curious
Presenting thair the deuillis net
Under cullour sa cautelous
Zoung men ar till hir gane,
And in hir net ar tane
And thair with mynde malitious
In hart being sa couetous
Caulsit murdreis thame Ilk ane.

This murther first scho did Inuent
That caulsit thir men for to be slane
Syne was the berray Instrument
First for to mak it knawin agane
Sa mony wayis scho fand,
For to tyist hir husband
To do mischief with sic fals trane,
And syne the same scho culd not lane
Bot mald it kend fra hand.

Throw hir malice and her Inuy
Baith of hir husband and hir sell
The cruell murther scho did out cry
Quhair of nichthouris had greit meruell.
Quhilk thing thay neuer knew,
Quhill that the wife it schew
And caulsit hir the treuth to tell,
How all the mater first befell
And how the Knichtis thay slew.

Quha was puneist for thair mildeid,
And gat the rigour of the Law,

Now Schirs persaue quhat vois proceid
Of ane Ill womans wickit saw,
Puredome was first in plane
Syne gredynes but lane
To wow the woman as ze knaw.
The gold and slauchter did on drawn
And caulsit the men be slawne.

Thairfoir I say thay that hes wytes,
Let thame not all thair secreitis knaw,
For gif it chance that thay twa strykes,
All that scho knawis that will scho schaw.
And rather mair nor les
Thay haue that bie expres,
For gif ze len thame anis ane blaw
Quyte auld freindschip thay let saw
Turnis all to wickitnes.

As did this wife in greit malice,
Hir husband and hir self put doun,
Throw hir counsall and couetice
To hyde the same had na resloun.
That thing ze wald haue hid,
That to zour wyfe forbid
And it war neuer sa greit tresloun.
That scho sall tell throw all the toun
As this wickit wyfe did.

The wyse man sayis thair toungis ar schairp
As ony sword is wrocht with hand,
Quhairwith sa crouslie thay will carp
Ilk word thay say alone sall stand.
Thay ar sa outrageous,
Ireful and dispittous,
Thay cure not the wag of ane wand
To gar zow tyne baith lyfe and land
Quhen thay grow furious.

God saue my self fra sic ane sort
For I persaue thay ar perrellous
I promeis zow it is na sport
To find zour vnfreind in zour hous.
Quhiddier he be or scho,
To tell all that I do

And

And thay he hauld and hufteous,
Sa cummerfum and malittious,
I can not tell quhairto.

¶Ne intenderis malicise mulieris quia nouiffima illius amara quafi abfintheum longe fac ab ea viam tuam quia lingua eius accuta vt gladius biceps. Et pedes eius difcendunt in mortem. Prouerb. 5.

¶Ane praife to the Sext Doctour.

THY goldin toung with grace fa thow hes gydit,
That to this Chylde zit lyfe thow hes prouydit
Contrair the Quene, a vengeance on hir cors
Bot without dout or fentence be decydit,
I wait the Chylde he will bauldlie abyde it.
For quhy he knawis baith the beft and the worfe
And gif fa be the Quene mon byde on force.
Zit not the les thow fuld haue thankis but dout
Thow gude Maifter that keipit thy day about.

¶The Emprice feuint Taill.

BEfoir this time thair was ane Nobill King,
That lufit his wife abone all eirdlie thing,
He had to hir fic greit lufe and fauour,
He keipit hir Ilk day within clofour,
In the greit hous of ane ftrenthie Caftell,
Quhairof the keyis he keipit ay him fell,
Quhairat this Lady tuik greit heuines,
That fcho was fa haldin in fic ftraitnes.
Wantit folace and all gude companie,
Bot quhen the King come in allanerlie.
In vther partis thair was ane Nobill Knicht,
It chancit him to dreame into the nicht
Into his fleip he thocht weill that he faw,
The fairefl Quene that euer man did knaw.
Quhais lufe he couet abone all eirdlie thing,
Gif he micht fe hir on the eird walking.

Nathing douting, bot be hir cum suld he
To greit honour, worschip and honestie.
That samin nicht this Quene in hir visioun
Dreamit on this Knicht, and on the same fassoū
And zit nouther of vther knew the name,
Nor knawledge had be fassoun or be fame.
This Knicht he rais vpon the morne airlie,
Remembrit weill on his dreame sickerlie.
And determit into his minde and thocht,
Nor be na way to tak rest wald he nocht:
Unto the time that Ladie quhill he fand,
Gif that scho micht be gottin in ony land.
Lay on his hors, and in haist furth he raid,
To seik this Quene, na langer tary maid.
Throw Royall Realmes, & diuers greit coūtreis
Throw riche Regiounis, and semelie seir cieteis
This fair Lady zeid sa far in his thocht,
Thair was na landis for hir he left vnsorht.
Quhill at the last he come to ane Cietie,
Quhair he gat wit thair was ane fair Ladie,
Reipit sa clois, that nane micht cum hir till,
Except alone it war the Kingis will.
Thair he soiorned for his Pastime ane space,
Him to refresche in mirth and mirrines.
Sa it fortunit to him vpon ane day,
Pas by the place quhair that this Lady lay.
In hir windo luiking furth hir alone,
For vther game, nor pastime gat scho none.
Sa scho chancit sone for to get ane sicht,
Quhōe of scho dremit of this same verray Knicht
Thinking richt weill the samin man was he,
Intill hir dreame befoir that scho did se.
Ye not knawing that that Lady was thair.

Bot

Bot as chance come doun by making repair.
In meane seasoun he liftit vp his Ee
In hir windo this Lady can he se.
Thinking richt weill it was the samin Quene,
That he befoir into his dreame had sene.
Than he began to sing ane sang of luke,
Quhilk quhen scho hard, greitlie it did hir muse
Into his luke, and prentit in hir hart,
Quhilk was vnkend to him in ony part.
Zit not the les daylie he maid repair,
About that place to tak passtime and air.
Than this Lady persauing this at all,
Ane bill of luke to him scho leit doun fall.
And he belyue red ouir this prettie bill,
Persauing weill the Ladeis minde and will.
Fra this time furth he vsit daylie Justing,
Breking of speiris, and alswa hors rinning.
Casting of stane, and als the leidin mell,
Worsling, lowping, he did exerce him sell,
Daylie actis he vsit and honest deidis,
That in the Court his fame & word vp spreidis
Quhill at the last his name and gude beiring,
His honest actis war schawin to the King
The King heiring his vailzeant tornament,
He send for him Message Incontinent.
Quha chargeit him the King he suld cum till,
To heir his minde, his plesure and his will.
Quha come to him with all humilitie,
As him effeirit, law kneilling on his knie.
Schir knicht he said, I haue hard of zow tell,
How in gude actis ze haue exercit zour sell,
Into my Court amang my gentill men,
Thairfoir sen I sic actis dois of zow ken,

Pleis ze remane into our companie,
Ze sall haue giftis and gude rewaird of me.
And be ane of my gaird and my counsell,
Sa it pleis zow with vs remane and dwell.
Than said this Knicht and pleis zour Maiestis,
To haue seruice of sic ane man as me:
I sall zow serue baith with my hand and hart,
In all effairis, sic as pertenis my part.
Without rewaird or ony recompence,
Sa that I may haue daylie zour presence.
And sen zour grace hes now desirit me,
Into zour gaird, and on zour counsall be:
I wald zour grace to my desire wald grant,
Sa on seruice the better I micht hant.
Ane new ludgeing to haue at the Towre syde,
Quhair I micht be, and at zour bidding byde
Gif that zour grace neidit vpon me call,
Ze micht gar cry out ouir the Castell wall.
Than said the King faith I consent thairto,
Ga big zour hous as ze think best to do.
Than past the Knicht or euer he wald tire,
And feit wark men, & promeist thame gude hire
His hous biggit with tymmer stane and thak,
With ane Masoun he maid ane derne contrak.
Out fra this hous to mak ane small passage,
Into ye Towre quhair this Quene was in Cage
Quhen this was done efter his awin Intent
This same Masoun he killit Incontinent,
That he suld not discouer his secre,
For his rewaird this warkman this gat he.
Than went this Knicht quhē he plesit to ye quene
In secreit sort, and with na man was sene.
Did hir seruice as culd him weill effeir,

Than

Than thay talkit of diuers maters seir.
Amang the rest he spak to hir of luke,
Quhilk in ane part hir hart greitlie did muke.
Howbeit as than scho was not weill contentit,
Zit efterwart to his will scho consentit.
Sa in hir thocht the Quene kest on ane day,
Of this mater quhat scho suld do or say:
Tuitching this Knicht, als to hir awin husbād
Be sic thing knawin, than banisching the land
To my tinsell, and euer warldis schame,
For vpon me wald be laid all the blame.
Becaus that I wald not the Knicht discure,
I salbe callit the Ill woman full sure.
Also the Knicht he sall eschaip na way,
Bot of the deith the schairp he sall assay.
Thairfoir is best, and I persaue my sell,
To hald my toung, and not ane word to tell.
And sa all times quhen thay pleisit to meit,
Be this derne way thay zeid to thair secreit.
Sine efterward the Quene gaue him ane Ring
Quhilk at wedlok scho ressauit fra the King.
Greit Tornamentis this Knicht he vsit daylie
And euer bure away the victorie.
Quhairthrow he stude baith in Court & with
In greit fauour, for his manlie hauing. (King
Into sa far, that he was efterwart
Maid be the King Comptroller and Stewart.
And all his Realme he had in Regiment,
Tuik in his maillis, Gersowmes & daylie rent.
Vpon a day it did appleis the King,
For his plesure to pas to the hunting.
To his Stewart the King gaue than command
To be reddy, and pas with him fra hand.

Upon the morne than all the Court vprais,
And with the King all to the Hunting gais.
All the lang day thay chais in the Forest
Quhill the King thocht he wald haue had sũ rest
For he was tyrit, and werie all begane,
Sa he reposit beside ane fair Fontane.
Than his Stewart quhair he sat with the King
Efter trauell he fell vpon sleiping.
And sa the King persauit at the last,
The Quenis Ring vpon his finger fast.
Quhilk the Knicht knew be countenance of the
That he had sene & markit that Ilk ring. (King
Than to the King with fenzeit countenance
He said my Lord this is the verray chance.
Ane Maladie hes tane me in this tyde.
I am sa seik na mair hunting may byde.
Without I get the soner sum remeid,
I dout richt sair that it salbe my deid.
Praying zour grace that ze wald giue me leif
For to pas hame, zour grace not for to greif.
Quod he gude freind gif ze pleis to pas hame
I grant zew leif, pas on in Goddis Name.
Incontinent he gat vpon his hors,
Fenzeing him self to haue ane seiklie cors.
Hame to his hous into all haist he raid,
And to the Quene he past withouttin baid.
Without proces deliuerit hir the Ring,
That Scho befoir had gottin fra the King.
And tald hir how the King the same did knaw
On his finger, on sleip quhen he him saw.
Beseiking hir gif that the Kingis grace
Speirit for the ring within schort time or space
Scho suld him schaw the same but questioun

For

Foꝛ to exclude Ill woꝛd and suspitioun,
This being done, he past his preuie way,
And to his bed he maid him but delay.
The hunting done, the King come hame at ene.
Incontinent he said vnto the Quene,
Quhair is the Ring in wedlok I zow gaue.
Schaw me the same, foꝛ I it now mon haue.
Scho said Loꝛd, sa sone to quhat Intent
Wald ze it se, na way it is absent.
Than said the King schaw me it Incontinent:
Oꝛ I sweir zow ze sall it sair repent.
Than vp scho rais, and to hir Coffer went,
And broght the Ring to him Incontinent.
Quhen he it saw, he was richt wonder glaid,
And half aschamit vnto the Quene he said:
Madame foꝛsuith, sen first hour I was boꝛne,
Sa like ane Ring be warkmen maid oꝛ schoꝛne.
To the Knichtis Ring, to zouris I neuer saw,
I wald haue swoꝛne, war not yt now I knaw
Baith had bene ane that gart me ask zour Ring.
Quod scho my Loꝛd beleue ze sic ane thing?
Nay, nay, Madame, I cry zow now mercie,
Foꝛ weill I wait sic thing thair can not be.
Scho said my Loꝛd, tak not sic thing in thocht
Foꝛ the same man perchance yt zour ring wroght
He maid the Knichtis, and on the samin soꝛt.
Quod he Madame I said it bot in spoꝛt.
Quod scho my Loꝛd God mot zow grant par-
Gif ze me hald in ony suspitioun. (doun
God zow foꝛgiue zour Ill suspitious minde,
Gif ze suspect in ony soꝛt oꝛ kinde.
Considdering of zour Castell the strenth,
And my lawtie ze haue kend at the lenth.

And sine zour self had the keyis in keiping,
I meruell how ze can suspect sic thing.
Quod he Madame I pray zow tak patience,
I said nathing for to do zow offence.
Bot as ze knaw desirit my Ring to se,
Quhilk now agane ze sall resaue of me.
With als gude will as euer I it gaue,
Scho said my Lord the same I will resaue,
Say efterwart ze suspect me na way,
He said Madame, that sall I not persay.
Efter this time the Knicht causit prepair
In his awin hous ane Banket or dennair.
Sine to the King he said and pleis zour grace,
This is the treuth, the verray caus and race,
My bedfellow is cum fra hir countrie,
Quhilk thocht greit lang my presence for to se,
To hir I causit ane dennar to prepair,
With all my hart I wald zour grace war thair
And pleis zour grace to do me sic honour.
Surelie (said he) I will do zow plesour.
In that behalf, and it war mekill moir,
The Knicht he kneillit, & thankit him thairfoir
Than in his hart he was richt wonder glaid
For the kinde wordis the King had to him said.
Than past he to the Quene Incontinent,
Be his derne Caif, the straicht way is he went,
And said Madame, pleis zow to tak sic pane,
Into my hous to dine with zour Souerane
This samin day, and cleith zow vp richelie,
As is the gise and vse of my countrie,
And sit thairat in Tabill with the King,
Euin as ze war my wife spousit with ane Ring
And mak him all the passtime and gude cheir.

As

As to his grace in best sort can effeir.
Scho said Schyr Knicht as ze pleis sa I will,
As I best can zour plesure to fulfill.
The hour become, and dennar time of day,
To the Knichts hous the King come on a way.
In the meane time the Quene come hir dern gait
In the Knichts hall beliue scho gat hir sait.
In sic clething as the Knicht gaue command,
Efter the gise and fassoun of his land.
And quhen the King come to the Knichtis haw,
Sa sone as he the Ladeis visage saw,
He thocht scho was womã maist like his quene,
Sen he was bozne, that euer he saw with Ene.
Zit not the les Ilk ane on thair maneir,
Thay hailzit vther as it culd best effeir:
Than to the Knicht the King said quietlie,
Quhat is scho this sa semelie koz to se?
The Knicht he said, and pleis zour Maiestie.
This is kozsuith my luke and my Ladie,
Quhilk of lang time fra me has bene absent,
Bot now I am of hir cũming content,
Sa that ze be content that scho is heir,
I am (said he) sa God grant me gude cheir.
And first thay wesche, and sine to Tabill went,
And euer mair the King in his Intent,
Thocht y' he knew the Quene & had knawledge
Be hir fassoun, hir kozme and hir visage,
And to him self he said in all his life,
He neuer saw ane woman mair like his wife.
Zit not the les the strenth of his awin Towze
Dissauit his minde, and led him in errour,
That in sa far he gaue far mair credence
To the Knichtis wozdis, and cullourit eloquẽce

Noꝛ to the thing he saw with his awin Eue,
Quhilk blindit him, & als misknew his Queue
Than scho began to talk of sum glaidnes,
And steir the King vp in sum mirrines.
Sa sone as he hard hir speiche and hir voice,
Quhidder to speik oꝛ foꝛ to hald him clois.
He not weill wist, bot ȝit said to him sell,
O Loꝛd in heuin heir is ane greit meruell.
This woman is in fassoun and fauour
In speiche, in voice, maddome and portratour,
In behauingis, and als in conditiounis,
In fax, in face, in fait and in fassounis.
And in all soꝛt sa dons like my awin Quene,
In all this warld was neuer ane liker sene.
And ȝit the strenth of the Towꝛe him begylit,
With the Knichtis woꝛdis y' him sa sleie sylit.
Sa at the meit with mirrines amang,
The Knicht desirit the Quene to sing aus sang.
Than scho began to sing ane sang of luse,
The King heiring, greitlie his hart can muse.
Said to him self, and this be not my wife,
I wait scho is not leuand vpon life.
And than agane he thocht that can not be,
Foꝛ I my self in keiping hes the kie
Of the greit Towꝛe, quhair nathing can cum in
Bot I my self that keipis baith key and gin,
Than na man can enter within that Towꝛe,
Except myself, nouther be time noꝛ hour.
Sa all denner he sat in sic consait,
With his awain self into sic strang debait.
And sa he sat, and wist not quhat to say,
And at the last he bad sone tak away,
The Tabill and claith, he wald na langer byde
And

And said he wald about the feildis ryde.
Than said the Knicht & pleis zour Nobill grace
For to remane ane prettie time and space.
We sall zow mak mair mirrines and cheir,
For without dout zour grace is welcum heir.
Than said the Quene, and pleis zour Maiestie,
For to remane with vs in companie.
We sall zow mak the mirrines and sport,
All that we can to hald zow in comfort.
Siclike as dois the Quene in hir solace,
With all seruice that we can do zour grace.
For all requeist, planelie the King said nay,
For to remane, gart tak the Tabill away.
And said he was in that same verray tide
In sic fantise, he micht na langer byde.
And sa the claith and Tabill away was tane,
Up rais the King and to the flure is gane.
Thankit the Knicht of his kindnes and cheir,
The Lady als into hir best maneir.
Sine in all haist to the Castell he went,
To se the Quene, gif scho was thair present.
And than the Quene went on her preuie way,
Rest of hir clais and hir vncouth array.
And quhen the King enterit within the Towre
He fand the Quene sitting intill hir Bowre.
In the same clais, and sort as he hir left,
Quhairthrow he was in his speiche half bereft
Quhen he hir saw he braist hir twise or thrise,
And said Madame I am in ane fantise.
This day I dynit with the Knicht as ze knaw
And with his luke, the quhilk I neuer saw,
Sa like to zow be forme and fassoun
Be speiche and voice, and als conditioun.

All dennar time I was sa feirit in thocht,
That I not wist gif it was ze or nocht.
And ay my mande it was in sic dispair,
I wist not weill gif ze war heir or thair.
Than said the Quene I mercell of zour minde,
That to sic thing zour hart suld be Inclinde.
For ze knaw weil the greit strenth of zour towre
As to the keyis thay ar at zour plesour.
And my bodie ze knaw hes na credence,
To cum or gang without zour awin licence.
And as ze knaw to sic I haue na wingis,
How can ze than Imagine siclike thingis?
Quhat kinde of way is possibill to me,
For to be in zone Knichtis companie?
Gif euer ze red the buik of Phisnomy
Thairin ze may richt weill reid and spy
That it may stand ane to be like ane vther.
Howbeit that ane be not syb to the vther.
Thairfoir my Lord I zow require on richt
Haue na suspect betuix me and zone Knicht.
Than said the King forsuith that sall not be,
I grant my self into this fault gyltie.
Into sa far as I mislemit zow,
Thair is na caus sic thing to think I trow.
Than said the Quene sen gyltie ze zow grant,
I zow forgiue, sa sic thing ze not hant.
Upon the morne the Knicht said to the King
And pleis zour grace ze will me grant a thing.
This lang ago I haue zow done seruice,
The best I cuid, pertening my office.
Ze se my luse is cum from hir countrie,
And to returne hamewart for to caus me.
And I Intend (gif it be zour plesour

Unto

Unto my luke ye wald do sic honour,
To mary hir in face of halie Kirk,
As God commandis all Christin man to wirk)
To be at hame callit my lauchfull wife,
Quhill dowefum deid depart vs fra this life.
Beseiking now your Nobill grace heirfair,
For my reward, as now I ask no moir:
Bot with your hand deliuer hir to me,
Befoir the Preist, that the peyill may se.
It will be callit to me ane greit honour,
Sa that it be your graces awin plesour.
Quhair that my wife was geuin me be a King,
In our countrie will be callit ane greit thing
In sic effairis, as is the auld fassoun,
Unto wedlok, quhen twasum makis thē boun
Than said the King, your reward is to small,
That ye desire or charges me with all.
I will do that richt glaidlie for your saik,
And for hir luke that now suld be your maik.
The Knicht thankit the King a thousand syse,
That answerit him sa kindlis on sic wise.
The mariage and day of the banket,
The King him self he gart deuise and set.
On the quhilk day, the King with greit honour
Come to the Kirk to do the Knicht plesour.
The parische Preist with his Kirklike vestmēts,
Was weill Indewit with all abilzements,
For to solempne the band of mariage,
Into the Kirk, as than was the vsage.
In this meane time the Knicht gart mak reddy
In his awin hous his luke and his Lady,
Weill all sted vp efter the consuetude
Of his cōtrie quhilk he thocht was maist gude

And gart twa Knichtis to the Kirk hir conuoy
With greit blythnes, solempnitie and Joy.
Quha than beleuit his Paramouris had bene,
Howbeit scho was in deid thair natiue Quene.
Than said the Preist the quhilk was his deuotie
Quha delyueris this woman now to me?
That I agane may gif hir to this Knicht,
In face of Kirk, and in the pepillis sicht.
Than said the King that sall I do bedene,
Becaus scho is sa wonder like my Quene.
I luse hir all the better be my life,
Hir face and fauour is sa done like my wife.
As is the vse in filling of sic bandis
The King he tuik his awin wife be the handis,
And to the Preist he gaue this Lady bricht,
The Preist agane gaue hir vnto the Knicht.
Of halie Kirk, efter the auld fassoun,
Than he began to reid his Orisoun,
Upon his buik full besilie can say,
The band cōpleit he maid betwene thame tway.
This being done the Knicht said to the King
Schir ze haue done to me ane kindelie thing.
With zour awin hand that hes deliuerit me
This Nobill woman befoir this companie.
My Schip quhairin we purpois to pas hame,
Is alreddy now fleting on the fame.
And we wald fane with zour graces licence
We war furderit hamewart for to pas hence.
My Marinaris thay ar in reddynes,
To tak vp saillis, and to the sey thame dres.
Thairfoir I wald zour Nobill Maiestie
Sen ze haue schawin sa greit kindnes to me,
Unto my Schip ze wald my wife conuoy,

For

Foꝛ ſcho thairof wald haue greit mirth and Joy
Conſiddering ſcho is now to depart,
It wald hir do greit comfoꝛt in hir hart.
And als I wald ze gaue hir gude counſall
All man leuand foꝛ to foꝛſaik all haill
Bot me alone, quhilk is hir awin trew Knicht,
And maryit hir into zour graces ſicht.
Than ſaid the King all ſic is richt godlie,
The maryit wife obedient to be:
To hir huſband, and all vthers refuſe,
I haue na dout bot all ſic ſcho will vſe.
Than went the King with all his companie,
And to the Schip conuoyit that fair Ladie.
And be the gait his counſall he hir ſchew,
That ſcho ſuld be to hir Knicht traiſt and trew.
Him to obey, and hald him in honour,
Luſe him alone abone all creature.
And nane leuand in hir minde foꝛ to haue,
Quhais counſall than I traiſt ſcho did reſſaue.
Than the Quene ſaid and pleis zour Maieſtie
This gude counſall that ze haue geuin to me
It ſalbe done, and it war ten times moꝛe,
Quod he Madame, now I thank zow thairfoꝛe
Praying to God zour ſchip weill to conuoy,
Swa to zour land that ze may cum with Joy.
And than he tuik the Quene firſt be the hand
And ſine the Knicht, quhilk thā was hir huſbād
And gaue thē baith his bliſſing quhair he ſtude
quhilk to ye Quene as ſcho thocht was richt gude
Foꝛ at that time ſcho thocht it was hir part,
Howbeit this King was blindit to the hart.
Sine firſt the Quene, & than this nobill Knicht
At this blind King ather thay tuik gude nicht

The King hir kiſt, and bad fair weill adew,
Sa like my wife (quod he) I neuer knew.
And hir fauour will caus me think on zow
Quhen ze ar paſt, this trewlie ze may trow.
Than ſaid the Queue law kneilland on hir kne
I thank zour grace that ſic thocht takis on me.
Do I not ſa quhen that we ar cum hame,
And think on zow, richt far I am to blame.
For greit kindnes and Inward courtaſie
That ze haſt ſchawin to zour awin Knicht & me
This being done, to ſchip thay mak paſſage
Enterit in burde, and maid for thair voyage.
Raiſit vp Ankeris, and Cabillis in thay drew,
The wind was fair, rain as thay wald it blew
Heiſit vp ſaillis, and to ſeward thay paſt,
The Skipper ſpeillit helpue to the top Maſt.
To ſpy the wedder, gif tempeſt did appeir,
Into that race thair ſaillis the lawer heir.
Within ſchort ſpace the ſchip was out of ſicht,
Sa was the King haith quite of queue & Knicht
And than helpue the King hamward he went,
To his Caſtell, and fand the Queue abſent.
Gif he was noyit or crabit at his hart,
I trow he few of ſuch can tell his part.
His face it ſwat, his feit and handis ſchuik,
Upon na man with patience he micht luik.
He ſocht the towrs and ſpyit all round about,
Gif he culd find the gait quhair ſche gat out.
He fand the hoill and ſecreit way at laſt,
Quhair ye Knicht come & quhair away ſche paſt.
Than reyit he out full wellawey alluer,
Heir is heirum ane greit miſchenous cuer.
The Knicht quhome to I gaue ſic confidence

Of

Of luſe and fauour, be counſall and credence.
On him alone I wald haue lippinnit my life,
Now tratourlie hes taue away my wife.
I was ane fule fulfillit of fantaſie,
That gaue mair faith vnto his wordis ſlie:
Nor I did ay to my awin ſeing Ene,
Quhairthrow I want my bedfellow and quene
And ſchawit for ay with lak and deriſioun,
Quhilk will me bring to vtter confuſioun.
Conſiddering weill I had my Ene to ſe,
All man may weill exampill tak be me.
¶The Empryce than ſaid to the Empreour
This taill I tald my Lord for your pleſour.
Wald God the ſame that ye weill vnderſtude,
Than ſuld ye be of all danger denude.
The Empreour ſaid Madame ſa haue I ſeill,
All that ye ſaid I vnderſtude richt weill.
Quod ſcho my Lord remēber how this Prence
Unto this Knicht gaue ſic perfite credence.
Als to his wordis greiter credence he gaue,
Nor his awin Ene, ſa he did him diſſaue.
In like maner vnto thir Maiſters ſeuin,
Ye giue mair faith nor to greit God in heuin
Be apperance, for daylie ye may ſe
Quhat diſpleſure thay ſeuin wald wirk on me.
Ye to deſtroy thay labour nicht and day,
And ye giue faith to Ilk word that thay ſay,
Mair nor ye do to your awin naturall Ene,
Quhilk heireafter will haith be hard and ſene.
Haue ye not ſene how your ſone raik my face,
And zit ye giue ſkarſe credence in that race.
Quhilk zit beris ſtill the markis as ye may ſe.
Quhairof as zit I get na remedie.

And als ze knaw how me he wald have schamit
Dekoulit zour bed, quhairthzow I was defamit
All this become thzow his Maisteris defence
Quhome to ze giue sa confirmit credence.
This ze mark not, noz prentis into zour hart,
Bot it noyis me Inwart in euerie part.
Thairfoir richt sair I dout the samin thing
Sall happin zow, as it did to this King.
That gaue credence quhill he was quite begylit
Sa is zour self with thir same seuin ouirsylit.
He said I giue to my Eine mair credence,
Noz to thay seuin foz all thair greit Science.
Thairfoir the mozne foz all thair taillis & sawis
Sy sone he sall the Judgement thoill of lawis
And on the mozne his officers he gart call,
Commandit them that thay suld furthwith all
Tak out his Sone, and on the Gallous hing,
That it war done befoir all vther thing.
Than sic ane noyis rais vp in the Cietie,
It foz to heir it was ane greit pietie:
That the Empzeour his awin sone suld gar sla,
Withyn that toun mony hart it maid wa.
The seuint Maister hard tell of this tythand,
To the Sergands he haistit him fra hand.
Thame foz to meit in all gude haist him sped,
Quhair thay ye childe doun thzow the Cietie led
Quod he gude freinds, hartlie I zow beseik,
Tary ane time quhill I the Empzeour speik.
I traist to God oz I cum far away.
I sall his life fra perrell saue this day.
The Officers thay war richt wonder glaid,
And did euin sa, as the Maister thame bad.
To the Empzeour he haistit thzow the toun,

And

And on his kneis befoir him sat he doun:
Randering him sic reuerence as accordis,
Sine efter him to his Princes and Lordis.
The Empreour with greit Indignatioun,
Vengeabill vult, and with browis casting doun
Saying to him all sorrow mot the fall,
Baith vnto the, and to thy fellowis all.
Ane dum young chylde to me ze seuin hes sent,
Quhilk spak richt weill quhē he vnto zow went
Becaus ze seuin hes send me sic ane hidder,
He and ze all salbe hangit togidder.
The Maister said, and pleis zour nobill grace
Fra now to morne it is bot ane schort space:
And than be none with grace of God in heuin,
Zour sone sall speik, and we his Maisteris seuin
Unto zour grace we promittis faithfullie,
On pane of deith, first we all seuin sine he.
The Empreour said, gif I micht that belene,
Na langer than desirit I for to leue.
The Maister said, I pray zow byde sa lang,
And gif we faill, all aucht ze sall vs hang.
Than oppinlie ze sall ken all the strife
And discentioun, betuix vs and your wife.
And gif zour grace will not do as I say,
Ze will repent richt sair ane vther day.
And sall happin perchance to zow sum micht,
As it bechancit to ane richt courtes Knicht:
That deit schortlie, as I in storie reid,
For ane small blude that he saw his wife bleid.
To quhome efter scho was richt vncourtes,
And richt vnkinde, for all his greit kindnes.
The Empreour said Maister I zow requeir
Tell me that taill, richt fane I wald it heir.

The Maister said gar call zour sone agane
The haill storie I sall tell zow in plane.
In time cũming Induring all zour life
Ze sall eschew the schrewitnes of ane wife.
The Empreour said I will call him agane,
Conditionallie vnder the samin pane.
The morne or none speik he not oppinlie;
First he, sine ze, togidder all sall die.
The Maister said of that I am content.
The Empreour said and thairto I consent,
Than cauſit he to call the Childe agane,
And the Maister tald furth his taill in plane.
Bot the Quenes last taill zit farther or we ga
Ale will persaue, or we tell ony ma.

¶MORALITAS.

INTO this taill richt small I can persaue
To be extract of Morall gude sentence,
Bot that this Knicht subtellie did dissaue
This Nobill King that gaue him sic credence
In sindrie sortis schew him beneuolence.
Syne he agane vpon the vther syde,
With greit fallet did all his wayis prouyde.

As to our Quene, quhair scho Inferris this taill
To hir purpois, and to hir awin effairis.
As thinkis me, the mater rynnes haill
To hir awin schame, as the taill self declairis.
For to tell furth planelie scho nat spairis
And to reheirs the huredome that was hid
Betuix the Knicht and the Quene that thay did.

Considdering that thay ar Quenes haith
Quha can hir quyte sic ane mater on bring
Gif ane hes schame it is the vtheris skaith,
For to be fals to hir husband and King,
Trow ze hot our Emprice can do sic thing
In deid I trow or all our husk be endit
Ze sall persaue als far scho hes offendit.

Gif ane Doctour into his sermon tell,
And reprufe vice, greit faultis or greit errour
In the same vice he is gyltie him sell
Now tall he suth that vice with his honour?
He smottis him self as he dois his Nichthour
Alwayis upon his awin blanket he spittis,
And his awin taill hard on the heillis him hittis.

Of my Nichthour gif I ane Ill taill tell
Of blasphemie, dishonour, or zit schame,
It may perchance sielyke cum to my sell
Perhappin war, bringing on als greit blame.
Now can I than in ony sort defame
My awin Nichthour, except my self be clene
Sic thing suld be consideriit and weill sene.

Our awin Emprice quhome of that we now speik
Scho put reproche unto ane uther Quene,
Bot scho may cast hir Cartis in at the Cleik
Of the same sort, thocht now sic be not sene
As Mathew sayis, euin sa as now I mene.
Fra thy awin Ey first thow draw out the balk
To thy Nichthour than peirtly thow may talk.

Thairfoir I say thow had neid for to se
Or thow ane fault unto thy Nichthour fand,
Of sielyke faultis se thow weill purgeit be
Him to reprufe or that thow tak on hand
Ellis thy reprufe with honour can not stand,
It to obey thair is few will be abill
Gif thow be kend in that same culpabill.

Now can our Quene sa foull ane fault Infer
Contrair ane Quene, and scho hir self gyltie
In the same cryme, zea, and perchance far war
Nowbeit it be cloikit mair quyetlie,
Fy on fallet, fy on hid barlatrie,
That ane Ill taill of thy nichthour can tell,
And that same taill redounds euin to thy sell.

¶Ane reproche to the Emprice.

THOW glaikit gallarrand quene, now with thy glorious glois
With thy fals taillis of tene, thow trowis to win the bois.

Nay, nay, not sa my Ioie, theirs sit sum greith to sail
Ane prick into sour nois, or we hane done behind,
Trow ze to blaw vs blind, theirs vther taillis to tell
Quhen stabilit is all this wind, luik than quha beirs the bell:
The wraik fall on thy fell, baith the sorew and syte,
Thow Proserpine of hell, we cure thee not ane myte
For all thy greit dispyte, hid euir with harlatrie
Full weill we sall the quyte, that all the warld may se.
Thow bysemeir balamie, thy hippis sall theill bet haisteris,
For thow seruis thame trewlie, at the Chylde and his Maisteris.

¶The Taill of the Seuint Maister is how the man deit becaus he saw his Wyfes finger bleid.

VPON a time thair was ane Nobill Knicht,
That had ane wife ye was baith fair & bricht
Quhome he sa lusit, that he na way he micht
Of the haill day ane hour want hir of sicht.
Upon a time efter meit and glaidnes,
For thair pastime thir twa went to the Ches.
And in his hand it happinnit him to hait
His awin bykniſe, and sa amang the lait
Thairon scho straik hir hand a litill we
Amaist ane drop of blude that ze micht se.
Sa sone as he the blude saw of his wife,
Alwayis he said, that scho wald lois hir life.
Befoir thame all, amang thame fell he doun,
For verray wo into ane deidlie swoun.
Incontinent than scho began to cast
Upon his face cauld water wonder fast.
Than he ouircome within ane litill space,
The cald watter thay wep sa in his face.
The Minister he gart call of the toun.
And prayit him to heir his Confessioun.
For weill he knew without ony remeid,
Thair was nathing at him bot eulie deid.

For

Foꝛ na ſeiknes, naꝛ foꝛ nane vther deid
Bot onlie ſaw his wifes finger bleid.
The Miniſter exhoꝛtit him anone,
And ſone efter to deith this Knicht is gone.
For quhome thair was greit ſlurt & beuailling,
Amang the reſt his wife maid maiſt murning.
The Buriall with greit ſolempnitie,
Was maid and done in beſt maner micht be.
Than this Lady ſcho maid ane ſolempne vow,
To leif ay ſtill as dois the Trytill Dow.
All hir life time to leif in Chaſtitie,
And neuer to knaw ony mannis companie:
Bot ay ly ſtill abone hir huſbandis graue,
And neuer maiꝛ warldlie comfoꝛt to haue.
Bot euer murne vnto the day ſcho die,
In the ſame graue quhill that ſcho buryit be.
Hir freindis ſay nay, that was not all the beſt,
Sen it pleiſit God hir huſband was at reſt:
Bad hir pas hame, and caſt hir to defend
Hir hous & bairnis, to murne wald nathing mēd
Giue to the pure, and let the deid hyne ga,
We think it beſt (quod thay) that ze do ſa.
We ſall zow do all comfoꝛt that we can,
Sine efterwart to cheis zow ane new man.
Caſt zow to mirth, and let zour murning be,
Foꝛ naturall is, that all man anis mon die.
Scho ſaid counſall of zow nane will I haue,
For I ſall die widow abone this graue.
Can ze not all conſidder foꝛ my ſake,
Sic ſair ſeiknes, and doly deith did take
Foꝛ ane ſmall dꝛop he ſaw my finger bleid,
Suld I not than baith into woꝛd and deid
On my perſoun ſum pennance foꝛ to take,

The cruell deith that sufferit for my sake.
Thairfoir gude freinds let put your minde to rest
For in this graue salbe my ludge and rest
Quhill God sinder my saull and life in tway,
Thairfoir my freinds fra me pas hame away.
Than hir neir freinds heiring hir vtter minde,
Thocht in sū part thay wald with hir Inclinde
Becaus scho was in sturt and greit dolour,
Thay wald sum way cast thame to hir plesour.
And saw scho wald do nathing bot hir will,
Thairfoir thay thocht the same for to fulfill.
And caust to big euin at the graues syde,
Ane proper ludge quhairin that scho micht hyde
And furneis hir all necessaris thairto,
In all effairis, or quhat scho had ado.
Beleuing weill scho wald change hir Intent,
And efterwart to wirk with freinds consent.
Thinking richt weill y' scho na way wald wāt
Sicht of pepill, bot scho thairto wald hant.
Sa thay hir left into hir quiet Caif,
Burning rich fair abone hir husbandis graif.
Thair was a Law than maid in the Cietie,
Gif ony man was condampnit to die
On the Gallous, for trespas and vnricht,
Than the Schiref suld walk him all that nicht
In his harnes, the morne quhill it war day,
Sa that the theif suld not be stollin away.
And gif sa war, the Schiref to tine his land,
And als his life to be in the Kings hand.
In this meane time it happinnit that thair was
Ane man hangit for his thift and trespas.
Than the Schiref behude that nicht on force
All in armour to walk that hangit cors,

And

And sa he did, howbeit the nicht was cald,
Quhair he watchit thair was na hous nor hald
It chancit that nicht to be baith wind and rane
That in na sort thairout he micht remane:
For verray cauld, he stude of life sic dout,
And sa belyue he blenkit him about:
In the Kirkzaird beside the Knichtis graue,
Ane litill licht the Schirek can persaue,
Fra the windo quhair that the Wedow lay,
Hidder he gais in all the haist he may.
At the ludge dure he knokit quietlie,
And sone scho spak, and speirit quha may that be.
This time of nicht to walkin ane pure Widow
All wobegane, in hart richt sorrofow.
He said I am the Schirek of this toun,
For verray cauld I am in point of swoun:
Except ze let me in mair haistelie,
Nor verray cauld doutles I trow to die.
Gif ze rum in (quod scho) I feir richt sair
That ze sall eik my anguische mair and mair.
Quhilk war neidles schir gif ze knew my thocht
Quod he Lady, forsuith that sall I nocht.
I promeis zow nouther in word nor deid
Zow for to craib, thairfoir haue ze na dreid.
Than vp scho rais, and belyue leit him in,
For verray cauld he rheuerit at the chin.
And doun he sat, and warmit him at the fire,
Quhilk for to do was greitlie his desire.
Fra he was warmit and restit thair ane space,
Graithlie he blent into the Wedowis face.
Quod he Lady to displeis zow na way,
Ane word with leif I wald vnto zow say.
Scho said gude schir say on quhat euer ze pleis

For your sayingis sall do me na diseis.
He said Lady I merwell of your minde.
To this vane wark that ye suld zow Inclinde,
Considdering ye ar ane fair Ladie,
Freshe in your flouris, zoüg plesand and lustie,
It war mair meit, and better be ten fald,
For to pas hame and keip your awin houshald.
Nor heir to byde, and your self to destroy,
Daylie in hurt, in murning and in noy.
My counsall is pas hame to your awin hous,
Giue to the pure, and gar deill greit Almous.
Quod scho gude sehir, gif I your wordis had
Or y' ye suld sic sayings to me schawin (knawin
Ye suld not had into this hous entrie,
Becaus ye talk of sic purpois to me.
I say to zow as I said of befoir,
To all my freindis, and I wald ye no moir
Spak of sic thingis, thay sink not in my heid,
Knaw ye not weill my husband suffeyit deid:
For ane small drop he saw my finger bleid,
Than think ye not that I suld do sum deid.
For him agane, and tak sum small pennance,
That micht me caus of him haue remembrance
Thairfoir I sall him luse on sic ane wise,
That I mon luse the tird quhair that he lyis.
And for his saik sic pennance tak on me,
That quhair he lyis abone him sall I die.
Than the Schiref tuik leif and vp he rais,
The meirest gait vnto the Gallous gais.
And quhen he come the theif that he left thare,
Was stollin away, quhairof he maid greit care.
And said oft times, quhat haue I done allace,
Heir is to me becum ane rairfull race.

My

My gudis, my geir, and also all my land
My life sclike is in the Kingis hand.
Sa he wandring in sturt baith to and fro
And wist not quhat to do for verray wo.
Sa at the last he thocht that he wald pas
To the Lady, befoir quhair that he was.
Becaus scho was sa devoit in hir sell,
He trowit of hir to haue sum gude counsell.
Than come he on as had bene the first Cok,
And at the dure quietlie did he knok.
Quod scho quha is that, that sa sone callis now
I the Schiref is cum agane to zow.
I haue ane sturt and anger at mine hart,
And I wald schaw thairof to zow sum part.
Thairfoir hartlie I pray zow let me in,
I sall zow schaw the mater mair and min.
Howbeit it was to hir sum prettie pane,
Zit vp scho rais and leit him in agane.
Than he began the race all for to tell,
Quod he Lady I come to haue counsell
Of zow, becaus I wait richt weill ze knaw,
Quhen ony man is hangit be the Law,
My office is to keip him nicht and day,
To that effect he be not stollin away.
And gif he be, my life and all my landis
Without remeid, is in the Kingis handis.
It is sa chancit quhen I was heir richt now
In the same time quhen I talkit with zow,
The theif quhilk I suld haue walkit quhill day
Sum subtell handis hes stollin him quite away
Quhairthrow I will Incur the Kingis feid,
Lois all my landis, and also tine my heid.
Or ellis on forre furth of the Realme to fle

Quhilk is but dout ane heuie race to me.
Beseiking zow zour counsall giue me to
Into this race quhat ze think best to do.
Quod scho gude Schir for zow my hart is wo.
That sic ane chance suld happin vpon zow so.
Bot sen ze haue maid zour first mane to me.
I mon zow help, defend and als supplie.
Sa wald kindnes, courtasie and resloun,
Of ane wo hart for to haue compassioun.
Quod he Lady I lippin on zow na les,
Bot for to haue zour counsall and kindnes.
Beraus ze ar in greit estimatioun,
In wit, wisdome, and als in deuotioun.
And I beleue to haue zour counsall now
For all my caus clene I commit to zow.
For it is said sen first the warld began,
Thair is greit help into ane gude woman.
This Lady than was musit with mercie,
And on this Knicht hir hart had greit pietie,
And said gude Schir zour sturt it musis me,
Bot tak gude hart, and ze sall helpit be.
Do my counsall, and schortlie to conclude
Ze sall nouther lois zour life landis nor gude.
Ye said Lady that erand brocht me heir,
To saue my life, my landis, my gudis and geir
Quod scho Schir will ze promeis faithfullie,
Quhen I haue done, that ze will Mary me:
I will do all that I haue to zow said:
Quod he Lady of that I wald be glaid.
Wald God in heuin to me ze wald sa do,
That I micht be zour persoun fallowis to,
Considdering I am bot ane pure Knicht
And ze ane Lady of greit blude and of micht.
Wald

Wald ze disdane to humbill zour minde to me,
I suld zow serue with all humilitie.
Sa baith thair mindes and all thair hail Intēt
Was weill aggreit, quhairof thay stude content
Gude schir scho said, ze knaw richt weil I wait
How my husband was burzit of the lait,
Quha lusit me sa wonder weill in deid:
That for ane drop he saw my finger bleid:
He tuik in hart sic sturt and displesour
Of doly deith he sufferit the scharp schour.
Ga tak him vp for to be zour releif,
And hang him vp quhair hangit was the theif
The Schiref said fair Lady be the Rude
Zour counsall is substantious and gude.
Than past thay baith bauldlie w^t mane & micht
Furth of the graue thay drew ye new deid knicht
The Schiref said zit ane thing feiris me,
The theif quhilk I gart hing vpon the tre,
Twa of his teith abone was strikkin out,
Thairfoir I stand into ane dreidfull dout:
Gif ony man the samin suld persaue,
That this deid Cors his ouir teith dois haue,
It war my deith, and callit greit diffait,
Thairfoir to do, heirof not weill I wait.
Scho said zour self may richt weill that remeid
I giue zow leif, strike thre out of his heid.
Quod he Lady to that I war richt laith,
For of Knichtheid it is aganis the aith.
Outher zoldin or deid man for to strike,
It wald greitlie baith faith and fame Infek,
And als quhen he was leuand heir on life,
Except onlie my barnis and weddit wife:
I lude him best of ony man leuand,

Thairfoir in him I can not put my hand.
Gif ze will not now ding thame out said scho
Faith for zour lufe that same thing I will do.
Sa with ane flane twa of his teith out dang.
Sine bad the Schiref hing him quhair the theif
The schiref said zit I feir a greit thing, (hang.
The theif quhilk I on the Gallous gart hing
Ane hiddeous wound he gat in his foirheid
At his taking, thay had at him sic feid.
And baith his luggis thay stowit quite him fra
And zour husband be he not euin richt sa
It suld be my destructioun haistelie,
In this mater I pray zow counsall me.
Amang the rest (quod scho) thats bot ane bourd
Can not zour self peirtlie draw out zour sword,
On the foirheid strike him as best effeiris,
Quhen that is done, than cut of baith his eiris.
Quod he Lady fra that God me defend,
Considdering vnto his lifes end
I lude sa weill, and had in companie,
In that behalf I pray zow pardoun me.
And of befoir I did to zow declair
Of clene Knichtheid the aith it is contrair.
Giue me the sword (quod scho) and for zour lufe
That same to do now peirtlie sall I prufe.
Scho tuik the sword, and to the man was deid
Ane cruell straik scho gaue him in the heid:
With the same sword into hir greit dispite
Of baith his luggis belyue scho maid him quite
Sine said gude schir now ze may without tary
But ony feir him to the Gallous cary.
And hing him vp quhair the theif hang befoir,
Sa ar ze quite of danger, sturt and schoir.

Than

Thã said the schiref zit ane thing restis in thocht
Thairof quhill now remembrance had I nocht
Howbeit the theif was haill in bowk and banis
Zit weill I wait he wantit baith his stanis.
And be that kend, all is for nocht thats done
Quod scho in faith the stanis he sall waut sone.
And with ane knife the stanis scho tuik him fra
And said gude Schir now to the treis him ta.
He cũmeris vs for to byde sa lang heir,
Quod he my self alone dow not him beir.
Quod scho in faith for that it sall not stop
Tak ze the taill, and I sall tak the top.
For sen he come furth of his Sepulture
I haue him maid ane laithlie creature.
To the Gallous thir twa him tuik but moir,
And hang him vp quhair the theif hang befoir.
Than was the schiref of the Kingis dãger quite
Be the greit help of this Lady sa quhite.
Than said scho schir, now wonder weil ze knaw
How that ze war be ordour of the Law,
Baith life and landis in danger for to tine,
And now I haue brocht all to ane gude fine:
Be my counsall and anlie for zour luſe,
For zour plesure and als for zour behuſe.
Quhairfoir sen ze in all maters hes sped,
Now I desire agane ze wald me wed.
Conform to zour conditioun and promis,
Quhilk in na sort I wait ze will not mis.
He said Lady, forsuith I maid ane vow,
That I suld not Mary woman bot zow:
Sa lang as ze war leuand vpon life,
Bot wo to him that hes the to his wife.
Thow schameles schrew, and maist wickit of all

Tenefull tyger a vengeance on the fall.
Ane Nobill Knicht thow had to thy husband,
And for ane drop of blude furth of thy hand
He had sic luke and Inwart fauour to the,
For sturt thairof at schort causit him to die.
Thow in na way all his luke regarding,
His forder teith trewlie thow did out ding.
In his foirheid ane fell wound did thow strike,
Cuttit his luggis, and als his stanis sicklike.
Quhen I think on this vgsum vilanie,
God me preserue that I not Mary the.
And for that caus I find the sa cruell,
To him alone that lusit the so well.
In time cūming thow can na better be,
To ony man that wald lay luke on the.
Thairfoir I sall, that thow sall schame na ma
In time cūming, my awin handis sall the sla.
And sa at schort he put hir thair to deid
He drew his sword and quite straik of hir heid.
The Maister said than to the Empreour,
Schir I require gif it be zour plesour:
Gif that ze haue the wordis of this taill tane
The Empreour said ze Maister euerie ane.
Scho was ane wife the worst and maist cruell
That I beforr of ony zit hard tell.
The Schiref als rewardit hir the thing,
That scho deseruit, to hir deidis according.
Zit gude Maister hartlie I zow beseik,
That I may anis my Sone blythlie heir speik
For that wald mak sic blythnes to my hart,
Fra that time furth I cair not to depart.
He said my Lord and pleis zour Maiestie,
That thing the morne ze sall baith heir and se:
At

At zour plesure, as zour self dois desire,
In audience befoir the haill Impire.
And sall knaw weill the caus of vnkindnes
Betuix vs seuin, zour sone and zour Empres.
The Empreour said gif that thing cũmis to pas
Than zour rewaird salbe quhat ze will as.
He said my Lord all is at zour plesour,
Sa tuik his leif than fra the Empreour.

¶MORALITAS.

INTO this taill that the Doctour hes tald
Me may persaue sentences manyfald
Pertening to wemens vnstabilnes,
First thair awin will to haue ay that thay wald,
That gart hir big abone the graue ane hald
For to mak knawin hir senzeit halynes,
Quhilk sone was turnit to habilit brukilnes.
Consider sine how that scho was sa hald
In diuers sortis, and schew hir cruelnes.

First scho hir schew to be in estimatioun,
Ane chaist wedow, and leif in deuotioun
In godly prayer, and into almous deid
Quhilk sone was turnit in greit dissimulatioun
Of hir awin spous that maid sic mutulatioun.
Quha deit becaus he saw hir finger bleid,
Quhat gaue scho him for his gude luie and meid
His stanis, his luggis, scho stowit, and teith out dang
Sine on Gallows as ane theif did him hang.

Heir is hir luie, heir is hir stabilnes
Heir is hir fauour, heir is hir faithfulnes
Heir hir chastitnes, heir is hir Cheritie
Hir courtasie, heir is all hir kyndnes,
Hir womanheid, lo heir is hir meiknes,
Heir is hir hope, heir is hir honestie,
Heir is hir grace, heir is hir grauitie,
Heir hir gansell, heir is all hir gudnes,
Now all is changeit into kene crueltie.

O meruellous God quhat may this mater mene

That women ar sa cruell and sa heue,
And euer geuin to wickitnes and vice
In former time euer mair sa hes beue,
And in na sort can zit thairfoir abstene:
Not perseueris, this is ane mater nice.
I think it best to play thame at the dice
The neirest way in this warld is I wene
To saue thair schame, set thame on sink and sice.

Quhair suld be faith, thair schaw thay fenzeitnes
And quhair fauour thay schaw infaithfulnes,
Quhair suld be rest, thay rattill up in a rane,
Quhair luke suld be, thair schaw thay bitternes.
Quhair peice suld be, thair schaw thay hy baldnes
Quhair gudnes is, thair lodgeing haue thay nane
Quhair tene and tray, that hous is to thame tane
Quhair meiknes is, than thay ar mouldes,
O marpit men for zow I mak greit mane.

For quhy your heidis ar still bound till ane stack,
And thocht ze do all ze dow for hir sake
As zow becummis baith into word and deid
And sa daylie on hir seruice dois wack,
Scho countis not all zour cunning worth a cask,
Quhen euer scho crabbis, and castis backward the Creid
Euin as the Knicht saw his wyfes finger bleid,
In luffs labour quhen euer that ze Inlack,
All thing bygane scho countis not worth ane threid.

Becaus thay ar sa kittill of the Came
Quhylis lyke a wylde wolf quhylis as a Mow als tame,
In at bosum, and fine out at zour sleik.
Sic saules thingis hes nouther sin nor schame,
Than we do wrang ony way thame to blame
Thay will do nocht that will thair husband greik
Nor skantlie speik without he giue hir leik,
Sic Innocentis that wait of nocht bot All
Thay couet nocht bot ay to haue thair will.

Sum makis sa mop, sa gymp, sa dynk and dane
Howbeit ze speik scho will not blenk agane
And gif scho do, it is out on the lyne,
That Fillok wald be at the feild als fane
That semis ane Sanct new send vs fra Sathan
Thocht scho be brawlit and buskit lyke ane bryde

Vnder

Under cullour scho is ane graceles gude
Ane fule fulfillit of fantasie prophane.
Ane rank Rebald, redy all tymes to rude.

Ze gude women exampill heir may se
Be not fenzeit with fals Hypocrasie,
In meanis sicht presenting ane Angell
And sine Inward sattat with subteltie,
Fulfillit all with fraude and falsitie.
All this becumanis of the greit Deuill of hell
Quha daylie settis his curage for to quell
All mankynde with his kene crudelitie
In women dois, as now na mair I tell.

¶Ane praise to the Seuint Maister.

THOW hes put of Doctour ane doutsum day,
The seuint and last quhairin maist perrell lay.
And sauit the Chylde vnto the morne quhill none
Now in Goddis name let him cum on away
To the Emprice, gif he hes ocht to say.
To say it out, I think it war weill done
For scho hes bene to him Inoportune,
In his contrair scho hes done that scho may
To gar him mis baith Denner and Disione.

¶Ane Exclamatioun to the Chylde.

NOW sen thow speikis on hir thow wreik it weill
Gif thow hes caus, thy self thow hes sum feill.
Thank hir na mair, than thow had hangit heue,
Gif thow hes hap now hit hir on the heill
And spair hir not, thocht scho war stif as steill
For scho hes bene to the richt wonder keue,
Quhilk in na sort pertenit to ane Queue
On sic ane wise a young Clerk to gar keill
Quha wrocht neuer to hir zit tray nor tene.

¶How Diocleſiane on the Emprice complenit, And him excuſit of all maters ſcho menit.

EFTER that the seuin Maisters all about
Had sauit this Chyld of all danger and dout

Be gude ressounis, of storeis red and sene,
Upon the morne togidder did conuene
To ane counsall, to se how weill thay micht
Conuoy this Chylde vnto his Fathers sicht,
And fra presoun how best thay suld him bring,
All to consult thay past for the same thing.
Sa to presoun thay come with ane consent
To speik this Chyld befoir the none thay went
His opinioun and counsall for to heir,
Quhat he wantit that thay seuin suld him leir.
Richt weill besene in honest Ornament,
Of his Maisteris twalum befoir him went.
And on Ilk syde of his Maisteris zeid ane,
And thre behind, and sa forward ar gane.
And fourtene men in thair companie went
Ilk ane playing on diuers Instrument.
And euerie ane was Maister in Musick,
For Melodie and mirth thair was nane sick.
To the Palice this Chylde thay did conuoy,
With greit blythnes, mirth melodie and Joy,
Sa that the sound of all the Instrumentis
And the greit noyis in at the windois wentis.
Quhat was the noyis, the Empreour did demād
Thay said it was his sone cūming at hand,
Unto zour grace, for to excuse him sell,
Of part of plaintis, quhilk sum did to zow tell,
The Empreour said thay tythandis lykis me,
My sone speiking gif I micht heir or se.
In the Palice this zoung Chylde tuik entres
Quhairof mony maid mirth and mirrines.
And quhen he come to his Fatheris presence,
He hailsit him with dewtie reuerence
With honour fauour, and all humilitie,

As

As him become, or culd of courtasie.
The companie, and all about was glaid.
With greit blythynes to his Father he said.
Hals Father deir, helth honour and weilfair
Be to your grace, for now and euer mair.
Sa sone as he of his sone hard the vois,
Into his hart it did him sa reiois:
That his greit luke his wittis it did confound,
That he for Joy flatlingis fell to the ground.
Than vp agane his sone tuik him in haist,
And diuers times in his armes he him braist.
Sa with sweit wordis and cõfortabill brasing
Fra swoun agane he did his Father bring.
Als sone fra swoun the Emprour did walk,
The Chylde began to his Father to talk.
Zit of pepill thair was sic confluence,
The Chylde to speik micht scarse get audience.
The Emprour he causit cassin be,
Greit sowmes of gold out throw the hail Cietie
To that effect to draw the pepill away,
That he micht heir what thig his sone wald say
Of the money zit sum tuik small regaird,
That the zoũg man sa fane thay wald haif hard
The Emprour he cryit giue audience,
In pane of deith Ilk man to keip silence.
Tha all was clois, to speik thair durst na man
Sine for to speik Diocleslane began.
¶My Father deir humblie I zow beseik,
That ze will caus or I ma wordis speik,
Your awin Emprice with hir fair Ladeis gent
At my sermon Ilk ane to be present.
The Emprour Incontinent gaue command,
That the Emprice suld hidder cum fra hand.

Wlith hir Ladeis of hir Chalmer Ilk ane,
To hir helpue the Messinger is gane,
And in all haist the Message tald hir till,
And schew to hir the Empreouris minde & will
Scho heiring that scho tuik ane fellown feir,
Was na remeid, bot all thay did compeir.
Than did the Childe desire the Empreour,
That all the Ladeis of the Empryce bour
Suld stand on raw, Ilk ane at vtheris syde,
In pane of deith that nane thame self suld hyde
That the pepill micht all thame planelie se
Thair trim maldome, and als thair honestie.
Thair fauour, yair face, yair fame & yair fassoū
Thair braue hauingis, and thair paintit persoū
Upon the deis thay damis quhē yai war dreuin
Thay war maist like Angellis cū furth of heuin
Thay war sa sweit sū said thay war all sanctis
Trew men thame callit als trim as termigantis
Than stude thay vp all into plane presence,
And to the Childe gaue oppin audience.
Than said the Childe Father lift vp zour Eue,
Behald how lang that ze haue blindit bene
Wlith zour Empryce that is zour Maryit quene
And that zoung wenche that all is cled in grene
Quhilk is bour Mayd vnto zour awin Empres
Quhome scho hes mair in fauour and kindnes,
Than euer scho had I dar weill tak on me
Sen thay first met than to zour Maiestie.
Quhome I desire gif it plesit zour grace
To be vncled befoir zow in this place.
That being done, richt weill ze sall persaue,
Sic ane bour Mayd, and sic Empryce ze haue.
To quhome answerit this Nobill Empreour,

Thow

Thow knawis sone it is not my honour,
It will be schame to me and to vs all,
Ane naikit Wayd befoir vs for to call.
Than said the Chylde ane Waydin gif scho be
All the greit schame thairof beis laid on me,
Gif scho be not ane young Wayd as ze tell,
Than let all schame remane still with hir sell.
The Empreour than commandit that be done,
The Officers thay unbeclid hir sone.
The clais of tans, it weill appeirit than
It was na Wayd, bot alwayis was a man.
And be all signes of memberis naturall,
Quhairof mony had wonder greit meruall.
Than said the sone with all humilitie,
The verray treuth now Father ze may se,
Of the falset, and the greit subtelnes
Of this Rebald, and als of zour Empres,
How day and nicht hes zow in blindnes led,
Quhen thay best thocht hes ay defoulit zour bed
In zour Chalmer ay vsit sic harlatrie,
Fornicatioun, Huredome, and Adulterie,
Not regarding Goddis Law nor conscience
Nor zour dreddour, zour luke and reuerence;
Bot euer mair thair lust and thair plesour,
Quik quhen thay list, to zour greit dishonour.
Quhen the Empreour saw all the veritie
How this young man was cled as ane Ladie,
And vsit nichtlie in Chalmer with the Quene,
For verray wraith, Impatience and tene
His Ene thay glowrit, and als his face it swellit
His greit anger thair is na man can tell it.
He commandit thame baith Incontinent
Without mercie to be condampnit and brint.

Than said the sone Father remane a time,
Quhill I reprufe hir of the cruell crime
Scho laid on me, and falslie on me brocht,
The thing yat I had neuer in minde nor thocht
The Father said that thing and all the rest
Is in your handis, do with it as ye think best.
Than said the sone, ane lier gif scho be,
Than let the Law correct hir for hir lie.
Bot ye sall knaw quhen ye first for me sent,
My self I past and spyit the Firmament.
Quhairin I saw, ane word gif that I spak
Within seuin dayis, that I with schame & lak
Suld thoill the deith with all greit crueltie
Be ony way that culd deuisit be.
And that alone be the greit foirthocht feid
Of the Empryce, Imagining my deid.
That was the caus Father I durst not speik,
Thairfoir pardoun at yow now heir I seik.
And quhair scho sayis that I wald hir oppress
That is in treuth ane lesing manifest.
Bot trewlie scho did all that in hir was
In all kin sort to bring that thing to pas.
And quhen scho saw that I refusit sic thing
And answerit not, Incontinent did scho bring
Paper and pen, with Ink scho had reddie
Prayit me to write my minde thair quyetlie.
And quhen I wrait, and all hir minde refusit,
And praying hir for to hald me excusit:
For I wald not defoull my Fatheris bed,
Than the wryting vnder hir feit scho tred.
Sine raik hir face, and all hir robbis rent,
And with loud voice scho cryit Incontinent.
And zit that crime scho laid alone on me,

Father

Father in treuth this is the veritie.
Quhen the Empreour this tail hard til him tald
The Quenes face greitlie he did behald,
With awsum vult, angrie and als austeir,
And not but caus, saying on this maneir.
O maist filthie and schameles creature:
Wicht thow na way stancheit thy foull nature
With my bodie, and with thy Rebald knaik,
Bot in like sort my awin sone thow wald haik.
O wickit wife neuer taking regaird
Of thy awin schame, nor of heuinlie rewaird.
Had thow tane heid quhome of ye was discendit
Thow wald neuer sa far to me offendit.
Thow wrocht alwayis that euer thow culd In=
On the Gallous to gar my sone be schent. (uent
And ay thy minde with falset was Infectit,
Traisting all time sic wald not be correctit.
Bot God is Iust, howbeit he thoill a time,
As he thinkis caus he will puneis the crime.
Thairfoir becaus of sic thow had na schame,
Upon thy self sall ly baith wite and blame:
That me sa lang thy bedfellow hes blindit,
Thairfoir thy fleschc for sic faults now sall find
Thā gruislings swyith scho fell upō hir face (it
Doun at his knie, and at him cryit for grace.
Saying gude Lord, for thy Princelie pietie,
To me maist vile thow wald grant sum mercie.
For my greit gylt heir planelie I confes,
Grant me sum grace for thy greit gentilnes.
Than till hir said this Nobill Empreour,
Quhilk was fulfillit of sturt and displesour.
O vyle woman for mercie thow dois craik,
Quhilk be na way is not worthie to haik.

The cruell deith thow hes deseruit thrise,
Quhilk I sall schaw planelie in thre kin wise.
First thow hes done the sin of Adulterie,
To the greit schame and contemptioun of me,
Quhilk be the Law, expres is na remeid
(Ane Princes bed for to defoull) bot deid.
Than secundlie, my onlie sone and Air
Thow did prouoke to be ane Adultrair.
To that effect to the Chalmer him led,
Wiith the to ly, and to defoull my bed.
Quhilk seruis deith, as na man can excuse,
Albeit in treuth the same he did refuse.
Thridlie Ilk day with fals taillis tyllit me,
Aganis Justice, to gar my awin sone die.
Becaus thow knew his Clergie and cunning,
Thy foull baudrie & filthines wald furth bring
Thairfoir be Law thow seruis puneist be,
And of the Law to haue extremitie.
Than said the sone, Father richt weill ze knaw
How scho daylie tyllit zow (not be Law)
Bot with hir taillis and fenzeit fals lesing,
Upon Gallous but mercie me to hing.
War not throw help of my gude Maisters seuin
And first supplie of the greit God in heuin:
Quhilk will euer the Innocent defend
And into neid will to thame succour send.
Quhilk presentlie now he to me hes done,
Into my neid hes send me succour sone.
Alswa Father I traist it was zow tald
Be zour Empryce, that I purpoist and wald
Depriue zour grace fra this Nobill Impire,
Quhilk neuer was zit trewlie my desire.
And als scho said that it was my Intent,

Zow

Zow to destroy with my Maisteris consent,
And be that way zour rowmes for to obtene,
Quhilk trewlie zit my minde did neuer mene.
Sic for to do I pray God me defend,
Or zit think sic vnto my liues end.
For of zour grace my leuing all I haif,
Ze zit on liue, I aw na mair to craif.
I am zour sone, and ze my Father deir,
Wald I zow want for ony warldlie geir.
Nay, nay, not sa for I sall ay laubour
For to vphald zour weilfair and honour.
At my power and vtter diligence,
With hart and hand, and all gude reuerence.
At zour plesure, zour bidding and command,
Lesting zour life, ay constant sall I stand.
Bot zour empzice scho wzocht baith nicht & day
In all kin sozt to wirk betuix vs tway
As the Father kest the sone in the sie,
Becaus the sone said him for veritie:
That he suld be abone his Father Lozd,
To the quhilk taill the Father did not cozd.
Than the Father kest the sone in the sie,
Bot the greit God gaue him help and supplie:
And wald not thoill that time he suld be deid,
Bot thzow his grace he send him sone remeid.
Zit the sonnis taill it come trewlie to pas,
And the Father ane myte not war he was.
To the Father quhat hinderance culd it be,
Howbeit the sone had obtenit dignitie.
Not hindering the Father in na sozt,
I think it suld haue bene to his comfozt.
And God willing Father my gouernance
Ze sall persaue sall be na hinderance,

Nor prejudice in na sort to your grace,
Bot alwayis salbe mirth Joy and solace.
Than said an heich this Nobill Emperour,
To God alone be loving and honour,
That sic ane sone vnforseruit hes me send,
To gyde this Realme efter my dayis end.
Sa wise, sa gude, sa vertevous in all thing,
To greit wellfair sa abill his Realme to bring.
Now my deir sone hartlis I the requeir,
Tell me sum taill that all about may heir.
Quhairthrow yai may thy wisdome vnderstād
Quod he Father that sall I tak on hand.
Sa ye command all men to kep silence,
Quhill I haue done, and giue me audience.
Quhen I haue done as ye think expedient
Du your Empyre gine forth thā your iudgement
Than silence was commandit to all man,
Diocleciane thus gaits his taill began.

EFTER Tytan had tane his staf in hand
And lichtlie lap as Lord out ouir the land
Becaus the day was haith sweit soft and faire,
Than vp I rais, and past to my Libraire.
And studyit thair, a quhyle as I thocht gude
Becaus it was my vse and consuetude.
And sa efter my lessoun was compleit,
Than to refresche, I recreat my spreit.
As for that tyme I laid an syde my buke,
And in my hand ane vther Volume tuke,
Of lychter dyte, and storyis of the auld,
That seir auld men beforir in tymes had tald
In quhilk Volume diuers frayis ouir kest,
That pleiand was, bot yit among the rest

Ane

Ane fyne fabill in that volume I fand,
Quhilk at this tyme to our purpois may ſtand.
This was the Vairch of the mater in deid,
As ze ſall heir this Tale and I proceid.
BEfoir this tyme thair was ane nobill knicht
Vanlie in mynd and aboundant in micht.
Ane gay Lady he had vnto his wyfe,
And betuix thame thay led ane Godlie lyfe.
Onlie ane Sone he had na barnis mo,
Quhome of yai tuik, greit mirth blythnes & Jo
And him delyuerit in far and ſtrange countrie,
Him to Inſtruct and for to leir Clergie:
Of cunning men that Clergie had perqueir,
As ze haue done to me this mony zeir.
Sa this zoung man as he in perſoun grew,
Sa daylie did in cunning and vertew.
Sine efter that he was ſeuin zeir at lair,
Conſiddering he was his Fathers Air.
And had na ma to bruik his heritage,
At ſeuin zeiris end he ſend for him Meſſage.
Chargeing him ſone for to cum hame fra hand
Quhilk he obeyit his Fathers haill command.
And quhen he come to his Fatheris preſence,
He hailſit him with all gude reuerence.
As him effeirit, with greit humilitie,
His Mother als in ſemblabill degre.
Quhairof thay had haith game gle & blythnes
That thair ane ſone was cumin to ſic grace.
For not alone in vertew he Increſt,
Bot alſo was of bodie the liklyeſt.
Vanlie and ſtout weill maid at all faſſoun,
Weill fauourit of face and gude proportioun.
Gentill, humane, courtes, Nobill and fre,

All man him lude for his humanitie.
Sa on a time it chancit vpon ane day,
His Father and Mother at tabill sat thir tway
The sone seruing thame baith richt courtaslie,
Fra the Kitching the coursis brocht cumlie.
In the meane time on ane tre lichtit doun,
At the windo, and sang with heuinlie soun,
Ane nichtingail, quhilk sang with noittis sa cleir
Sa wonder sweit, that all hir noittis did heir.
Aucht dayis in ane thay wald neuer thocht läg
To heir that bird, sa done sweit was hir sang.
Than said the Knicht weil war he all his dayis
That vnderstude quhat zone bird singis or sayis.
Than said the sone Father with zour honour
Sa that it be to zow na displesour,
The birdis sang I sall declair to zow,
Bot I am feirit that ze tak sturt thairthzow.
The Father said sone for my benneloun,
Quhat the bird singis mak Interpretatioun.
Say on bauldlie, for na persoun tak feir,
For I thairat sall na wayis change my cheir.
Than said the sone this is the verray taill,
That ze Father heiris of the Nichtingaill.
That I sall be sic ane man of greit micht,
And honourit be with Lord Barroun & Knicht
And sall cum to, that ze my Father fre
The water plait that ze sall hald to me.
And my Mother befoir me scho sall stand,
Besyde zour self with towell in her hand:
Waitting quhill I wesche my handis in ye plait
This is the sang that the bird sang of lait.
The Father said thow fals misleirit knaif,
Thow sall of vs sic seruice neuer haif:

Nor

Noꝛ neuer ſall cum to ſic dignitie,
That we twa ſall mak ſic ſeruice to the.
Sa in malice, and into greit wodnes,
In greit furie, and vnnaturall kindnes.
He led his ſone, and keſt him in the ſie,
In diſpleſour, Inuy and crueltie.
Saying efter in the ſey he him ſlang
Ly thow thair ſtill, geſſar of birdis ſang.
The Chylde culd ſwym, and ſa chancit to land
With heill and quert helpit be Goddis hand.
And faſtit thair as the hiſtoꝛie ſayis,
But meit oꝛ dꝛink be the ſpace of four dayis.
On the fyft day be chance ane ſchip come by,
Quhairon ſchairplie richt loud the chyld cã cry.
Skipper of ſchip foꝛ luke and cheritie,
Fra this perrell I pꝛay zow to ſaue me.
The ſkipper hard, and belyue dꝛew to land,
And ſaw the Chyld, and in quhat ſtait culd ſtãd
On him thay had reuth and compaſſioun,
Seing he was ane liklie gude perſoun.
The chance of deith ſa narowlie eſchewit,
All in ane voice thair hartis vpon him rewit.
And in on burde belyue did him reſſaue,
And in far landis to thair countrie did haue.
Than to ane Duke of that countrie him ſauld,
Foꝛ ane greit ſowme of money to thame tauld.
And as this Chylde grew daylie into age,
In like maner he grew in perſonage.
Meik and humane, in maners comfoꝛtabill,
Gentill, Jocund, and to all game richt abill.
Sa to all men he come in ſic fauour,
The Duke him lude, and tuik at him pleſour.
Into ſa far, he had the haill credence

Of all his hous, and the pronouncemen.
In the same tyme the King of that countrie,
All his greit Lords, and counsell callit he.
His greit Barrouns, his knightis and nobill men
That of his mind sum part that thay micht ken
Amang the rest sain did this Duche aide
To the counsall preparit him for to gae.
And with thame tuke this Clyde fin companie
For his wisdome, and his greit cauteltie.
All thir Lords come with full greit renowme
Befoir the King gaus dein obedience.
Thay being all togidder in counsell,
To yame in plane ye king schew quhat he mell
Saying my Lords and my trew Barrounis all
Now to counsall for this I did yow call.
The mater is sa greit I haue to tell,
Thairfoir I wald ye keipit all counsell
Gif ony man the treuth will me declair,
I him promit my douchter and myne air:
Into spowsage, and efter me be king,
Quhen I am deid, for ay to bruke my Ring.
This is the treuth, and mater musis me,
About this place resorts Rauins thre:
And followis ay quhair euer I gang or lyis
Rowpand in me, and euer on me cryis.
Quhylis me behind, & quhylis thay cum befoir
With sicyke luks, as thay wald me deuoir.
Thay leif me not but ay continuallie,
Thay rowp thay rair, and euer schouts on me.
Scraipand the eird and wassand wt yair wings
Dawbing thair nebbis & at the windois dings
Thairfoir I send gif ony of yow did knaw,
The caus heirof, that ye wald to me schaw.

His

His gude reward he sall not neid to craif,
As I haue said the same thing sall he haif.
Sa he deuoyd the Rauins fra me all clene,
And in my sicht that thay na mair be sene.
Quhen this was mustit to all the counsall thair
Thair was na man the questioun culd declair.
Than said this Chyld to his maister the Duke
The man on hand that zone same questioū tuke
For to declair wald he get his promis
Fra the Kings grace, zea, quod the Duke I wis.
Than said the Chylde gif it plesit zour grace,
To schaw the King, I sall declair the cace,
Under the pane to put my heid in pledge,
As he hes said, for to fulfill the wage.
Quhē ye Duke hard this tail he was richt glaid
Incontinent gall to the King and said,
And pleis zour grace thair is ane zoung mā heir
Ane cunning Clerk, in Clergie richt perqueir.
Wise and wittie, and of Ingine richt hie,
Quhilk promisis that he sall satisfie:
All zour desires and the samin fulfill,
Tuitching the Rauins, sa that it be zour will,
For to compleit the thing that ze haue said,
Faith (quod the King) thairof I will be glaid.
Than brocht the Duke this Chyld into presence,
Befoir the King with all gude reuerence.
Than said the King, zoung man can ze declair
The questioun that I proponit air:
Befoir my Lordis, tuitching the Rauins thre.
Than said the Chylde that sall I do trewlie,
Sa that zour grace zour promeis will fulfill.
Than said the King but dout trewlie I will.
Quha euer will this questioun declair,

He sall mary my douchter and mine Air.
Than said the Chyld this is the caus and quhy
That thir thre Rauins dois daylie on zow cry.
Thair was twa Rauins, ane female & ane male
That had clekkit the thrid withouttin fale.
Quhair thay clekkit into that Ilk countrie,
Was greit hounger, derth and penuritie,
For fault of fude, wemen and men deceist,
In lyke maner sa did baith foull and beist,
Than this zoung Rauin being intill hir nest,
The Mother flew ouir feilds quhair scho thocht
Seiking hir fude, in läd out ouir all quhair (best
And of hir bird scho tuik na sturt nor cair.
Than the Male Rauin seing that displesour,
Upon him self he tuik daylie laubour
With panis and pine, and greit penuritie,
Fed this zoung Rauin quhil it had strenth to fle
And fend the self out ouir the feildis fair,
Sa of Mother it tuik na sturt nor cair.
Now is past by the skant time of the zeir.
Meit grew at large, and vittaillis was not deir
Men beist and foull, had meit aboundantlie,
The Female Rauin come hame than haistelie.
And wald haue had sic freindschip & kindnes
To the zoung Rauin as he quhilk in distres.
Fed him with fude quhill he culd fend him sell,
The Female Rauin thairof tuik na trauell,
Than the male Rauin tuik weil into hir thocht
How he his bird had nureist and vpbrocht,
In time of derth, penuritie and skant,
He thocht na way his bird that he wald want
For the Female out ouir the feildis flew,
And left hir bird but help or zit reskew.

Still

Still in the nest quhilk thairfra culd not fle,
Bot thair on force for to ly still and die.
Thairfoir the male thocht he had mair kindnes
To the zoung Rauin, that in neid and distres
Out of perrell it nureist and vpbrocht
Nor the Female that flew and fed it nocht.
Thairfoir the Male sayis that he suld possleid
His awin zoung bird that helpit it in neid.
Rather than scho quhilk in necessitie,
Left it alone but help in point to die.
Than the Female alledgis this agane,
That in the birth of hir bird had mair pane:
Mair laubour, sorrow, and penuritie,
Mair hounger than the Male had be sic thre.
Thairfoir of him scho aught to haue mair mirth
That had of him sic sorrow in hir birth.
For this Ilk caus my Souerane Lord the King
Thir Rauins cryis, and for nane vther thing.
Desiring zow to Judge be zour wisdome,
Quha this zoung bird sall bruik in time to cum
Thairfoir will ze on this thing giue sentence,
Thay will na mair cum in zour grace presence.
Than said the King becaus that the Female
Left hir awin bird into sic neid and bale,
And in na sort wald nureis it nor feid,
Bot fra it fled quhen that it had maist neid.
I think alwayis with ressoun it suld stand,
The bird suld be at bidding and command:
Mithy the Male Rauin, and in his companie,
Becaus he fed it in necessitie.
And quhair that scho alledges hir agane
To haue mair sturt, sorrow trauell and pane
In his clekking, furth bringing and his birth,

I say to yow all that was tueuit in mirth,
Sa sone as schyr hir awin bird quick culd se,
Schyr quyte forȝet hir greit aduersitie.
And als the male is caus of productioun,
And Instrument of all generatioun,
I say also in time of hir greit neid,
He did his bird with pane nureis and feid:
Quhen the Female it left into the nest,
In greit hounger, and als with cald oppȝest.
Thairfoir I giue diffinitiue sentence,
That the Male Rauin sal ay haue still presence
The fellowschip and als the companie
Of the ȝoung bird, quhair euer he gang or fle.
And the Female his fellowschip sall want it,
Except the Male vnto the Female grant it.
Than quhen ye Rauins hard the King sa declair
Incontinent thay flew vp in the air,
With sic ane noyis, as it had thunder bene,
And was na mair into that Regioun sene.
This being done, in schort time efter than,
Incontinent the King callit this ȝoung man:
And said gude freind ȝour name to me ȝe schaw
Alexander (quod he) Schyr thay me caw
Than said the King ȝe sall tak nane bot me
For ȝour Father and ȝe my sone sall be.
For ȝe sall haue my douchter in spowsage,
And efter me sall bruik hir heritage.
And euer still sall heir be Lord and King
And all this Realme sall haue in gouerning.
Than Alexander in houshald still he baid,
Daylie seruice vnto the King he maid.
All men him lude for his greit courtasie,
His gentilnes, and his humanitie.

He

He was sa soft, sa humbill and manlweit,
Courtes, cunning, debonar and discreit.
In all gude games him self he did frequent,
In hors, harnes, Justing and turnament.
And all gude games ganit for ane gentill man,
Daylie exercit, and ay the praise he wan
Abone all thame that dwelt into Egypt,
He far excellit, and had the Maisterschip.
In all that Realme nouther be far nor neir,
In manlie actis thair was nane found his peir
Nor zit thair was na greit obscure questioun,
Bot he thairto wald giue solutioun.
Sa he gydit in all thing and weill prufit,
Mithy zoung and auld wonder weil he was lufit.

¶ In this meane time Tytus the Empreour
Quhilk was a man of greit micht and honour
Of gentilnes, and als of courtasie,
In all vertew he was ane A per se.
Quir all the warld sa far rang his renoun,
That he precellit all vther that bure Croun.
Into sa far, that ouir all quhair did sie
His Nobill name of Liberalitie.
And round about into all partis him by,
Baith far and neir oppinlie gart he cry:
Gif ony man in maners and wisdome,
And gude Ingine, vnto his Court wald cum:
Suld be Intreit into thair awin degre,
And rewardit efter thair facultie.
Quhen Alexander hard tell of sic ane thing,
He past fra hand to his Father the King.
And said to him kneiling vpon his kne,
And pleis zour grace my Nobill Father fre.
The Nobill Court and courtasie is knawin

Of the Empreour, and to zour grace is schawin
That euerie man delites thair to abyde,
That hes knawledge outher to gang or ryde.
Leirning sall leir, maners and manlynes,
Prettick of weiris, gude gyding and prowes.
Dew Intreitting, with honour lauds and glorr
And greit rewaird he sall obtene thairfoir.
And pleis zour grace I wald desire hartlie,
Into that Court and companie to be,
That I micht wit and vertew daylie leir,
My self exerce in Nobill actis of weir.
This of zour grace richt humblie I desire,
Na wayis mening that of zour grace I tire.
For God willing I sall returne agane,
To zour plesure, quhilk is my Soueraine.
Than said the King zour talking plesis me,
Bot laith war I to want zour companie.
Zit not the les caus ze sic thing desire,
I will glaidlie grant it that ze require.
Bot or ze pas se that ze furneist be,
In all behalfis, gold, claiis, hors and monie.
That ze want nocht that is neidfull to haue,
That ze pairthrow may baith our honours saue
Siclike I think it war expedient,
That ze suld spous my douchter or ze went.
Or ze returne perchance ane barne furth bring
Than wist this Realme outher of quene or king.
Alexander than said vnto the King,
And pleis zour grace to spair me of that thing
Till my returne, than sall I with honour
Zour douchter spous with zour graces plesour.
Than said the King of that I am content,
Euin as ze will, thairto I do consent.

And

And grantis zow heir with all beneuolence,
To pas zour time quhair that ze pleis licence.
Than Alexander at the King tuik gude nicht,
And all ye Lordis, baith Barroun squire & knicht
Sine last of all he past to the Ladie,
Tuik his gude nicht, and gaue hir knifes thre,
Bad hir be blythe, for lang he thocht not byde.
Scho said gude schir I pray God be zour gyde.
Sa furth he fairis, ane liklie man to luik,
And lap on hors, and on his veyage tuik.
And with him went ane honest companie,
With gold, siluer, furneist at all plentie.
Unto the Court quhair that the Empreour was
He takis Joznay, and sa forthwart can pas.
And quhen he come befoir the Empreour
Upon his kneis he hailsit him with Honour:
Greit reuerence and all humilitie.
Bot sa sone as the Empreour culd him se,
Quhair that he sat, out of his sait he rais,
To Alexander but mair tary he gais.
And kissis him, as was of Court the gise,
And in his armes he him Imbrasit twise.
Sine him inquirit quhat was his name fra hãd
Quhairfra he come, quhilk was his natiue land
Siclike he speirit quhairfoir that he was cum.
Tell on he said, the treuth of all and sum.
He said and pleis zour Nobill Maiestie,
Alexander men vsis to call me.
The King of Egypts sone and Air I am,
I wait his grace will ratifie the same.
And is cum heir vnto zour Maiestie,
To do seruice, gif ze will accept me.
Ze ar welcum the Empreour said than,

Ze seme to be ane Nobill gentill man.
To his Stewart than ane command he gane,
That in houshald Alexander he suld wsane.
The Stewart than to ane Chalmer him led,
And schew him quhair that he suld hane his bed
Weill perfurneist into all necessaris,
Wlith pertinentis thairto in all effaris.
Alexander behauit him sa wisslie,
Wlith all the Court and Ilk mānis luse wan he
Sa in schort time for his weill behauing,
Maister Reruour he was maid to the King.
Not lang efter the Kingis sone of France,
To do seruice and daylis obseruance.
In like maner come to the Empreour,
Quhome he resauit with blythnes & honour.
And speirit sicklike at him quhat was his Name
He said Lodwik all men callis me at hame.
And am cum heir to do zour grace seruice,
Gif that ze pleis wittrhaif on me office,
The Empreour said Alexander trewlie,
Is my Reruour, my copper ze sall be.
For that office I think ze be maist abill,
To do seruice daylie befoir my tabill.
Committit he to the Stewart Lodwik,
To do to him, as to Alexander sicklike.
Sa the Stewart to Lodwik did asking
That Ilk Chalmer was Alexanders ludgeing
Quhairof thay war baith verray weill applesit
That thay war twa into ane Chalmer esit.
Thir twa zoung men Alexander and Lodwik,
In all kin sort thay war sa wonder like
In face, fauour, in forme and fassoun,
In stature, visage, speiche and conditioun,
That

That Ilk man said ane was the vthers brother
Skarslie micht nane knaw the ane be the vther
Bot Alexander in deidis was mair actiue,
Than was Lodwik, and far mair scientiue.
For Lodwik was schamefull and feminine,
And Alexander perit, furthie and Masculine.
Of mair curage, mair manlie to behald,
Than Lodwik was (sum said) be the thrid fald
Thir twa young men Ilk ane sa lufit vther
Nane wald haue said, bot ane was vthers bro-
The empreour quhilk Tytus hecht to name (ther
Had ane douchter of fassoun fair and fame.
Hecht Florentine, ane gracious gay Ladie,
Quhilk neirest air to hir Father suld be.
Quhome hir Father lufit sa abone measour,
And till hir gaue aboundance of treasour.
Hir awin seruandis scho had with hir to dwell
And keipit Court and houshald be hir sell.
To quhome daylie the Empreour vsit to send
Of his daintreis, his douchters meis to mend
In signe of luke, daylie ane dische or tway,
And Alexander to hir bure thame away:
To this Ladie, befoir hir thame presentit,
Sa in hir sicht Ilk day he was frequentit.
Quhairthrow fauour of this Lady he wan,
For his wisdome, abone all vther man.
Throw hefines it chancit on ane day,
At dennar time Alexander was away
Fra his seruice, and nane in his absence
His fault suppleit, nor zit gaue attendence.
Than Lodwik come, and that persauit sone,
Did sic seruice as Alexander suld haue done,
And stude for him into the samin steid,

Quhis fault he did supplie and als remeid.
And quhen dennar neir hand it was at end,
The Empreour tuik up ane dische and send
To his douchter as he had wont to do,
And bad Lodwik the same dische beir hir to,
Beleuing weill Alexander it had bene,
Few culd discerne thir twa visages betweene.
Than went Lodwik his way to the Ladie,
Presentit hir the dische vpon his knie:
With reuerence, as he in hart best thocht,
For he beforr that time hir sene had nocht.
Incontinent quhen he the meit hir brocht:
Scho persauit that Alexander it was nocht,
Quod scho gude schir to me ze schaw zour name
He said Lodwik, it is surelie Madame.
Quhais sone ar ze tell me but circumstance,
My Father is (quod he) the King of France.
Quod scho gude schir I thank zow of zour pane
Ze ar welcum to pas or zit remane.
Thank my Father of the meit he hes send,
Quod he I sall, and sa furth can he wend.
And tuik his leif with all gude reuerence,
And past agane to the Empreours presence.
In this meane time Alexander come to tabill,
Did his seruice as he was wont and abill.
The dennar done, Lodwik to Chalmer past
Richt seik at hart, and laid him doun bedfast.
Quhilk Alexander persauit Incontinent,
And to Chalmer to Lodwik is he went,
And said to him, O my gude companzeoun
Quhat is the caus that ze ar now line doun?
Than said Lodwik, I feill my self trewlie,
Vert at the hart with sair Infirmitie.

Greitlie

Greitlie I feir without I get remeid,
It haldis me sa, that it sall be my deid.
Alexander said the treuth I traist to ges,
The principall caus of all zour sair seiknes.
For this Ilk day quhen that the meit ze bair
To zone Lady, quhilk that ze thocht sa fair.
Ze hir beheld sa verray feruentlie,
Hir gude maners, hir visage and bewtie,
That ze thairwith is hangit in hir luke,
Fra hir zour hart na way ze can remuke.
Than said Lodwik, O my gude brother deir,
The verray treuth but dout ze haue gane neir.
All Philistians in warld thay culd not ges,
Nor Judge mair trew the caus of my seiknes.
Quhairof but dout I tak ane felloun feir,
Get I na help, that it sall do me deir.
Than Alexander bad him be of comfort,
At my power I sall zour pane support.
Lift vp zour hart and be of gude curage,
Sturt in na way zour seiknes can asswage.
Than Alexander bethocht him on ane cast,
Incontinent to the market he past:
Ane precious claith with his awin gold he bocht
Quhairof Lodwik knew na way nor wist nocht
All set about with precious stanis coistlie,
And presentit vnto the fair Ladie:
Quhen scho it saw, scho askit him in hy:
Quhair he culd get sic coistlie claith to by.
Quod he the sone of the maist Christin King,
Hes for zour luke Madame send zow this thing.
Bot for a sicht that he saw of zour face,
He is sa fast lynkit in lufis lace.
That he lyis seik without he get remeid,

Appeirandly thair is nathing bot deid.
And for zour luke suffer ze him to die,
It sal degraid zour honour gretumlie.
Alexander scho said, wald ze now counsal me
That I suld lois my clene Virginitie.
Considdering I am of blude Royall
Discendit doun of stock Imperiall
And secundlie, as ze knaw weill in deid
Be apperance, to this Croun suld succeid.
Gif I did sa as ze to me declair,
Than war I tynt: but dout for euer mair.
Beleue ze weill that ze for sic Message
Sall haue na thank nor wyn of me na wage.
Thairfoir pas ze fra hand out of my sicht,
Zour message is nouther ressoun nor richt.
Ye saw the Mayd was sum thing discontent
Furth of hir sicht he past Incontinent.
On the nirt day past Alexander agane
To the market, and playit the counterpane.
To this Lady he bocht ane fyne heid geir.
Aboue the claith it was thre tymes mair deir.
And present it vnto the Lady gent,
On Lodwyks name, thairwith vnto hir went:
Quhen the Lady this coistlie gift had sene,
Scho meruellit greit quhat Alexander did mene
And said to him I meruell of a thing,
That ze to me sic coistlie gifts suld bring
Fra ony man, bot gif it war zour sell,
Deferring ay zour awin erand to tell.
And sa oft times ze haue had my presence,
And for to speik ze micht haue had licence.
Sic thing I se in zour heid neuer sank
Quhairfoir but dout I cun zow the les thank.
Quod

Quod he Madame ze mon hald me excusit,
I durst not speik perchance ze had refusit.
And mairatouir my birth it is to law,
Sa heich maters I durst not to zow schaw.
Quod scho it is ane Prouerb of the ald,
Quhilk I oft times in mirrines hes hard tald.
Let ane zoung man quhidder he speid or nocht
Hane not his speich, bot speik furth & spair nocht.
Into my hart (quod he) sic was not groundit
Nor with sic thing my hart was neuer woundit
And gif sic thing perchance had happinnit me,
I wald haue chargeit ane of mair law degre
Nor is zour grace, bot my gude freind Lodwik
Is the greit air of the maist cheif Kinrik:
Of all the warld, and the maist Christin King,
The mair haulder he durst desire sic thing.
Rather nor I, quhilk may be na compair,
Unto zour grace, for zour blude singulair.
Quod scho this word in remembrance ze tak,
Luse quhome ze like, thay say luse hes na lak.
Quod he quha hes into his companie,
Ane gude fellow, as Lodwik now hes me:
And in him traistis, am I not bound agane
To wis him gude quhair that he lyis in pane
At my power, in sa far as I may,
Doutles Madame I culd not say him nay.
Thairfoir I think ze Lady traist and trew
Wald ze witchaif vpon Lodwik to rew,
And on him haue compassioun and pietie,
That is sa sair woundit in zour bewtie.
Ane word of zouris wald mak him haill agane,
And him releif of all seiknes and pane.
Let him na way his deid be on zow laid,

For that thing sall your honour greit degraid.
Gif ye absent fra him your gude kindnes,
Ilk man will say that ye ar mercyles.
Scho said gude schir forsuith ye serue greit crime
Of me ye get na answer at this time.
Thairfoir ye may pas on fair weill adew,
Ye ar to blame sa schairplie to persew:
For ony man, bot gif it war your sell,
Pas on your way, as now na mair I tell.
He tuik his leif, and departit anone,
The morne agane to the market is gone.
And bocht ane belt, quhilk ten times was mair
Nor was the claith, & als the gay heid geir. (deir
And presentit vnto the Ladyis sicht,
On Lodwiks name, the wofull woundit wicht
Quhen scho persauit the giftis sa coistlie was,
Into hir self scho kest and did compas
Seir diuers thochts yat neids not to be schawin
Nor to Ilk man in na kinde to be knawin.
Thairfoir as now I think best let thame be,
Ilk man suld not knaw Ladeis preuitie.
Bot at the last to Alexander scho said,
I wait not weill for to be musit or glaid
At your message, bot wonder laith war me
In my default that ony man suld die,
A mannis life to lois for laik of luse,
Gif I sa did I war greit to reprufe.
Thairfoir ye sall in this point haue credence,
In my Chalmer I will giue him presence.
At the thrid hour that past is ouir midnicht,
My Chalmer dure he sall find oppin richt,
Schaw ye him sa this is my minde and will.
Your minde (quod he) Madame I sall fulfill.

Of

Of this answer Alexander was glaid,
Past to Chalmer, and to his fellow said.
Lodwik ly not, ze lurk ouir lang for luke,
I haue not hanit to hant for zour behuke:
The companie of zone fair Ladie gent,
Howbeit sum time scho stude not all content.
Zit not the les sum grace I haue obtenit,
To zour Intent, sa far to hir I menit.
Hir greit fauour to zow I haue purchest,
And I beleue all is cum for the best.
Thairfoir be blyith, and tak zow gude comfort,
With clene curage now get zow vp at schort.
And in secreit I will zow schaw ane thing,
To hir Chalmer this nicht I sall zow bring.
Quhair that ze sall richt wonder welcum be,
And weill Intreit with that fair gay Ladie.
Fra he that hard he was curageous,
Baith haill and feir, Jocund and Jolyous.
Als blyith at hart, and sturt away was worne,
As euer he was, fra first day he was borne.
Was neuer bird sa blyith of hir brydgrome,
Was neuer bird sa blyith to licht on blome.
Nor zit Sparhalk sa blyith to get hir pray,
Nor zit the Lark, in freschc morning of May.
Neuer Menstrell sa blyith of his rewaird,
As was Lodwik, quhen he thay tythings hard
Bot for to speik of perfite Potingaris,
Fyne Phisitians, meruellous Medicinaris.
Clerkis of cunning, and counsallouris of hele,
Charmers of chaffs and giuers of Liblele.
I neuer red into na buik nor place,
As Alexander was to Lodwik in this case.
For luik how sone that Lodwik hard him speik

He said him self he was na langer sek.
Ze knaw Lechis will haue ane lang proces,
Gude Intreitting, rewardis and als kindnes.
Bankettis making quhair euer it may be socht
With Alexander be na way sa was nocht.
Alexander deburſit his money ay,
Not being knawin to Lodwik in na way.
Quhairthrow to him he conqueist this Ladie,
Be coistlie gistis cost with his awin monie.
Now let vs schaw how Lodwik vp he rais,
With curious corps, and cleikit on his clais.
Sine Alexander his minde vnto him schew,
How the Ladie all his maladie knew.
And how scho was of his cũming content,
And how that he did purches hir consent.
Alexander conuoyit Lodwik that nicht,
To the Chalmer of that fair Ladie bricht.
With quhome he was in Joy and mirrines,
And fra thine furth euer keipit kindnes.
In sic ane sort, quhair that anis Intent
Without contrair that vther gaue consent.
Sa still thay vsit in vthers companie,
Beleuing weill all was done quyetlie.
Zit not the les, it come vnto the eiris
Of all the Court, amang Knichtis and squyeirs
How that Lodwik sa stude in greit kindnes,
With that Ladie wrocht sa in quyetnes.
Sa amang thame thay did conspire his deid,
Not regarding the Ladeis fauour nor feid.
And Alexander thairof gat knawledgeing,
He armit his cors for to ganestand that thing.
And quhẽ thay knew that Alexander tuik part
Him to persew fra thine furth thay tyne hart.

Into

Into sa far, fra all sic thay did reis,
And sufferrit weill Lodwik to ga in peis.
Howbeit oft times into greit Jeopardie,
For Lodwiks saik Alexander was trewlie.
Bot to Lodwik sic was not knawin a deill,
Bot the Ladie it knew richt wonder weill.
Than in schort time thair was a message send
Out of Egypt, be writing makand kend,
That of the lait was new deceissit thair King,
Quhilk abone thame mony ane zeir did Ring.
Requiring hame Alexander to cum,
And with honour ressaue his awin Kingdome.
For his Ladie the Kingis douchter and Air
Of his absence tuik baith greit sturt and cair.
Becaus the Realme was desolait of ane heid
Unto that hour, sen hir Father was deid.
Quhilk sone he schew to Ladie Florentine,
And thairefter to Lodwik schew it fine.
Than he in haist behuisit to depart,
Quhairof thay war baith wonder sad in hart.
Also he past vnto the Empreour,
And said plesit zour graces greit honour.
Furth of Egypt I haue ressauit writing,
Makand it kend my Fathers departing.
And it behuiss me to pas and ressaue,
The Croun thairof, be richt thairto I haue.
Gif that zour grace will licent me to pas,
Without zour fauour I will na licence as.
For but zour leif or I suld licence take
I had rather baith Croun and Realme forsake,
In thir effairis, quhat euer pleis zour grace,
Of verray treuth sa standis euin the cace.
The Empreour said ze sall knaw verralie,

Of zour depart my hart is richt heuie.
For I held zow amang my seruandis all.
Into my hous euer the principall.
Bot it becūmis not to ane Empreour,
Into na sort, nor zit is his honour
To his seruandis to mak Impediment,
Quhat time thay be promouit to ony rent:
Bot far rather to help thame and supplie
To greiter giftis, and hier dignitie.
Thairfoir ga ze fra our Stewart reflaue
Als mekill gold as ze pleis for to haue:
With my blissing, and with my Inwart hart,
In Goddis Name I leif zow to depart.
And bad fair weill and sa he tuik gude nicht
At the Empreour, sine at Lord squire & Knicht.
Quha was sorie of his schort departing,
For he was lude baith with the auld and zing.
Than past Lodwik, and with him Florentine,
And on gaitward conuoyit him myles nine.
Alexander wald let thame na farther go,
Bot for to se the dolour and the wo:
Quhen thay departit, quhairto suld I say mair
It wald haue maid ane haill mānis hart richt
For verray wo to ground all thre fell doun (sair
And Florentine for wo scho fell in swoun.
Alexander than tuik hir vp agane,
Comfortit hir of hir dolour and pane.
And richt sa did to his fellow Lodwik,
Comfortit him with mony wordis sicklike.
And said to him, now my fellow and brother,
Quhome I luke best of men abone all vther.
In time cūming for to keip zow fra skaith,
This I zow say, and to my Lady baith:
Tuitching

Tuitching secreitis that is betwene zow two,
Keip thaine quyet or ze will suffer wo.
Thairfoir tak heid, and tent richt weill about,
Do ze not sa, ze stand baith in greit dout.
For weill I wait ane vther in my steid
Sall cum but dout, and haue zow at sic feid.
With greit haitrent, dissait and als Inuy,
Baith day and nicht sall zow chak and espy.
To se gif thay can chalange zow with crime,
Thairfoir be war and tak gude tent in time.
For gif thay can reprochе zow ony way,
And zow rebuke, swythlie thay will assay.
With the Emprеour in fauouris ze do stand,
Thairfoir the mair thay will cast at zour hand
Than said Lodwik in sa far as I may,
I salbe war, baith be nicht and be day.
Bot wo allace thairin quhat sall I do,
Quhen I haue nane that I dar lippin to.
That I suld want zour treuthfull companie.
I can not mend, thairfoir full wais me.
Zit hartlie I require zow of a thing,
Ze will ressaue fra me this litill Ring.
Betuix vs twa to be in remembrance,
Of twa Princes of Egypt and of France.
Alexander said the Ring I will ressaue
In remembrance of zow still for to haue.
Bot zit howbeit the Ring I had not tane,
Zour remembrance fra me na way had gane.
And sa ather about the nek Imbraist,
With greit kindnes, and fine about the waist.
Bot Florentine was sa confound in Spreit,
Scho culd do nocht, bot sat hir doun to greit.
Alexander said amendis now na greting,

Bot I pray God send vs mirrie meting.
And sa partit with hartis wonder wo,
Unto thair hame, Ilk ane thair gait did go.
¶Not lang efter the Kingis sone of Spane
Come to the Court in seruice to remane.
Namit Gwydo: and gat that Ilk office,
That Alexander had into seruice.
Als the Stewart to him he did asling,
That samin hous, the Chalmer and ludgeing,
That Alexander and Lodwik dweit intill,
Quhilk was but deut all aganis Lodwiks wil
Howbeit the same na way he culd amend it,
Bot zit his hart thairwith was sair offendit.
Lodwik to gyde culd keip na fellowschip,
As he did to Alexander of Egypt.
Thairfoir Gwydo aganis him tuik Jmay,
Howbeit thay baith in ane Chalmer culd ly.
And Lodwik had of Gwydo sickin feir,
That he durst not to the Ladie ga neir:
In auenture that Gwydo suld espy
Of his secreitis, and thame in oppin cry.
Zit not the les of hir he had sic thocht,
Hir companie to abstene culd he nocht.
Noz zit scho culd his companie weill want,
Sa he agane sum times to hir did hant.
Than Gwydo that persauing was nat sleuth,
On thame to wait, quhill that he knew ye treuth
That Lodwik had with Ladie Flozentine,
Sa greit kindnes, that he thocht efter sine:
Considdering weill the treuth sen he did knaw,
Sum time vnto the Empzeour he suld schaw.
Sa in his minde he held it quyetlie,
With fals disslait, quhill he his time mirrit is.
Upon

Upon ane time the Empreour in his hall
Talking about amang his Nobillis all.
Praising greitlie the wit and gentilnes
Of Alexander, the wisdonne and kindnes.
And said he was baith trew verteous and wise
To gyde ane hous richt weill he culd deuise.
Than said Gwydo, and pleis zour Maiestie,
Sa far praisit he aucht not for to be.
Nor for to be commendit as ze wene,
Ane greit tratour in zour hous he hes bene.
The Empreour said, tell on how can that be.
Than said Gwydo, I sall zow tell trewlie,
To zour douchter ze haue ane Ladie fair,
The quhilk suld be appeirandlie zour Air:
And be the help of fallet and supplie
Of him, Lodwik hes done hir velanie.
And sa nichtlis quhen Lodwik takis delite,
He hes his will of that faiv Ladie quhite.
And all this come be the fals subtell slicht
Of Alexander, that he worght day and nicht.
Quhen the Empreour this tail hard til him tald
Into his minde was muisit monyfald.
In that same time Lodwik come throw ye hall,
And vpon him the Empreour sone did call.
And said quhats this that I heir tell of the,
Gif it be trew thow salbe hangit hie.
Than said Lodwik and pleis zour nobil grace
Ze will me schaw thairof how is the race.
Than said Gwydo in oppin audience,
Heir I auow in zour graces preseure:
That Lodwik lyis with Ladie Florentine,
Als sure as standis on craig this heid of mine.
And sa he hes defoulit the blude Royall,

Quhilk I sall preif on him in plane battall:
On his bodie, and thairat sall I stand,
Defend it now, gif thow dar tak on hand.
Than said Lodwik plesit zour Maiestie,
I am saikles of zone he sayis on me.
And richt falslie he layis on me sic crime,
Quhilk I sall preif, quhen euer he thinkis time
Sa into God I traist to find remeid,
All his falset sall fall on his awin heid.
Than kest Gwydo his giuif doun for a trane,
Lodwik lowtit, and tuik it vp agane.
Saying I will that Ladeis fame defend,
With hart and hand vnto my lifes end.
The Empreour than to thame baith did asing
Ane certane day of battell and fechting,
And to thame baith he bad silence and rest
And bad thame pas quhair that thay plesit best
Than past Lodwik to the Ladie fra hand,
And all the race he gart hir vnderstand.
And how he was accusit in presence
Of hir Father, in oppin audience.
And how that he assignit the fechting day,
And vnto hir in this maner can say.
Now Florentine my Ladie fair and gent,
It me behuifis to wirk with auisement;
With zow alwayis, for sa the mater standis,
I can not chaip vndeid of Gwydois handis.
For quhy gif I had nayit to him battall
Than had I zald my self all criminall.
And of the crime grantit my self gyltie,
Thairfoir force was to counterfute mellie.
Alswa Gwydo is wonder stout and strang,
In fait of armes he hes bene vsit lang.

I neuer

I neuer knew in na companie heir,
Bot Alexander to fecht can be his peir.
For I am waik and febill of persoun,
And to his strenth hes na comparisoun.
Gif I him meit in feild quhat salbe than,
Without refuge, I am bot ane deid man.
And sa on me sall ly the caus and blame,
And ze for ay sall thoill sclander and schame.
Than Florentine to Lodwik this can say.
Sen sic ane chance is cum betuix vs tway.
And I feill zow dispairit in ane part,
And in this case ouir waik spretit in hart.
Zit not the les quhair twa Illis dois approche
I think it best fra the greitest to fochc.
The first Ill is, fra ze zow gyltie grant,
Than sal I ay baith welth and worschip want
And ze also be put to cruell deid,
And I for ay my life in langour leid.
The secund is, gif ze to battell boun,
Ze ar sa waik and febill of persoun.
And Gwydo is sa strang and als hardie,
That ze dow not ganestand him straikis thre.
And sa alwayis I can find na remeid,
How euer it go thair is to zow bot deid.
Thairfoir heirin ze sall my counsall do,
Ze sall but let my Father sone pas to:
And schaw to him on zour maist humbill wise,
That zour Father vpon his deid bed lyis.
Quhairof thair is new writings cum zow till,
Desiring him, gif that it be his will:
To prorogat the day of battell set,
That ze may gang, and cum agane but let.
And in meane time with zour Father to speik,

Be the resloun he lyis sa wonder seik.
And for to ken his perfite latter will,
That in all paintis the same ze may fulfill.
And for to speik with him twa wordis or thre,
Furth of this warld or he depart and die.
And that ze may his benneson obtene,
With his awin mouth, sine ze to lewk his ene,
And quhen ze hane obtenit his licence,
To Alexander in all gude haist pas hence.
And secreitlie to him the mater schaw,
How all thing standis, perfitelie let him knaw
And him require into this extreme race,
That he wald cum and to supplie zour place.
Contrair Gwydo, with him in battell fecht,
Berans zour self to do the same hes hecht.
This counsall than it plesit Lodwik weill,
Euin as scho said, sa did he euerie deill.
Licence obtenit, and als prolongit the day,
To Alexander Lodwik tuik his Journay.
Small rest he tuik, bot raid on day and nicht
To Egypt land, quhill he come unto richt.
To the Castell than come he on in hy,
Quhair that the King gude Alexander euld ly.
Quhen the King gat of Lodwik knawlegeing
He meruellit greit the caus of his cũming.
Incontinent to meit him is he gane
As his brother, euin sa with him hes tane,
With all honour he did him thair resane,
As him become, or he lykit to haue.
Than said Lodwik my deir brother and freind
In times bygane, and euer zit hes bene.
Now at this time let I zow vnderstand,
By life and deid lyis baith into zour hand.

He said brother mak knawin to me zour querrel
Zour life salbe God willing in na perrell.
Than said Lodwik, ze remember ze schew,
At our parting, sum wordis quhilk I find trew
Saying I suld in fellowschip ane haue
Into zour steid, perchance wald me dissaue.
And ly in wait my secreitis to espy,
Quhilk now in deid richt wonder weill find I.
Ze said without I war maiv circumspect
In quhilk my self in sum part did neglect.
For ane Gwydo the Kingis sone of Spane,
Into zour steid with me he did remane.
And be ressoun my secreitis he not knew,
To my Lady I durst not lang persew.
And sa at lenth I culd not lang abstene,
It chancit him knaw the secreitis vs betwene:
And me accusit befoir the Empresour,
Quhilk vnto me was vtter displesour.
And hes promeist in battell to mak gude,
That I defoullit the his Imperiall blude.
Sa hand for hand in battell we mon fecht,
To counter him be my hand I haue hecht.
This day aucht dayis the battell suld be done,
Quod Alexander forsuith that is ouir sone.
Als quod Lodwik Gwydo is stout and strang,
And hes bene vsit in actis of weiris lang,
And I am waik and febill as ze kend,
Fra his greit dyntis I dow not me defend.
And Florentine thairfair gaue me counsall,
Zow for to schaw the caus and mater haill.
For scho belenis zow ay hir faithfull freind,
And hiddertillis sa euer mair hes bene.
And traistis doutles ze will help and supplie,

Baith me and hir in this necessitie.
Than Alexander to Lodwik can he say,
Is thair ony knawis ze come heir away?
Bot Florentine (quod he) forsuith not ane,
For Ilk man trowis that to France I am gane
For to vesie my Father lyand seik,
Thir same wordis to the Emperour I did speik,
To that effect he did prolong the day,
And I at poist to zow am cum away.
Quod he schaw furth quhat Florentine bad de-
Or quhat at me is thing scho bad require. (sire
Or quhat counsall gaue Florentine to zow,
That I suld help, in quhat maner and how.
Than Lodwik said, O my maist cõstant freind
This stands the cace I traist that scho did mene
Considdering we twa be sa done like,
That ze suld cum with Gwydo battell strike.
And nane knawing bot Florentine allane,
The battell done, ze to cum hame agane.
And I siclike in Court to present me,
As I had done the Act and Jeopardie.
Alexander said the battell ze haue set,
This day aucht dayis to fecht withouttin let,
It is to schort, for euin this stands the cace,
I can not weill be reddy in sic space.
For tary I the morne withouttin mair,
I can not find that I may weill be thair.
Thairfoir but dout quhat I sall say heirto,
I can not tell, nor wait not how to do.
And my subiectis I haue commandit haill,
That thay be heir the morne at my brydaill,
Reip I Joznay, thocht I ryde at the poist,
Of my wedding the day is tynt and loist.

Gif I

Gif I ga not, and keipis not the battaill
Than Florentine and ze ar loist but faill.
Thairfoir Lodwik quhat think ze best to do,
Quhat ze deuise heir I apply thairto.
Lodwik heiring the excuse reasonabill,
To fall in swoun quhair that he stude was abil
Began to sich, and sorrow monyfald,
For to his hart catchit was cairis cald.
Saying all tray and tene to me betydis,
Sorrow and cair now cũmis on all kin sydes.
Persauing that Alexander till him said,
Let be sic sturt, tak comfort and be glaid.
For I will not forsaik zow this veyage,
Thocht I suld baith tine wife and heritage.
Bot ze sall heir in thocht quhat I haue tane,
Into sa far as we twa ar like ane.
And as ze ken it is not lang ago
The Empreours Court hidder sen I come fro.
Zit I am not weill knawin in this countrie,
Mony my Lords as zit hes not sene me.
And for that caus thay ken not my presence,
Thay will tak zow for me in my absence.
Thairfoir heir sall ze tary and abyde,
And in my steid ze sall Mary my bryde.
And hald the Feist with greit solempnitie,
And gar all thing be done that done suld be.
Howbeit my self in bodie be absent,
Let nathing want mair than I war present,
To my Renoun pertenis or honestie,
Gif I for zow, do ze siclike for me.
Except onlie quhen that ze pas to bed,
With my awin wife, howbeit that ze hir wed.
Into my Name, and my Authoritie,

Into that race se that ze faithfull be
And sa but baid, I sall Incontinent
Loup vpon hors and to the battell went.
And set my cors for zouris into the feild,
And zour actioun debait with speir and scheild
And gif that God grantis me the victorie,
For to vincus Gwydo zour Enemie.
Without tary I sall returne agane,
And ze sicklike in Court for to remane,
As ze had done the principall art zour sell,
Sa with honour in Court still sall ze dwell.
This being done Alexander tuik gude nicht,
Latting na wit vnto his Ladie bricht.
Vnto the Court fra hand tuik his Jornay,
Na man knawing the mater bot thay tway.
Sa Lodwik baid at hame still with the Quene
Into Egypt, as Alexander it had bene.
And on the morne Lodwik with noueltie,
Past to the Kirk in greit solempnitie.
As it had bene Alexander the King.
And spousit his wife at the Kirk with ane Ring
Na man knawing bot Alexander it had bene,
That had spousit with greit honour the Quene
And held the Feist with mirth and mirrines,
Greit honour, gloir, triumph laude & blythnes
All menstralie of Musick was yair thair.
Wantit nathing of mirth quhat wald ze mair
Of meit and drink it neidis not for to speik,
That neidfull was thair was nathing to seik.
All the greit Lords and Nobills that was yair
Thay maid greit mirth and solace singulair.
Sine quhen nicht come all men bownit to rest
To ga to bed the bryde scho thocht it best.

Bot

Bot quhen Lodwik past to bed with the Quene
Ane naikit swerd he laid thame twa betwene.
Quhairof scho had ane greit meruell & wonder
On the first nicht, that thay suld ly asonder.
Sa he Ilk nicht with the Quene did remane,
Hir bedfellow quhill hir King come agane.
Nathing scho said, bot zit mekill scho thocht,
Be the resloun the treuth that scho knew nocht.
Now let Lodwik and the Quene byde at hame
And we will speik of Alexanders fame.
Than come belyue the day of Tornament,
Alexander to the Emperour he went.
And said O maist redoutit Souerane,
Unto zour grace now I am cum agane:
Left my Father in greit Infirmitie,
Douting nathing bot schortlie he sall die.
And to debait this battell with my blude,
And with my handis my querrell to mak gude
For God willing to all it salbe kend,
That I Justlie my querrell sall defend.
The Emperour said ze do all that ze can,
According to ane Nobill gentill man.
And beleue gif zour querrell be richt,
Ze sall triumph like ane kene cruell Knicht.
Fortoun will fauour zour querrell and actioun,
Howbeit ze fecht contrair ane Campioun.
Than quyetlie he past in vnder cure,
To Florentine the hie gait fordwart fure.
Of quhais cũming scho was richt wõder glaid
Scho him Imbraist, sine kist and efter said:
Blist be the time that ze ar cũmin heir,
Fra all dolour to mirth hes changeit my chair.
Ze ar als welcum to me now zour allane,

As ony man on life excepting ane.
For ay with me ze tuik sa trew ane part,
Quod he Ladie I thank zow with my hart.
Quhair is Lodwik, I pray zow to me schaw,
And how he dois, I wald ze leit me knaw.
He said Lodwik was into greit blythnes,
In mirth and Joy, and in greit mirrines;
Thair is na man leuis in mair lustie life,
For he hes now maryit ane gay zoung wife.
Maryit (said scho) I think that can not be,
It is for treuth forsuith Madame said he.
Euin on the morne efter I tuik veyage,
It was assignit the day of Mariage.
The Banket was prepairit richt weill I ken,
And callit thairto was mony Nobill men.
All thing was drest, thair was na mair ado,
Bot on the morne the Kirk for to ga to.
The Ladie said, quhat woman may that be.
He said forsuith scho is ane gay Ladie,
Lustie of luke, richt bounteous and fair,
Of that countrie scho is appeirand Air.
Quod Florentine schort kindnes thair hes bene
Or ellis auld luke that hes bene thame betwene
Bot gif sic thing that Lodwik now hes wrocht
Zour cũming heir I think it is for nocht.
Hir countenance to keip bad till the cop,
Howbeit I trow scho list not drink ane drop.
Than Alexander persauing hir patience,
Hir lawlynes, and gentill countenance.
Na langer he wald hald hir into noy
Bot turnit hir sturt Incontinent to Joy.
Quod he Ladie be blyth and mak na cair,
All he hes done is done for zour weilfair.

Ze knaw richt weill is nane in warld mair lyke
In all fassouns noꝛ I am to Lodwyk.
Sa quhen he come and tald me his erand,
Euin on the moꝛne my bꝛydall suld haue stand
And be ressoun I culd not keip dyet,
Moꝛ ȝit to byde the day of bꝛydall set.
Becaus on him sa strangelie come the cace,
Kindnes causit me to put him in my place.
Sa I causit him in my place foꝛ to pas,
Na man knawing bot the same man I was.
And wed my wife as it had bene my sell,
And I to tak the chance of the battell,
Foꝛ gif that I quhill the bꝛydall was done
Had biddin at hame, I had not cum sa sone
To the sixt day of battell that was set,
Zit than I thocht my bꝛydall suld not let.
Sa I him left in my Realme to be King,
Quhill I returne, and ȝow to honour bꝛing.
Gif scho was blyith it neidis not foꝛ to talk,
He tuik his leif, and to Chalmer did walk.
Bot Floꝛentine thair was nane that culd tell,
Of verray treuth, bot it was Lodwiks sell.
¶Sa on the moꝛne the day of battell was,
And Alexander vnto the feild can pas.
Into sic geir as than to him effeirit,
And on his steid sa stoutlie he him steirit.
Sine lichtit doun like ane kene cruell Knicht,
To the Empꝛeour the hie way raikit richt.
Befoir Gwydo thir woꝛdis to him he said.
My greit Souerane ane crime is on me laid
Be this Gwydo, fallsie befoir ȝour face,
He me accusit befoir ȝour Nobill grace.
Saying that I had carnall knawledgeing

Of zour douchter, and hir fleshe defouling,
Quhilk to zour grace it war greit dishonour,
And I siclyke to zow ane greit Tratour.
Bot heir I sweir, and als affirmes surelie,
Be the greit God that died his blude for me.
Be the Euangelis that our Sauiour spak,
And all the mischts that God in warld did mak.
That I neuer in na maner of way,
Knew zour Douchter, as Gwydo did zow say.
My mynd was not to do hir dishonour,
Into na way, to zour grace displesour.
And I this day be help of Goddis grace,
Upon Gwydo, sall preif befoir zour face,
That he hes leid, in dispyte of his hart,
And all his kin, and quha will tak his part.
Than said Gwydo, zit I say anis agane,
Befoir zour grace, thow art a Tratour plane.
And als I sweir be God Omnipotent,
With thy awin fleshe, his Douchter thow hes
To thy plesour, and thy foull appetyte, (schent,
Ay quhen thow lyst, or thairin had delyte.
Euerilk nicht had hir at thy plesour,
Quhilk was to hir greit schame and dishonour.
And als vnto the Empreduvs Maiestie,
Oppin tresloun, quhilk I sall preif on the,
Upon thy heid, in contrair all thy kin,
Cum and defend, gif thow wald worschip win.
Than Heralds cryit with loud voce hie on hicht
Ga togidder, we pray God schaw the richt.
Incontinent thay stendit on thair steids,
Lyke vailzeant men, into thair weirlyke weids.
As twa bald Baires, togidder baith thay ran,

Ilk

Ilk ane was lyke to ding doun horse and man.
Speirs sprang like sparks as fyre dois af ye flynt
Thair dacht na man Indure yair doutsum dynt
Quhē speirs was past yair schynig swords drew
Quhill plait and maill all into flenders flew.
thair swords yai swāg quhil yair steids swat at
the giltin spurs ye cheual skin throw glyds (syds
Froith ran fra frounts of the feirs forſie steids,
Quhill hors and man baith at the basnet bleids.
Styf straiks they stryke of vthers stude nane aw
Quhill Alexander at last ane wantage saw.
On Gwydois nek ane nakit place he spyis,
Quhair at gude speid he stryks twyse or thryis.
Quhill at the last, thair at he straik sa lang,
All the harnes was thair away he dang.
And thairefter but ony mair delay,
He put Gwydo intill ane feirfull fray.
Gwydo that seis, agane vpon him setts
Of his Gorget ane buckill or twa he fretts.
And straik his Gorget doun vpon his breist,
Alexander ane vther straik waillit neist:
Upon his nek quhilk he persauit was bair,
With all his strenth, ane straik he laid on thair.
Quhill baith thair steids stakkerit at the stound
And Gwydois heid it hoppit on the ground.
Sone lychtit doun and tuke it in his hand,
To the Lady it send into preſand.
Quhairof scho was richt wōder blyth and glaid
To hir Father the same scho bure and said.
Father behald, the heid quhilk vpon me,
Sa falſlie leid, sic feid vnfaithfullis.
Quhilk zow and me at his power defamit,
Bot the blameles him self hes maid vnblamit.

The Empreour said the vailzeand victorie
Be Lodwik wrocht, is now schawin patentlie.
And said Lodwik it may be hard and sene,
Beleuing weill that Lodwik it had bene.
For ze haue saift this day fra schame and skaith
Zour awin honour, & als my douchters baith.
And fra thine furth the mair ay sall ze stand,
In my fauour, I herbt zow be my hand.
And heirefter quha euer dois zow defame,
In that behalf, he sall Incur my blame.
And at my hand salbe accusit of crime,
That sic thing talkis of zow in ony time.
Than Alexander said vnto the Empreour,
The victorie is ay at Goddis plesour.
Quha traistis in him na way he will thē wrak
Nor thair Just caus he will not thraw abak.
Bot will alwayis defend the Innocent,
And will not thoill the saikles to be schent.
Sen he hes send to me the victorie,
Thanks euer mair to him alanerlie.
Bot now my maist redoutit Lord and King,
Humblie zour grace I require of a thing.
Fra my Father quhen I last did depart,
He was sa vert with seiknes at his hart,
That we beleuit nathing bot standand deid,
And now this race as ze knaw come on heid,
That I micht not at that time weill remane,
Now I wald haue licence to pas agane.
To vnderstand in quhat stait all thing standis
And thairefter to put reule in my landis.
And gif he be of seiknes conuolest,
Quhill I returne I sall tak lytill rest.
The Empreour said zour langage liks me weill
Bot

Bot I wald not, sa mot my saull haue seill:
Want zour seruice, noꝛ zour daylie presence,
Zit not the les I grant zow gude licence.
Foꝛ sic effairis as ze haue schawin to me,
To pas agane into zour awin countrie.
Than he tuik leif, and bad Ilk ane gude nicht
To his awin Realme raid hame y' gait ful richt
In this meane time Ladwik he thocht greit lang
To luik about, to the wall heid did gang.
And presauit ane hoꝛs man cũming fast,
Sine Alexander he knew weill at the last.
Quhoms quhen he saw he was baith blyth and (glaid,
And hartfullie ressauit him and said.
O maist trew freind, of all my freinds on liue,
Quhais greit kindnes my wittis cã not discriue
Ze ar weleum sa far heir as I may
How haue ze done, and sped in zour Joꝛnay:
Oꝛ quhat kin end that ze haue bꝛocht it to.
Quod he Ladwik now ze haue les ado.
Noꝛ of beforr, foꝛ Gwydo is departit,
Thairfoir he blyth and wonder mirrie hartit.
I wait I send his heid to Floꝛentine,
To hir Father scho it pꝛesentit sine.
Thairfoir ga ze vnto the Empꝛeour,
Foꝛ now ze stand far mair in his fauour:
Noꝛ euer ze did beforr in ony time,
And als ze ar maid clene of all kin crime,
That Gwydo laid vpon zone fair Ladie
Tuitching hir fame, and zour awin honestie.
Than said Ladwik it neidis me say no moir,
My life oft times ze haue pꝛeseruit beforr.
And now my life and als my honestie,
Siclike pꝛeseruit the fame of ane Ladie.

Quhilk be na way I can not recompence,
Bot quhill I leif, all the beneuolence
Of my hart rute ze salbe euer sure,
Sa lang as I into this lyfe Indure:
Togidder als with all my Gold and geir,
Sa lang as I on lyfe is lestand heir
Than thay Imbraist, at vthers tuik gude nicht
And Lodwik raid vnto the Empreour richt.
Na man knawing Alexanders absence,
For all his Court beleuit his awin presence.
Sielyke this Quene, nathing the mater knew,
For na man was, that sic thing to hir schew.
Syne quhen nicht come, Alexander him sped,
Without tary vnto the Quenis bed.
Sone in his armis he hynt hir in all haist,
With fair sweit wordis richt tenderlie Imbraist
With all plesure that thairto did pertene,
Or into bed ane King do to ane Quene.
Quod scho quhairfoir sen first ze did me wed,
And euerie nicht I lay into zour bed.
Ze neuer schew luse nor kindnes to me,
Nor na freindschip quhil now how may this be
For I beleue ze had Judgeit sum crime,
In my contrair, quhilk neuer in my time
I committit vnto zour Nobill grace,
Quhairof I am astoneist in this race.
Out of my minde it can not weill depart,
Bot still remane at the ruitis of my hart.
Quod he thairat quhy ar ze discontent,
All that I did was done in gude Intent.
In gude Intent (quod scho) thair I say nay,
For euerie nicht ze laid betuix vs tway
Ane naikit sword, and neuer couet moir

Of

Of my persoun, and knew na caus quhairfoir.
I did all that (said he) for probatioun,
And als of luke ane greit confirmatioun:
Betuix vs twa of euerlasting luke,
On sic ane sort I thocht I wald zow pruke.
In all my dayis ze sall not find agane,
Ane naikit sword in bed betuix vs twane.
Zit not the les the Quene said in hir thocht,
In all my dayis forzet it sall I nocht.
That luke thow trowis for to obtene of me,
In thy dispite I sall it wraik on the.
Zit nocht scho said, bot thocht it in hir minde,
How scho micht turne hir luke in vther kinde.
Thair was ane Knicht that scho lude of befoir.
And fra thine furth scho lude him moir & moir.
At last thay twa bethocht thame of ane thing,
How thay micht best sla and distroy the King.
Betuix thame twa ane consait sone thay fand,
Gaue him poysoū, and thocht that he fra hand
Suld be bot deid, and zit his complextioun
It was sa stark, it tuik na Infectioun
In his entrales, bot brak furth fra his hart,
Into the fleschc, and schew the self outwart.
Sa be wirking within ane schort proces,
It was conuert in vther sair seiknes.
Incurabill ay haldin amang vs,
And turnit intill ane Lipper Lazarus.
Quhill that na man with patience micht him se
And all his Lordis dispyſit his companie.
Saying it is ane thing richt odius,
Ane laith Lipper for to Ring abone vs.
For all his barnis, and all his haill ofspring,
Withouttin faill sall haue the samin thing.

And sa at schoot him of all dignitie,
Thay quite denude, for his Infirmitie.
Out of his Realme as ane beggar him dryif,
Quhill he behude to beg amang the laif.
In this meane time of Rome the Empreour,
Payit his dew det, quhairof was greit doleur.
Quha was Father to Florentine sa fair,
Of the Impire scha was appeirand Air.
And with auise of his counsall did wed,
Lodwik hir luse, and brocht him to hir bed,
Quhairthrow he was maid principal empreour
And gat the Croun thairof with greit honour.
In the same time of France the Nobill King,
Lodwiks Father in likewise maid ending.
And payit his det as naturall reuers him gaue,
As dois all thing that euer did life resiane.
And sa Lodwik come Empreour throw chance
Sicklike he was the michtie King of France.
Abone thame baith ataris sa did he Ring,
And baith ataris he had in gouerning.
Than Alexander quha was laitlie deposit,
Fra his Kingdome the quhilk he suld haue Josit
Hard tell for treuth Lodwik was Empreour,
And King of France and thairof possessour,
Unto him self he said and tuik in minde,
I will ga se gif that Lodwik be kinde.
For diuers times I haue Jeopard my life,
Baith for him self, and sicklike for his wife.
Now will I go and till him mak my mane,
He will me help I am sure and certane.
Sa on ane nicht Alexander up raise,
And as he micht, purelie put on his claiis.
And steppit furth with his staf in his hand.

With

Mith cop and clapper vnto the Empreours land
Quhen he come thair he sat doun at his zet,
Amang the lipper sum Almous for to get.
The Empreour come furth vpon ane day,
Of his Palice to sport him and to play.
Efter his play agane to Palice past,
And to dennar Ilk ane thay bownit fast.
All the Lipper thay clappit and thay cryit,
Bot at that time all Almous was denyit,
And Alexander clappit as did the rest,
Thocht thay gat nocht, to bide zit he thocht best
Unto the time the Empreour was set,
Beleuing weill sum Almous for to get.
And vp he rais, and neir the zet he went,
Thairat knokit with meik minde and Intent.
The porter said quhais that that knoks sa bald
Quod he ane pure with zow sum erand wald.
Requiring zow for luke and cheritie
That ze will do sum small message for me.
The Porter said quhome to is that message,
Few is heirin of quhome ze haue knawledge.
Alexander said, gude freind with zour pleisour,
My erand is vnto the Empreour.
The Porter said dois zour erand pertene
To the Empreour, I wait not quhat ze mene.
Schaw me the mater and quhat is zour Intent
And I sall tell zour taill Incontinent.
He said I zow require for Gaddis luke,
And for his saik that sittis in heuin aboue:
Ga ze and tell vnto the Empreour,
Ane man is heir in seikness and dolour.
Ane laith Lipper, ane Lazarus ze se,
Requiris his grace for part of Cheritie.

Foꝛ Goddis luſe that creat hes all thing,
And Alexanderꝰ ſaik of Egypt King.
That he will grant me licence in his hall,
To eit his meit beſoir his Nobillis all.
The Poꝛter ſaid I wonder of ꝛour wit,
Within his hall that ꝛe deſire to ſit.
Foꝛ all his hall of Nobill men is ſow,
And thay at meit ſoꝛſuith gif thay ſaw ꝛow:
Thay ſuld abhoꝛ, and eit that time no moir,
I think it beſt ꝛe hald ꝛow ſtill thairſoir.
Quod Alexander I pꝛay ꝛow of gudneſ,
Foꝛ Goddis ſaik, and of ꝛour gentilneſ.
To ꝛour Maiſter ꝛe wald ſchaw my Meſſage
Get I almous ꝛe ſall not want ꝛour wage.
The Poꝛter ſaid, ſa far as ꝛe require,
Foꝛ Goddis ſaik, and hartlie ꝛe deſire.
Zour erand do, the ſame I tak on hand,
Quhill I returne, ſe ſtill heir that ꝛe ſtand.
Than the Poꝛter paſt to the Empꝛeour,
And hailſit him with reuerence and honour.
Did his Meſſage, as he had gottin command
The Empꝛeour hard, and vnderſtude fra hand
And quhen he hard namit Alexander King,
Quod he in haiſt that man to me ꝛe bꝛing.
How hoꝛribill oꝛ vgſum that he be,
In all gude haiſt ꝛe fetche him heir to me.
That he may eit his meit into my hall,
In my pꝛeſence beſoir my Loꝛdis all.
Than the Poꝛter vnto the ꝛet is gone,
And Alexander he bꝛocht to hall anone.
And oꝛdanit him into the hall ane place,
Quhair he micht eit beſoir the Empꝛeours face
Quhen he was weill refreſchit at his awin wil

Ane

Ane gentill man belyue he callit him till.
And said gude Schir, require the Empreour,
Gif that it be his will and his plesour:
For Goddis luſe firſt, and king Alexanders ſine
He wald me giue ane Coup full of his wine.
The gentill man said that I will do to the,
Bot I beleue that ſic thing ſall not be.
For gif ze anis of his Coup tak ane drink,
To drink thairin he ſall na mair I think.
Zit nor the les the erand I ſall do,
Auiſe him ſelf gif he conſentis thairto.
The Meſſage than to the Empreour he ſchew,
And als ſa ſone as he the erand knew:
For Alexanders ſaik the Coup he ſend
Full of the wine that for the beſt was kend.
Drank his pleſure, and ſine he put the reſt
In his Bottall, that time he thocht it beſt.
Of his finger ane ſmall gold Ring he threw,
Quhilk the Empreour lang time befoir he knew
Becaus the ſame he had him geuin befoir,
In takin of luſe and freindſchip euer moir.
Quhilk Alexander into the Coup leit fall,
And bad the copper beir it vp throw the hall:
To the Empreour, and the ſame leit him ſe,
Quha said my freind, I ſall it do trewlie.
The Coup and Ring withouttin proces mair
To the Empreour the copper ſone it bair.
The Empreour than how ſone the Ring he ſaw
Incontinent full weill he did it knaw.
And wiſt richt weill it was the ſamin Ring,
That he had geuin to Alexander King.
Into freindſchip quhen ather did depart,
Out of the Court, quhairof he at his hart:

Mlas sorrowfull, for he knew na remeid,
Bot Alexander his companioun was deid.
Or ellis he thocht this pure man meruelloustie,
Had gottin this Ring at sum greit Jeopardie.
He commandit the Lipper not depart
Quhill he had hard mair secreitis of his hart.
For he not knew he fauour na vther thing,
Quhat man it was that had send him y' Ring.
Efter dennar he tuik him quietlie,
And said tell me the treuth and veritie:
And fenze not to tell to me this thing,
Quhē, quhair, & how happinnit ye on this Ring
Alexander said, and pleis your Maiestie,
Quhat is the caus ye speir sic thing at me?
Ze haue knowledge of this Ring I persaue,
Gif it was yours, ye knaw quhair ye it gaue.
The Empreour said richt wonder weil I knaw
The Ring and man sirlike gif I him saw.
Alexander said I meruell that can be,
Ze knaw the Ring, and na way knawis me.
For Alexander I am of Egypt King,
Sum time I was quhoune to ye gaue this Ring
Quhen he that hard to his hart strak ane stoūd
For verray sturt fell flatlings to the ground.
And reut his robbis, and kest his claiis him fra,
Quhen he persauit Alexander was sa.
Mith sair sichingis and sobbings to him said,
My deir fellow how is this on yow laid.
Sic sair seikness, and greit Infirmitie,
My hart it brekis sic thing on yow to se.
Ze ar my lifte, my sauil and my weilfair,
My onlie freind and fellow but compair.
Quhair is your reys that was sa cleneslie cled,
Your

Zour bauld bodie that was sa finelie fed,
Zour puissant pith [and stait] that was sa stout
Zour mãly strenth, quhairof Ilk man had dout
Quod Alexander this greit Infirmitie,
And vnclenes that ze se now on me:
For the greit faith, trew kindnes & freindschip
That ze schew quhen I left zow in Egypt:
To wed my wife, thair zour fidelitie
Caufit this seiknes sa to chance vpon me.
For into bed, with my wife quhen ze lay,
Ane naikit swozd ze laid betuix zow tway
Scho beleuing it was not ze bot I,
Sa fremmitlie with hir in bed culd ly.
And foz that caus had me at sic haitrent,
Ane vther Squyer scho cheifit in luferent.
Betuix thame twa purposit to poysoun me,
Quhilk is conuert in this Infirmitie.
Furth of my realme yai haue me dzeuin & chaist
And to returne thairto I haue na traist.
The Empzeour than tuik him about the nek,
Foz verray luse, and said in this effeck.
O my maist best belouit trew bzother,
Quhome euer mair I lude abone all vther.
I sozrow sair in sic sozt zow to se,
Without remeid maisterit in miserie.
Bot ze mon thoill and tak in patience,
And gif thair may be found ony defence:
Help oz remeid that may zour seiknes saue,
Foz gold oz geir, but dout ze sall it haue.
We sall not faill to fetche fine Phisitians,
With cũning Clerkis, and perfite pzacticians,
Noz zit sall mis foz mony Medicinars,
Noz foz payment to pzeif all Potingars.

Wlith counsallis of Maisters and doctours fine
For all seiknes that can giue Medicine.
Into this neid gif thay can zow supplie,
It sall not want for gold, geir nor monie.
To get zow help we sall not spair to spend,
Thocht we suld seik vnto the warldis end.
Thairfoir be blyth, and tak nathing in thocht
Throw all the warld zour help it salbe socht.
Except zour helth heir nathing ze sall want,
Quhen plesis God he will that to zow grant.
To ane Chalmer belyue thay culd him bring,
Was weill preparit, wanting na kind of thing
Of honestie, nor zit was necessair
For eis or helth, quhair his bed was and lair
In this meane time the Empreour gart prepair
His Messingers to pas and seik all quhair,
Cũning Doctouris, and Phisitians profound
That was expert in ony land or ground.
Of quhome thair come to him in oulkis thre,
Threttie Doctouris cunning in all degre.
The maist expert, and had experience,
In sic effairis, belanging that Science.
Of sure supplie pertening Phisick fine,
And was extollit Maisters in Medicine.
To quhome anone the Empreour than said,
Of zour cũming Maisters I am richt glaid.
This is the cace quhy I send to zow all,
I haue ane freind the quhilk lyis seik and thrall
Incurabill, quhilk onlie I suspect,
As is Lipper, quhairwith he is Infect.
Quhairof gif ze culd mak him haill and sound,
I wald giue gold mony ane thousand pound.
All the riches I haue and vther geir,

I wald

I wald it gine to haue him haill and feir.
The Maisteris said we sall do diligence,
Be Airt, Phisick, and naturall science:
Togidder with all possibilitie,
Him to recure of his Infirmitie.
Pleisit zour grace ze mon vs all pardoun,
We mon haue sicht of the principall persoun.
Quhilk all threttie at anis quhen thay him saw
Incontinent his seiknes thay did knaw.
And said it was ane seiknes vncurabill,
And to remeid to mortall man not abill.
Quhen the Emprenour hard thame deliuer so,
At his hart rute he was richt wonder wo.
Remittit all to the help and calling
Of God abuse, that can help all sic thing.
The Emprenour callit to him godlie men,
Furth of all partis, quhair that he culd thē ken,
That war deuoit with minde & thocht Inwart
Desiring thame richt humblie with his hart:
That thay wald pray to God of his gude grace
Throw thair prayer gif thay culd helth purches
To Alexāder quhilk was ane King with croun,
Be thair fasting, and als deuotioun.
And als him self fastit and prayit daylie
That God micht haue of his gude freind pietie
Upon a day Alexander alone,
Lying in bed, in hart all wo begone.
Praying to God for sum help and supplie,
He hard ane voice saying to him on hie.
Alexander gif that the Emprenour,
Desiris thy helth, thy help and thy succour:
Let him ga sone with his awin handis twa,
His twa zoung sonnis Incontinent he sla.

The quhilkis his wife at ane burding thē bair,
At the last time scho was in Childbedlair.
Wesche thy bodie with the twa babeis blude,
Thy flesche salbe als fair, als clene, als gude.
As euer it was in ony time beforne,
Or as the flesche of ane babie new borne.
Alexander hard, and this said to him sell.
I think it not neidfull this taill to tell.
Nor to be schawin is not expedient,
Nature thairto be na way will consent.
Na wonder war his hart for to be wa,
For ane stranger his awin twa sonnis sla.
Thocht I be now in sic extremitie,
Sic ane vane voce sall not be schawin for me.
Yit not the les the Emperour nicht and day
Continuallie at his deuotioun lay:
Praying to God to send help and supplie,
To Alexander King of Egypt suld be.
Sa at the last come to the Emperour,
Ane voce saying quhy makis thow mair laubour
For to get help to Alexander King,
Sen to him self is schawin the samin thing.
The Emperour than to Alexander went,
Saying be blyith and mirrie in Intent.
O my gude freind, sen God of his gudnes,
Hes schawin remeid and helth for your seiknes
Unto your self alone sa secreitlie,
I pray yow schaw quhat fassoun it salbe.
God is remeid for all vpon him rawis,
To thame supplie in sindrie sort he schawis.
And sen sa is, sic secreitis hes yow schawin,
I wald the same ye sa mak to me knawin.
To get our helth gif I micht help thairin,

And

And to weilfair agane we micht zow win.
I cure na Gold, noꝛ counts na warldlie geir,
Sa I agane micht haue zow haill and feir.
I count na coist, noꝛ zit na vther thing.
Sa zow agane to helth it micht zow bꝛing.
Hele not zour mynd into na soꝛt fra me,
In ony thing that may zour helth supple.
Foꝛ micht I deill zour seiknes into thꝛe,
Ze suld not haue sa greit Infirmitie.
My wyfe and ze the twa part ze suld haue,
And the thꝛid part, my self it suld ressaue.
Knew I as ze, quhair ze may haue suppoꝛt,
It to ressaue, the tyme suld be richt schoꝛt,
Thairfoir feir not foꝛ to tell me the treuth,
To help zour self, se na way ze be sleuth.
Than Alexander answerit with mynd sa meik,
Howbeit that I fyftene tymes war mair seik:
And at the poynt of the maist cruell deid,
I can not schaw the caus of my remeid.
Noꝛ I wald not that sic ane thing war schawin
Noꝛ I wald not to ony mak it knawin.
Foꝛ to be schawin it is sa odious,
And to nature sa done contrarious.
In to this case ze mon hald me excusit,
To haue my helth, sic way quyte I refuse it.
The Empꝛeour said my onlie freind and bꝛother
Quhome with my hart I luke abone all vther.
Haue me in traist, haue me in na dispair,
Bot the haill treuth I pꝛay zow me declair.
The thing is not possibill to be done,
Zow foꝛ to cure, bot it salbe had sone.
Thairfoir I zow requyꝛe of bꝛother heid,
Hyde not fra me, that may be zour remeid.

Alexander said, sen euin sa is zour will,
The haill fassoun I will declair zow till.
With hartlie minde, hūblie praying zour grace
Sen zour will is, that I schaw zow the race:
That ze will tak my wordis in patience,
And pardoun me quhair that I mak offence.
For ze will think my wordis far by ressoun,
Neid war thairfoir zour grace grant me pardoun
Wit and ressoun my talk will baith Impoung
Best war thairfoir in time to hald my toung.
The Empreour said for his saik that zow bocht
Withouttin feir schaw me zour minde & thocht
Ze sall me find to zow trew and constant,
And zow to helth, thair is nocht ze sall want.
Thairfoir schaw furth zour minde gif it zow
For ze sall say nathing sall me diseis. (pleis
Alexander said I will pleis zour Intent,
As it was schawin to me in verament.
Zit anis agane zour grace I will protest,
That my schairp wordis zour minde nathing
Be ane greit voice it was to me reuelit, (molest
Be ane strange way, how that I may be halit.
Zour awin twa sonnis zour self thame for to sla
And my bodie weschc with the blude of tha.
This is the way quhairthrow I mon be haill,
Quhilk is ane thing to zow vnnaturall:
That the Father his awin twa sonnis suld heil
With his twa handis, for ony strangers weill.
And is contrair the cours of naturall Law,
This was the caus sic thing I durst not schaw.
The Empreour said ze faill far to me thair,
That callis zour self to be heir ane strangair.
For in trew faith, and sa my saull haue seill,
As

As my awin self I luse zow euin als weill,
For gif I had ten barnis perchance and ma,
To get zour helth, thair suld not ane of tha
Sone be vnslane, I schortlie zow declair.
Of this mater now we will speik na mair.
Ga ze to rest and mak na mair ado.
With help of God all to gude sall cum to.
The Empreour he waittit day and nicht,
And watchit about quhat time yat he best micht
Cum to his chak, his awin twa sonnis to sla.
Sa on ane day the Empryce furth euid ga
With hir Ladeis airlie in ane morning,
To tak pastime into ane grene garding.
The Empreour saw, and to Chalmer him sped
Quhair the twa babis lay sleipand in thair bed
Incontinent his quhinzear furth he drew
With his twa hands his awin twa sonnis slew
Cuttit thair throttis, and sine keppit the blude,
Howbeit the same contrair his hart it stude.
Na meruell was howbeit his hart was wo.
He thame begat, and was his childzen two.
Sine with that blude, Alexander did weschye,
With his awin hands, all his body and fleschye.
Quhilk was als fair Incontinent and clene,
As ony time befoir had euer bene.
And als gude lyke in parsoun and visage,
As quhen he was bot twentie zeir of age.
The Empreour than knew weill be his cullour,
Be his fassoun, his face and portratour.
It was but dout Alexander trewlie,
Quhairof in hart richt wonder blyth was he.
For of befoir he knew bot this and so,
Quhider gif it wes Alexander or no.

Bot doutles Alexander he knew,
Without dispair it was Alexander trew.
Kist him and said, O my gude tender freind,
Sen first we knew and euer mair hes bene.
Of zour persoun now I haue gude knawledge,
Of zour fauour zour fax and zour visage.
Quhilk mony time I delytit to se,
To eit and drink, and be in companie.
Blyst be the time, sic childring I begat,
That hes zow brocht to the stait ze ar at.
Bot zit nane wist that the Childring was slane,
Bot Alexander, and the Empreour allane.
The Empreour said, sen God of his gudnes,
Hes maid zow haill of all zour sair seiknes.
I sall ordane for zow richt quyetlie,
To pas ane space, ane honest companie.
Out fra this place bot aucht or myles ten,
To that effect, that nane heir sall zow ken.
And on the morne ze sall send me message,
Of zour cũming, making to me knawledge.
Than sall I cum with blyth and merie spreit,
Into all haist, cast me zow for to meit.
Than still with me alwayis ze sall remane,
Quhill we auise to get zour Realme agane.
Of this counsall Alexander was content,
As thay talkit, was done Incontinent.
On the nixt day come to the Empreour,
Ane Messinger, quha hailsit him with honour.
Schawing to him, as he had gottin command
King Alexander of Egypt was at hand
The empryce hard and was richt wonder glaid
To the Empreour scho hailsit hir and said.
O my gude Lord, be blyth and mak gude cheir,
King

King Alexander thay say is cũming heir.
Quhome with we oft in greit blythnes hes bene
This mony day bygane hes not him sene.
And wald zour grace be sa gude to mak gait
Him for to meit, he wald be blyth I wait.
I and my Ladeis into our best array
Sall pas with zow, and meit him be the way.
This being done, as zit nathing scho knew
That the Father his awin twa sonnis slew.
The Empzeour said, gif that it be zour will,
That Ilk Joznay blythlie I will ga till.
Than raid thay furth ane honest companie,
Lozds, Knichts, Ladeis, with greit solempnitie
And as thay raid sa Royallie thzow the streit,
In the midway King Alexander culd meit.
Quha hailsit vther with all humilitie,
With laude & gloir, and honour that micht be.
Thair was kindnes & thair was greit kissing,
Thair was blythnes, yair was in armes bzasing
Thair was kneilling, and thair was courtasie
With reuerence and greit solempnitie.
Efter talking with gude and trew Intent,
All togidder vnto the Palice went.
Quhair that he was ressauit with blythnes,
With greit honour, with Joy and mirrines.
Time come of meit, all was at Tabill set,
Nathing wantit that neidfull was to get.
Alexander was set at the hie deis,
With the Empzice, and the Empzeour at meis.
As thay war talking into mirrines,
The Empzeour said to his awin Empzes:
O Flozentine, my awin gude wife and luke,
I think my hart in Joy exalt abuke.

That ze do mak King Alexander sic cheir,
And is sa blyth, that he is cũmin heir.
Scho said forsuith euld I it better make,
It suld be done, for Alexanders sake.
Suld not to vs his cũming be glaidnes,
And in speciall to zow ane greit kyndnes.
For ze had not cum to this Dignitie,
Quhair ze ar now, forsuith had not bene he.
And diuers tymes als he hes sauit zour lyfe,
And was principall, that gat me to zour wyfe.
The Empreour said, zour wit weill I allow.
That thinks on thame that was sa gude to zow
Than I pray zow tak gude heid quhat I say,
Into this hall saw ze not the last day,
Ane laith Lipper beforr our Tabill sat,
Baith meit and drink as ze saw sum he gat.
Sine for Goddis luse, & King Alexanders sake,
Desirit ane drink, quhilk I gart till him take.
Scho said my Lord that man richt weill I saw
Ane mair vglie zit did I neuer knaw.
The Empreour said, a thing I zow demand,
Quhilk I beleue ze will discus fra hand.
I put the case that Lipper man had bene,
King Alexander that ze se with zour Eue.
And his remeid and helth in zour hand lay,
And with the blude of zour zoung sonnis tway
Behude for to be bathit all about,
Wald ze not than with ane fyf hart and stout:
Richt weill consent that baith thair bludes war
To the Intent, yat his helth micht be had. (shed
Thair throtts cuttit, and da thame baith to deid
Sa Alexander thairthrow micht get remeid.
And mak him haill, euin as ze se him now,
That

That I wald do (quod scho) God I auow:
Had we ten Sonnis gottin vs twa betwene,
I wald consent to se thame with myne Ene:
Incontinent to se thame deid and slane,
Into that case to get his helth agane.
Thay being slane with my power and pith,
My awin twa hands suld wesche him weil yair
Rather than I suld leif him in sic neid, (with
I wald not cure to se thair throttis bleid.
For God agane micht send him barnis anew,
Bot neuer agane ane freind sa traist and trew.
Quhē the Empreour thir words of hir hard said
Into his hart he was baith blyth and glaid:
And said to hir gude Florentine my wife,
Had ye rather saue Alexanders life:
And helit of sair nor haue your sonnis leuand.
Trewlie (quod scho) that heir I tak on hand,
Becaus thairfoir ye ar to him sa kinde,
I will yow schaw the Inwart of my minde.
The laith Lipper quhilk sat into my haw,
That I and ye baith eit and drink we saw.
Scho said he was maist Lipper Lazarous,
That euer come within ane Nobillis hous.
I meruellit greit quhairfoir y' thing was wrocht
Within your hall sic ane beirne suld bene bocht
To yow I trowit it suld haue done offence,
That sic personnis suld cum in your presence.
Bot sen your grace sufferit sic thing to be,
I was content, and weill allowit with me.
The Empreour said, had ye the treuth thā kend
As I beleue, ye had not bene offend.
Gude Florentine now I will mak yow sure,
Quhilk man it was that sat on our hall flure.

I will zow schaw but ony fenzeing,
Alexander it was of Egypt King.
Quhilk at our Tabill now sittis presentlie,
Quod scho my Lord, I think that can not be.
Alexander that now sittis at our Tabill,
That is ane thing not likelie to be abill.
For Alexander that sittis heir presentlie,
Is haill and feir, plesand to luik and se.
Withoutt seiknes of bodie sound and clene,
Blyth of visage, with twa fair Cristall Ene,
Curious of cors, ane cumlis Creature,
Sa was he not that sat into the flure.
Bot of his lyze was laithlie and horribill,
And had seiknes quhilk was vncurabill.
And sa is not now Alexander King,
And I meruell ze suld say sic ane thing.
Wy hart (quod he) God hes send him remeid
Throw me and zow be our sonnis deid.
Wy hart nor hand forsuith na aw I stude,
To cut thair throttis, & bath him in thair blude
Sa be Goddis grace he is maid haill and feir,
Ane clene persoun, as ze now se him heir.
Than scho began to murne and to mak sorrow
As nature wald, howbeit scho said beforrow:
That scho had rather se all hir Childzen deid,
Into that cace, or he wantit remeid.
Zit not the les the naturall cours and kinde
In this behalf, changeit baith thocht & minde
The hartlie luse, and motherlie pietie,
Quhilk nature geuis in the Mother to be.
Culd not suffer, nor zit na way sustene
Bot with sair hart scho grat with baith hir ene
And maid sorrow, as it was na meruall,

Throw

Throw kindlie cours, and als luſe naturall.
The Empreour perſauit hir tak pine,
To ſtanche hir ſturt ſaid O gude Florentine,
Thocht ze be wo, I can na way zow wite,
For weill I knaw ze had luſe and delite:
Inwart kindnes vnto zour ſonnes two,
I can weill think that zour hart ſuld be wo.
Zit not the les I pray zow ceis of ſorrow
All will be weill I find zow God to borrow.
The Nuriſis heirand of ſic tythands,
For greit hart brek thay cryit & wrãg yair hãds
Thay wiſt nathing quhat for to do or ſay,
Paſt to Chalmer quhair that the barnis lay,
Beleuing weill of na vther remeid,
Bot find the barnis in thair bed lyand deid.
Thay fand thē baith at thair paſtime playing
In greit blythnes, and geuing God louing.
Neuer mair blyth ſen firſt hour thay war borne
Nathing knawing that thair twa throtis was
The Nuriſis to the Empreour went, (ſchorne
And how all was thay ſchew Incontinent
How his twa ſonnis was leuand blyth & glaid
And how about baith thair twa nekis yai had
Ane cirkill of gold quhair y^t the knife had gane,
Quhilk knife ſa ſone fra thame the life had tane
Quhairthrow thair was greit mirth in ye Cietie
In the Palice, and all the companie.
That God ſic grace to hir twa babs had grãtit
Thay being ſlane, thair lifes zit not thay wãtit
Quhairfoir thair was throw the cieteis & tounis
Greit prayers maid with mony Drifounis.
Louing the Lord life to thir babeis lent,
And grantit helth to ſeik and Impotent.

Bankettis thay maid with Joy and mirrines,
Menstrallis maid mirth, reiffit was all sadnes.
Quene Florentine scho blist that samin day,
Scho did consaue and beir sic sonnis tway.
Nathing was thair the space of fourtie dayis
Bot al kin mirth, with blythnes sports & playis
Greit tornamentis, with hardie hors rynning,
Sum vther dayis w' grew houndis deir hunting
This being done the Emprenour did prepair
Ane greit armie of manheid singulair,
And past away with all thair fellowschip
With Alexander agane into Egypt.
Set him agane into his Royaltie,
In his awin Realme with greit solempnitie.
Restorit him haill to all his possessiounis,
With dew seruice of his Lordis and Barrounis
That gude Jowell King Alexanders Quene
In Adultrie that sa done lang had bene.
With hir luiser, quhat he was Knicht or squire,
As thay deseruit, was baith brint in ane fire.
In this meane time y' Emprenour chācit to haue
Ane fair sister, quhome in to wife he gaue
To Alexander, and fortifeit the band
Of greit kindnes, quhilk euer mair did stand:
Betuix thame twa, of hartlie minde and thocht
Quhat that ane did, the vther wald haue wrocht
Sa Alexander being set doun at rest,
In his awin Realme, the Emprenour thocht best
For to returne agane to his Impire,
And tuik gude nicht at thair awin hartis desire
Thay war richt wa to pairt ze may considder,
Bot zit ay still freinds may not bide togidder.
Sa departit with mirrines and Joy,

Alexander

Alexander on gait did him conuoy.
Sine efter this Alexander him drest,
To gyde his Realme alwayis as he thocht best
With manlines and wisdome in him sell,
He vincust all contrair him did rebell.
His enemeis about him all he dantit.
Sa throw wisdome of his will nocht he wantit
Quhen he was in all his gloir peice and micht,
Into his minde it come vpon ane nicht.
How his Father in the sey did him sting,
Becaus he schew quhat the wilde bird did sing.
And his Mother thairto did weill consent,
Thairfoir he send Message Incontinent.
Howbeit thay did ane far way fra him dwell,
The Messinger zit he bad to thame tell,
That Alexander quhilk was King of Egypt,
Wald to thame cum with ane greit fellowschip.
Eit and drink, and with thame mak gude cheir
In that countrie sum new nowellis to heir.
The Messinger blythlie thay did ressaue,
And riche rewardis sicklik thay to him gaue.
Saying thair seruice at euerie time and hour
Suld be reddy at that greit Kingis plesour.
Howbeit thay war not worthie for sic thing,
For to ressaue with thame ane crownit King.
Zit not the les and pleis his grace to cum,
With all our hartis he salbe richt welcum.
The Messinger to the Emprour is went,
As thay him said he schew Incontinent.
And quhat reward with blythnes yai him gaue
And how blythlie the King thay suld ressaue.
And how reddy thay war at his command,
Him for to serue all time at hart and hand.

Quhat euer his grace gaue thame cõmandemẽt
Quhairof the King was blyth and weill cõtent
The day become the King tuik his Joznay,
With diuers Lozdis to pas the reddy way
Quhair his Father and mother maid dwelling
Unknawin to thame of ony vther thing:
Bot he was King of Egypt and nane vther,
Noz zit nane knew of his Father and Mother.
Except him self quha knew weill all the cace,
And quhẽ thay dzew neir hand his fathers place
As thay come furth rydand in thair Joznay
The Knicht his Father met him be the way.
And quhen he saw the King cũming with croun
Incontinent of his hozs lichtit doun.
With all honour and all gude reuerence,
Upon his kneis making obedience.
And quhen he saw his Father tak sic pane,
He tuik him vp, and bad him ryde agane.
Sa cheik foz cheik, to his Castell thay raid,
Quhair thair was cheir wt all aboundance maid
And quhen thay come vnto the Castell zet,
His Mother come, and with blythnes him met.
Kneilling to him, he lichtit and hir kist,
Bot quhat he was the suith nathing scho wist.
Scho said to him sen it plesis zour grace
To vesie vs at this time, and our place.
Ze do to vs zour seruandis greit honour,
And we blyth ar that it is zour plesour.
And is welcum to all that ze find heir,
And as we may we sall mak zow the cheir.
The time of day dzew neir all bownit to dine,
His Father come with ane siluer Basine:
With Rois watter vpon his knie kneilland,

And

And his Mother with Towell in hir hand.
Saying meiklie, pleisit zour grace to weschs,
And thairefter with sum meit zow refresche.
It is reddy the cheir we dow zow mak,
Praying zour grace in patience it to tak.
The King this saw he smylit and sine he said
Untill him self, thair is nane can auaid,
Noz set on side the godlie prouidence
He will haue done be his perfit prudence.
The Nichtingaillis sang now I persaue is trew
Quhilk lang ago to my Father I schew:
Quhen that schs come to his windo and sang,
That thay suld baith be richt glaid foz to gang
With the Towell and Basine in thair handis,
Ye for to serue as thay war my seruandis.
Gif I wald thoill thame sic thing foz to do,
Now the same thing and mater is cum to.
This in him self he said, and na man knew,
Noz to na man as zit sic thing he schew.
Sa he wald not thame thoill to do sic thing,
Howbeit that time he was ane Crownit King,
Saying schir Knicht, I will honour zour age,
Ze noz zour wife sall do me sic homage.
It becūmis not sic twa agit to hzing,
Water to wesche, howbeit I be ane King.
Tak in patience, fozsuith I say zow trew,
Foz I haue heir vther seruandis anew.
Than said the Knicht to vs it war honour,
Sa that it war vnto zour graces plesour.
Bot sen cace is, ze will not thoill vs do,
Be ressoun we ar not wozthie thairto.
Than said the King, I dude to honour age,
Sic office ganis to zounger personage.

Than to dennar was this gude King set doun,
And thairefter his Lordis of greit Renoun.
Quhen he was set he gart set doun his Mother
On his ane side, his Father on the vther.
Quhome Inteirlie beheld ay his visage,
Gif thay culd haue of him ony knawlege.
Bot nane thay had, seiknes, eild and laubour,
Caufit thame miſken his fafloun and fauour.
The dennar done, the King to Chalmer went,
For his Father and Mother efter sent.
Quha come to him with all obedience
Randering to him seruice and reuerence.
He commandit all persounis pas on side,
Nane bot the Knicht and his wife to abide.
At quhais command, as he had sa was done,
Than was the dure on thame thre closit sone.
Than said the King to the Knicht and his wife
Haue ze na barnis, quod thay nane vpon life.
Sone nor douchter at this time haue we nane,
And to get ma, we traist the time be gane.
Than said the King I speir for time bygane
Had ze ony, or had ze neuer ane.
Than said the Knicht for a sone we had ane
Bot it is lang sen he was deid and gane.
Than said the King, in quhat deid deit he.
Than said the Knicht ane naturall deid trewlie
Than said the King be that not trew but faill,
Ze fault to me, and dowbillis to me zour taill.
Than said the Knicht, zour grace now I require
Quhat is the caus sa feruentlie ze desire,
And to sic thing quhat caulis zow tak heid,
With sic effect to speir efter his deid.
Thã said the King, without caus do I it nocht
How

How zour Sone deit, schaw me zour minde and
Gif ze will not schaw furth the veritie, (thocht.
Ane schameles deid but dout ze sall baith die.
Quhen thay ꝑ hard thay fell doū on thair knie
Asking him grace forgiuenes and mercie.
Than said the King, zit I will honour age,
I couet not of zow sa greit homage.
I grant zow leif befoir me for to stand,
And sa he raist thame baith vp be the hand.
To that Intent I come not in zour place,
Zow to betrais in ony sort or race,
For it is geuin me weill to vnderstand
Ze put zour sone to deid with zour awin hand.
And gif sic thing cum to the Judgement,
Ze will be baith condampnit Incontinent.
Thairfoir to me the verray treuth ze schaw,
It is danger for sic to hyde the Law.
Schaw me the treuth, and I sall saif zow baith
Fra all perrell, and keip zow fra all skaith.
Than said the Knicht, my life schir to me grāt
Of the trew treuth ane word ze sall not want.
Than said the King feir not the treuth to say,
And on credence heir I sall saif zow tway.
Than said the Knicht ane sone we had trewlie,
Quhilk was weill sene in cunning and Clergie
Sicker cunning he had in science seuin,
In all Planetis that mouit vnder heuin.
He knew the cours, and all thair strāge aspectis
Thair pith, power, and all thair firme affectis.
All herbis and treis richt wonder weill he knew
Quhat strēth yai had, quhat pith, & quhat ver=
Thair was na foull ꝑ euer flew w̄ wing, (tew
Bot he knew weill quhē yai yair sang wald sing.

Into sa far, thair was na herb that sprang,
He knew the pith, and als the foullis sang.
Upon ane day befoir vs he culd stand,
With Basine, Towell, and watter in his hand
In the meane time that bony foull of flicht,
The Nichtingaill, at our windo did licht.
And sa began to sing hir noitis gude,
Weill war the man (quod I) that vnderstude
Zone sweit singing, & quhat the bird dois mene
Quod he Father sa ze will not be tene:
I suld zow schaw quhat zone bird sings sa sweit
And euerie note I sall zow Interpreit.
Quod I deir sone, I pray the to me schaw,
To say the suith of na man stand thow aw.
Quod he Father, forsuith I tak greit feir,
It sall zow craib, hir sang quhen ze it heir.
Nay, nay, (said I) of that haue thow na dout,
The birds sang I pray the tell me out.
Quod he zone bird scho menis into hir sang,
My Mother and ze ar abill to leif sa lang,
Quhill that ze stand befoir me as seruandis,
And to be blyth hald watter to my handis.
Gif that I will zow suffer sic to do.
Quod I that day thow sall neuer cum to.
And sa at schort or euer I tuik rest,
Into the sey for to drowne I him kest.
Than said the King, to zow had bene na skaith
Unto his hands ze had haldin watter baith.
I think it had bene to zow baith plesour,
That zour ane sone had cum to sic honour.
Than said the Knicht, that same thing I cõfes
In greit furie I did it and wodnes.
Wit and wisdome was went, will was ouir mã
Richt

Richt and reſſoun and reuth quyte fra me ran.
Sa quhen wit wants and ſtrenth of reſſoun leſt
I count a man na better nor ane beſt,
That rynnis on heid and lukis to na reſſoun
And ſa did I quhen I my Sone did drown.
Than ſaid the King, I think it was folie,
Now for to wyrk contrair the Maieſtie
Of God alone, and his greit prouydence,
His wit his will, and michtie Ordinance.
Ze micht weill wit, God of his Sapience,
That to zour Sone had ſend him ſic Science:
To knaw the voce of the byrds in the Air,
And it was God that cauſit hir to rum thair,
To ſing that ſang, as God had hir directit,
For in na ſort ſche micht na way neglectit.
Thairfoir lat nane the man maiſt michtieſt,
Caſt him to wyrk contrair quhilk God hes dreſt
For it paſſis wit power and puiſſance,
To wyrk contrair his michtie Ordinance.
Now ze ſall knaw the treuth and veritie,
I am zour Sone quhilk ze keſt in the ſie.
And the greit God of his michtie Godheid,
Hes me preſeruit fra all danger of deid.
And be his grace hes brocht me to this ſtait,
As I am now and for me did debait.
For his foirſicht na way can be doun ſmorit,
Bot euer mair the ſame will be decorit.
As worthie is for nane can wyrk contrair,
His prouydence, that ſchairplie I declair.
Than the Father and Mother heiring that,
For feir and Joy fell to the eird doun flat.
Quhome he tuke vp with all humilitie,
Saying Father and Mother feir not me.

Haue ze na dout of all that I haue said,
Rather be blyth, Joyus, merie and glaid.
With help of God na danger sall zow deir,
Quhat euer ze think, I pray zow tak na feir.
Ze sall nocht aill in geir noz in persoun,
Of all bygane, I grant zow plane pardoun:
Foz ze sall fynd, that my micht and weilfair,
Salbe zour gloir, foz now and euer mair,
Into this lyfe, sa lang as I Indure,
I haue ressoun, ze twa me gat and bure.
Sa with blythnes, with hat into his hand,
He kist them baith, with merie hart lauchand.
Than the Mother scho grat richt pieteouslie,
And the Father the teir fell in his Eye.
Than said the King, be still and weip ze nocht,
Foz in my Realme with blys ze salbe hzocht.
And with all gloir thair sall ze honourit he,
With all blythnes, wozschip and Dignitie:
Aboue my self, except my Kinglie Croun,
Quhilk is pzeseruit bot to my awin persoun.
Sa in that place he left certane seruands,
To reule & gyde yair rowmes yair rents & lands
Tuke his Father and Mother with him hame,
Quhair thay leuit still in honour and gude fame
All thair life tyme quhil God to deid thame dzest
Gydit the Realme in Justice peice and rest.
Unto the tyme cours was past of nature,
Endit thair lyfs onlie to Godds plesure.

¶How the Emprice was condampnit to deid.
¶With hir Luifer. but mercie or remeid.

THAN Diocleßiane said to the Empzeour
Father this Tale I tald to zour plesour,
Quhilk

Quhilk I beleue richt weill ze understand.
Ze euerie word (quod he) Sone I warrand,
It is ane taill to be notit I say,
Not ane better I hard this mony a day.
Than said the Sone and pleis zour Maiestie,
Howbeit that God hes geuin sic grace to me:
Of wit, wisdome, and vther greit Cunning,
Of diuers thingis hes lent vnderstanding.
Zit this suld not na way minische zour micht.
Nor zour honour, zour Maiestie and hicht.
Bot rather suld the same eik and augment,
Be richt, ressoun, and equall Judgement.
Sa in likewise the Kingis gre and estait,
Quhilk was be God onlie predestinait.
Send be the bird, to sing that he micht heir,
Quhilk in that race was Goddis Messingeir.
For had not bene God gaue that bird sic grace,
Scho had not sung sic singing in sic place.
The sonnis honour, and all his dignitie,
Tuik na honour fra the Father ze se.
Nor to his Mother it did na hinderance
Bot rather was thair honouris to auance.
For as ze hard thay war honourit alwayis,
Into his Realme, during thair life and dayis.
Than said agane to him the Empreour,
I persaue weill the sonnis greit honour:
Can na way pair the Fathers micht and gloir
Bot rather ay to mak it moir and moir.
Thairfoir I will the haill Impire resing
Into zour handis, and ze thairof be King.
And gyde the same, and haue the reule and steir
For I am auld, dow not sic burding beir.
Bot rather wald be set at rest and eis,

And ze the Reaume to gyde as ze best pleis,
For I dow nat Indure sic besines,
Be resloun of my eild and febilnes.
Than said the sone sauing zour graces will,
To that sentence na way grant will I till.
Bot ze sall ay haue the Authoritie,
During zour life, euer mair abone me,
To charge, command, to bid, and for to do,
In all affairis, that euer pertenis zow to.
All besines that ar laborius,
Actis and erandis, welthie and ponderus.
Alwayis I will accept them vpon me,
Zow for to seruе, as is my greit dewtie.
And euer sall, the samin nicht and day,
To zour plesure, in sa far as I may.
The Emperour than commandit his Justice,
In Judgement sit, and do furth his office.
And the Emperice in presence to gar bring,
With hir Rebald cled in wemens clething.
Quhilk nirt hir self he caussit for to stand,
Than hir Ladeis in ordour at the nirt hand.
Than Diocleslane to the Emperour said,
Father zour Quene zour honour hes degraid.
Duir all the warld ze ar greit Emperour,
And it pertenis to zour grace and honour:
To do Justice to all the same desyris,
For the same thing zour Maiestie requyris
Alsweill to pure, as to the riche alway,
Equall Justice ze suld minister ay.
Now I desire that ze giue richt sentence,
On the vntreuth, falset and greit offence
Done and alledgeit be the Emprice falslie,
Be counsall of hir luse in contrair me.

Be

Be quhais fals meanis seuin times furth I was
To the Gallous to leif my life in wed. (led,
And daylie stude in greit perrell of life,
And all this come throw falset of your wife.
Als to your grace vnfaithfull scho hes bene
Of hir bodie, not gydand like ane Quene.
Quhilk is weill prouin into your awin presence
Be manlie signes, and perfite euidence.
Upon the quhilks I ask and als desyris,
Justice and richt, euin as the caus requyris.
To your Justice I wald ye gaue command,
To giue sentence but dilatouris fra hand.
Quhen the Empryce hard this fair petitioun,
Upon the eird than fell scho flatlingis doun.
At the Empreour askit grace and mercie.
Bot in na sort sic thing thair euld not be,
According to the Law he bad proceid,
And giue sentence conform vnto hir deid.
And bad pans weill to quhōe the deid was done
Be quhome, quhē, quhair, and how lang or how
And thairefter to mak the punischement, (sone
As pleisit the Judge to gif furth his Judgemēt.
Than said the Judge na way I can hir clenge
For hir awin deid hir self it dois reuenge.
The perfite pruf of hir Rebald and knaif,
Thame self baith fylis, as all man may persaif
And than the fault it is leis Maiestie,
Done in contrair the Crownis dignitie.
Into sa far as scho defoulit his bed,
And his ane sone to Gallous gart be led.
Thairfoir I giue in oppin audience,
And pronouncis now for extreme sentence,
That the Empryce be bound to ane hors taill,

Throw all the streitis of the Cietie hir traill,
Quhill scho cum to the place bring for to be,
For hir prepairit, that euerie man may se,
And thair with schame and lak to end hir life,
In remembrance scho was ane Emprenours wife
And als we giue on hir Rebald sentence,
For his knaifrie, and his peruersi offence:
Contrair the Croun, merciles to be marterit,
On the Rattis reuin, hägit, drawin & quarterit
And sine his fleshe furth cassin to the tykis,
To be deuorit with doggis vnder dykis.
And with the foulis that fleis in the Air,
The doggis leuingis to tak vp to thair skair.
In memorie that he durst sic presume,
In contemptioun the greit Emprenour of Rome.
This schairp sentence we pronounce oppinlie,
To all pepill and dois it ratifie.
Makis the same knawin to all man patent,
Asweill absent, as thay that ar present.
Sa war thay baith conforme to thair offence.
Done and demanit, according to sentence.
Geuin and pronoūcit than be that awful Juge
Quhairfra remeid thay had nane nor refuge.
Bot suffer deith with euerlasting schame,
And ay to bruik of greit harlattis the name.
As worthie was, for quhy continuall sin,
With Indurit hart, euer to ly thairin:
But feir of God or ony repentence,
Causit them suffer sic doly sad sentence.
Howbeit that man sic baudrie did not knaw,
Zit God in heuin richt weill it hard and saw.
For all thing is to his Ene ay patent,
Thairfoir he fand ane subtell Instrument,

To

To mak sic thing to mannis sicht be kend,
This ze may se of this Emprice the end.
Praying greit God of vs to haue mercie,
And hir forgiue, Amen sa mot it be.

¶Ane declaratioun to the Emprice efter hir deid.

O FAITHLES febill fule, ô belie het hoillit hure,
O poysonit paddokis pule, ô mischant mad Monsture
Curst catiue creature, ô Sathans seid all schent,
That euer zit wrocht nature, or zit to lyfe was lent.
Quhair was thy wisdome went, quhen sic fulische thow sand,
Thy luft thow may lament, that euer tuik sic on hand.
Thow hes loist lyfe and land, and all thy Royall rout,
Thy stait na way culd stand, it was sa stinkand stout
Vpon the all cryis out, fy, fy, for verray schame,
All wemens seid dois schout, vpon thy filthie name:
Ay waryit be the wame, that brocht the in this lyfe
Euer to bruik sic blame, wa worth the wickit wyfe:
Rutit in sturt and stryfe, thy bow was euer bendit
Thairfoir but sword or knyfe, thy lyfe now thow hes endit
Sa greitly thow offendit, vnto ane Innocent,
That thow wald neuer mend it, into this lyfe present.
Thow wald neuer repent, bot wrocht wrang with Iniures,
Now with schame thow art schent, heid patroun to all hures
Ay quhill this warld Indures, euer to bruik that name,
With all quick Creatures, with sclander lak and schame.

¶Frons meretricis non erubescit
¶Nec in ea voluptas nunquam senescit.

NOW our Emprice hes sufferit deid and gane
Thairfoir as now we will let hir alane
With hir harlot, quhais dayis thay haue ill spē-
Ane Ill entrie for commoun is Ill endit. (dit
As weill appeirit in deid betuir thame tway,
Of thame as now na farther I will say.
Bot in all haist ga finische furth our buik,
Beraus the same to do we vndertuik.
Thairfoir as now mair time we will not spend

Bot schaw at schort of the gude Empreours end
Within few dayis efter this bessnes.
The Empreour he tuik ane sair seiknes:
As plesit God, and payit his naturall det,
As the time come, and as the terme was set.
Diocleciane than tuik the steir on hand,
And Empreour was of that countrie and land
Reulit the Impire with wisdome and prudence
Held his Maisteris in daylie reuerence.
Be quhais counsall, wisdome and desire,
He gydit weill his Kingdome and Impire.
That he precellit all his predecessouris,
In riches, wisdome, Justice and honouris.
Of his lieges sic luke still he conquesit,
That ouir all thing in eird thay lude him best.
His Maisters als thay lude him ouir all thing,
With all seruice, as thair trew Lord and King.
Into sa far, thame self in Jeopardie
Thay put oft times to saue his honestie,
And sa endit thair dayis in greit honour,
In Joy and mirth, and to the greit plesour
Of God alone, to quhome all honour be,
Laude, praise, Impire, triumphe and dignitie.
Kingdome, Renoun, and Joy perpetuall,
Louing and luke, obedience ouir all.
Helth and vertew, and euerlasting gloir,
Into all warldis, baith now and euer moir.
Be to that Lord with all humilitie,
And to distill ane drop of his mercie
On vs sinners, his gloir that we may se it
To his plesure, say euerie man so be it.

Finis quod Rolland.

¶ Ane

¶ Ane schort schawing quhair and quhen, and at quhais requeist this buik was translatit out of prois in Scottis Meter.

AT the requeist of my Ant callit Cait,
In roustie ryme this quair I did translait
Of all trim termis as ze may se denude,
Becaus scho me protestit air and lait
All strange termis to cast out of my gait.
Saying to me scho not thame understude,
Requiring als that I wald be sa gude
Memens honour to hald vp and estait,
As ze may se, I durst not ellis bot dude.

Sa in seuin oulkis this quair was clene cõpleit
Out of plane prois, now keipand meteris feit
Within the Fort and Towre of Tamtalloun,
Quhen the Inglis Floit beside Inchekeith did
Upon the sey, in that greit birning heit, (fleit
Baith Scottis & Inglis of Leith lay at ye toun,
With schairp asseige, and garneist garisoun
On ather side, quhair sindrie loist the sweit,
That samin time I maid this translatioun.

In mirrines, sen my Ant caust me mak it
I zow require gude Reidaris for to tak it
Into patiẽce, quhair falts ar foũd correct thame
Zit war I laith ouir far that it war lakit.
Gif sum verse haltis, or ony cullouris crakit
For my requeist tak out ane pen and blek thame
Becaus for haist perchance I did neglect thame
For gif sa be, I can na way defend it
Excuse it self, and sa this quair is endit.

¶ Quod Rolland. 1560.

¶ The Author ſayis to the Buik.

IN haſt ga hy the to ſum hoill,
And hyde the, be not callit ane buik
Ga cowme the ouir all clene with coill
Sone ſmeir the ouir with ſmiddie ſmuik,
Or ſcour pottis to ſum creiſchie Cuik:
Or in ſum kitching turne the ſpeit:
Amang Ladeis thow dar not luik
For thay will on the with thair feit,
For men of gude thow art not meit
Thay will the hald of ſmall auaill,
Quhat reſtis thair than bot zald thy Spreit:
Or to tryit Tinklaris tell thy taill.
Thy rouſtie ryme amang thame raill
For honeſt folk few will ſet by the,
And I ſweir be the Rude of Traill
Tuitching my part heir I deny the:
My counſall is, that thow gar cry the
Amang Cowclinkis and commoun hures,
All gude wemen thay may defy the
Of all thy crakis thay tak na cures:
Bot fond Fillokis vp in the Mures
Quha firſt zow reddis, Sym Skynnar hang thame
Se on thame thow wirk all Iniures,
Pas on and fend thy ſelf amang thame.

¶ Quod Rolland in Dalkeith.

Et ſic est finis

Laus detur & gloria trinis.

REPRINTED AT EDINBURGH,

BY BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY, PAUL'S WORK.

M.DCCC.XXXVII.

THE SEVEN SAGES, translated out of Prose into Scottish meter by IOHN ROLAND, in Dalkeith, small 8vo. (16mo.) Black Letter, *vellum*, £50 *Edinburgh, Andro Hart*, 1620

UNIQUE; BEING THE ONLY PERFECT COPY KNOWN of this edition. There are two other copies in existence, *both imperfect*, one in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, the other in the University Library, Glasgow.

John Rolland or Roland is not included in Chambers' Dictionary of Scottish Biography, but it is plain that a man who, if not a poet, was at least a rhymer, and who turned into Scottish verse the world-renowned story of the Seven Wise Masters, was a worthy deserving of special note in any book on Scottish literature. This work was probably compiled in the year 1547, when the Duke of Somerset was invading Scotland for the second time, to judge from the following *short declaration*:

At the requist of my Ant, called Kair,
  In roustie rhyme this quair I did translait,
Of all trim tearmes, as ye may see, denude,
  Because she me protested air and late
——So in seven weekes this quair was clene compleit
  Out of plaine prose, now keiping meters feit
Within the fort and towre of Tamtalloun,
  When the English float besyde Inchkeith did fleit
Upon the sea in that great birning heate,
  Both Scots and English of Leith lay at the town
——That same time I made this translatioun.

HC